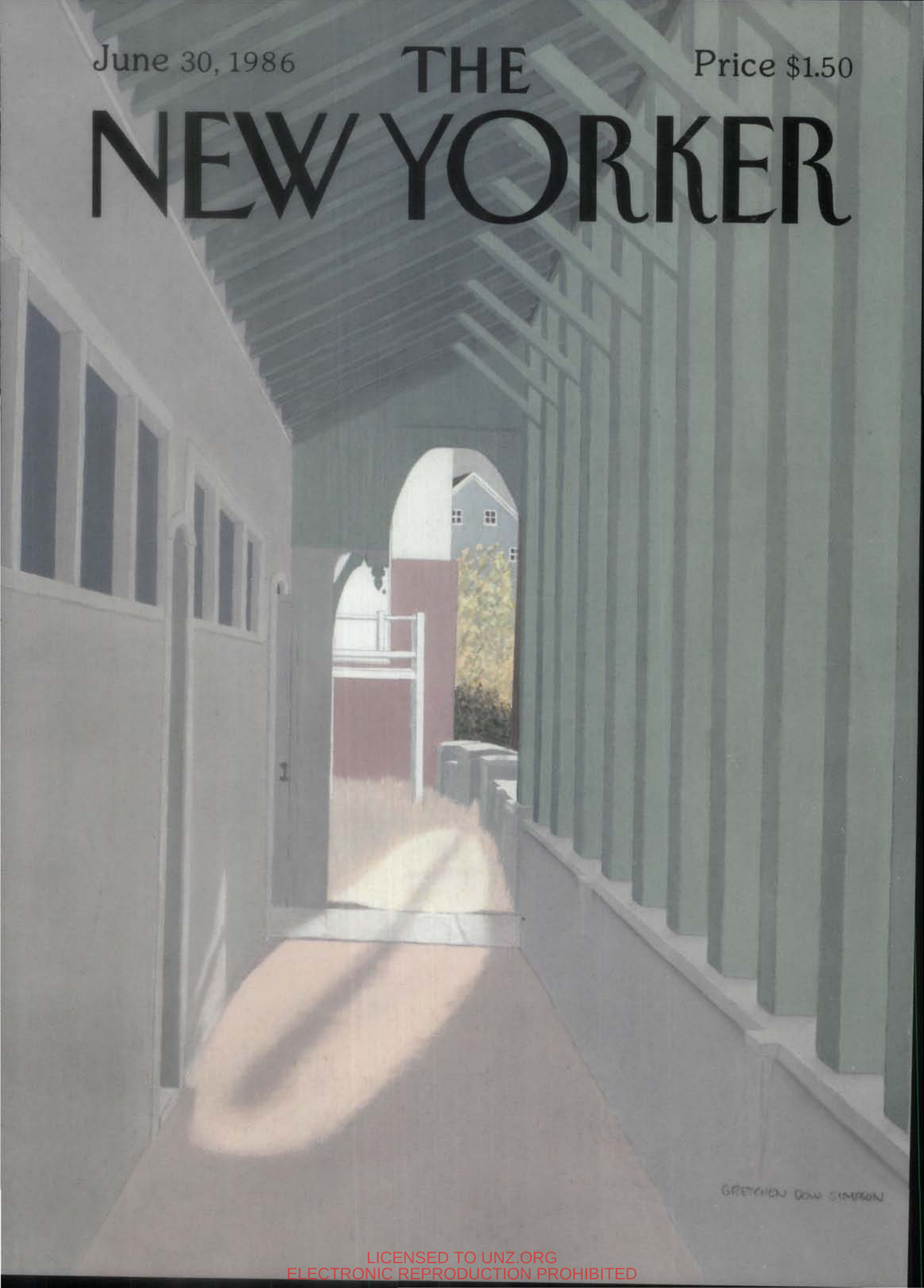


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Jean Stapleton, Tony Roberts, and Polly Holliday in a revival of the play by Joseph Kesselring. The director is Brian Murray. Previews Wednesday, June 25. Opens officially on Thursday, June 26. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AUNT DAN & LEMON—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Pippa Pearthree. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

BENEFACTORS—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Maureen Anderman, David Birney, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS IN AUTUMN—Mark Twain didn't believe in an afterlife, but if he happens to have been wrong he must be furious, observing a grotesque work written by Bernard Sabath and purporting to tell us what happened to Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer in their old age. The two performers are George C. Scott and John Cullum. (5/12/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF KATHY AND MO—A female comedy team—occasionally funny but more often not—from San Diego, California. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 307-7171. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 10; and Saturday at 8 and 11. Closes Saturday, June 28.)

GOBLIN MARKET—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE GOLDEN LAND—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'M NOT RAPPAPORT—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Two Victor Herbert productions. Through Sunday, June 29: **SWEET-HEARTS**. . . . Starting Wednesday, July 2: **THE RED MILL**. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—O'Neill's masterpiece, well served by Jack Lemmon, Bethel Leslie, Peter Gallagher, and Kevin Spacey, in a production directed by Jonathan Miller. (5/12/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

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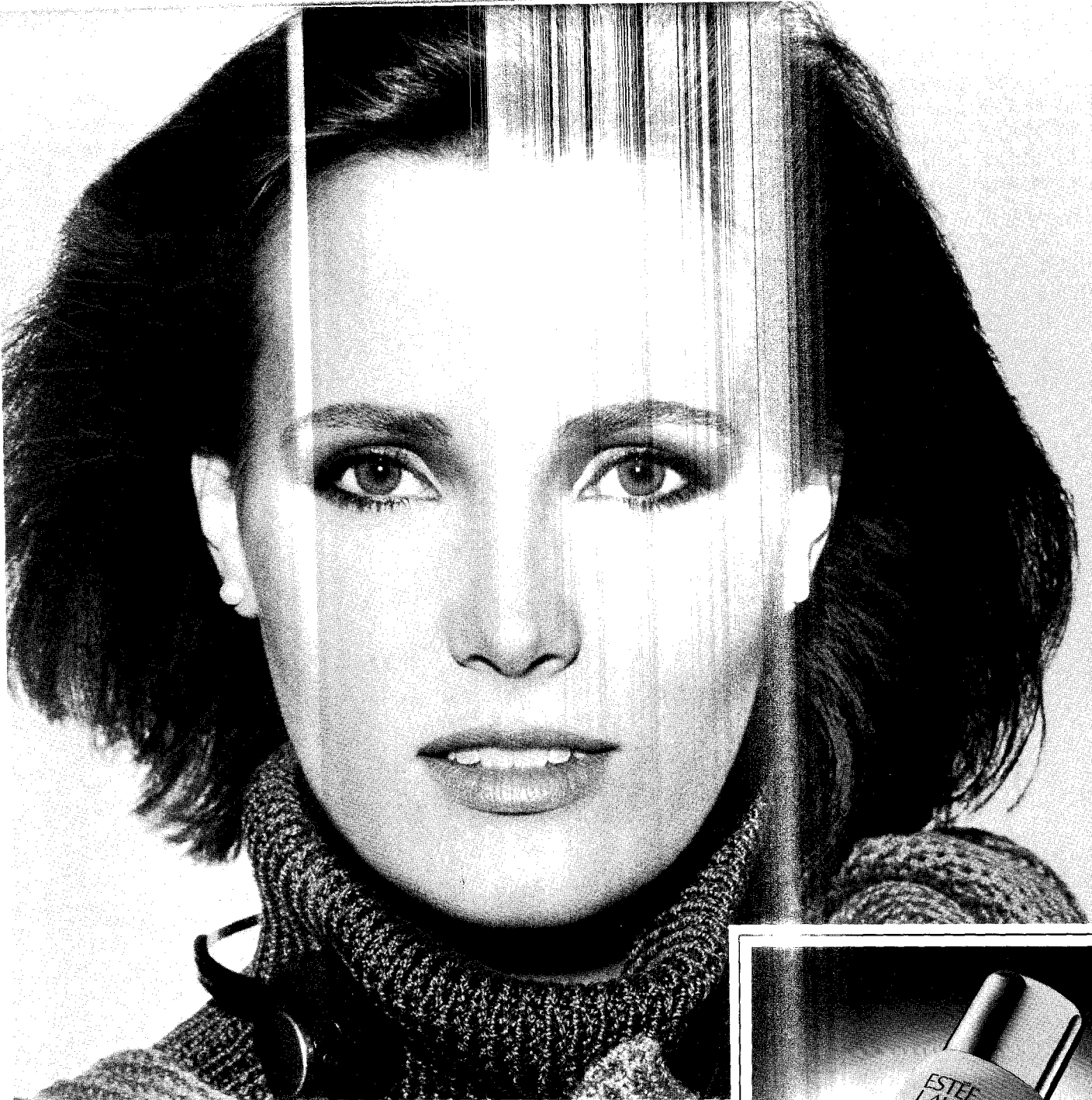
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CLASS OF '86—A revue created by Matty Simmons and other members of the magazine's editorial staff. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Gus Edwards' LOUIS AND OPHELIA, about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elaine Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NUNSENSE—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2.)

OLYMPUS ON MY MIND—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 645-0783.)

THE PERFECT PARTY—A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PERSONALS—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4.)

THE PETITION—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn breathe life into a tiresome play by Brian Clark about a testy British general in his ninth decade and his somewhat younger but dying wife. As she dies, they quarrel over banning the bomb and learn much about themselves that they ought to have learned half a century earlier. (5/5/86) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SILLS & COMPANY—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SOCIAL SECURITY—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SONG & DANCE—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.



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Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SWEET CHARITY—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, June 30, at 8.)

TEN BY TENNESSEE—Final performances of two rotating bills of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, presented by the Acting Company—"The Lady of Larkspur Lotion," "Talk to Me Like the Rain," "Portrait of a Madonna," "The Unsatisfactory Supper," and "The Long Goodbye": Wednesday, June 25, and Friday, June 27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 7; and Sunday, June 29, at 3. (6/2/86). . . "Auto-da-Fé," "The Strangest Kind of Romance," "A Perfect Analysis Given by a Parrot," "This Property Is Condemned," and "I Can't Imagine Tomorrow": Thursday, June 26, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 10; and Sunday, June 29, at 7. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

TODAY I AM A FOUNTAIN PEN—A return engagement of the play by Israel Horowitz, seen last winter at the 92nd Street Y. Opens Thursday, June 26. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

TRINITY SITE—A play by Janeice Scarbrough. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

VIENNA: LUSTHAUS—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES**: The second comedy—

"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 28.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2.) . . . **CATS**: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,888 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALICUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, July 2, at 2.) . . . **PENN & TELLER**: A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ROY BLOUNT, JR.—Fifty very funny minutes by this humorist, appearing in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at the American Place. (111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, June 25, at noon; Thursday, June 26, and Tuesday, July 1, at 1; and Wednesday, July 2, at noon.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinee and evening, June 25: "La Bayadère." . . . Thursday and Friday evenings, June 26-27; Saturday matinee and evening, June 28; Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 30-July 1; and Wednesday matinee and evening, July 2: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . Thursday and Friday evenings, July 3-4, and Saturday matinee and evening, July 5: "Giselle." Natalia Makarova will perform on the evenings of June 30 and July 2, and Rudolf Nureyev will perform on the evening of July 4. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

CLARK CENTER SUMMER DANCE FESTIVAL '86—

Wednesday through Saturday, June 25-28, at 8, and Sunday, June 29, at 5: Harry Streep's Human Arms. . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 1-5, at 8, and Sunday, July 6, at 5: A program of contemporary dance. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer, performs through Saturday, June 28. During Statue of Liberty Centennial week, Tuesday through Saturday, July 1-5, **MICHAEL FEINSTEIN** will not sing Lee Iacocca's "The Pride Is Back," but he will play and sing Gershwin, Cohan, and Berlin. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Friday, June 27, singer Patricia Laing; Saturday, June 28, singer Frank Senior; Friday, July 4, singer Sarah Deal; and Saturday, July 5, pianist **MIKE LE DONNE**. The rest of the nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room near the fur and flower markets, which currently belongs to **PEGGY LEE**. Shows at nine Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**CARMEN MC RAE** is singing here through Sunday, June 29; baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** and his All-Stars will drop in on Monday, June 30; and starting Tuesday, July 1, the liting, funk-inspired pianist **HORACE SILVER** and his quintet will take charge. Music from nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until four in the (yawn!) morning, Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint presides over a jam session. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, **DONOVAN** and the Legendary Wid; Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, **JANIS IAN** and Ron Darian; Monday and Tuesday, June 30-July 1, the Blues Busters, led by ex-Little Feat guitarist Paul Barrere, and Girls' Night Out; Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, guitarist Roy Buchanan; Friday, July 4, La Bamba's big-band celebration, featuring thirteen horns and one singer, **PHOEBE SNOW**; and Saturday, July 5, **TAJ MAHAL**, whose music the blues-loving poet Philip Larkin once pronounced "conservative and good" (it's still good). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **RICHEL BEIRACH** and **RON MC CLURE** are in residence through Saturday, June 28; on Sunday, June 29, pianist **KENNY WERNER** will play; and on Monday, June 30, the Philadelphia team of **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** settle in. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this little club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen; the bijou bandstand, panelled in pale oak; the view from the bar of the bandstand; and the view out the window of Vaux and Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Reedmen **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS**, who played side by side in the Basie band of the fifties and early sixties, will be on view with their quintet through Sunday, June 29; starting Tuesday, July 1, the bandstand will be filled with the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—**HAMLET BLUIETT**, **JULIUS HEMPHILL**, **OLIVER LAKE**, and **DAVID MURRAY**. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT**, the

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miracle on Madison Avenue, is back with his bundle of Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart, and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**, too. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. ... ♪ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**DIZZY GILLESPIE** and his lustrous trumpet are out in front of a quintet through Sunday, June 29; Grand Prix du Disque pianist **CLAUDE BOLLING** will be here with a quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, July 1-2.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler through Saturday, June 28; Wednesday through Saturday, July 2-5, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with guitarist Mitch Stein and bassist Dick Sarpola; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHAISSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who seems to play just whatever comes to his mind in seamless stride-piano-ese, is on hand through Saturday, June 28; **JUDY CARMICHAEL** begins a three-week stint on Tuesday, July 1. On Sundays, Amy Duncan owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, June 28, and, starting Tuesday, July 1, to **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL FORMANEX**. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degenerated Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, June 25, **JOHN CALE**; Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, blues guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and Greywater; Tuesday, July 1, **ROBERT GORDON**; Wednesday, July 2, Delbert McClinton; Thursday, July 3, **BO DIDDLEY**, who may sing "Hey, Bo Diddle," "Bo Diddle's a Gunslinger," and other true-adventure rock-and-roll stories; and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, Chicago blues harpist and singer **JAMES COTTON**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Progressive midtown real-estate interests levelled Eddie Condon's last summer, but the proprietors of that club, guitarist **RED BALABAN** and cornettist **ED POLCER**, escaped, and they can now be found in this club's natty quarters with their instruments and with other former Condon-club regulars, including (through Saturday, June 28) **PEANUTS HUCKO**, **TOM ARTIN**, **GEORGE MASSO**, **JOHN BUNCH**, and **JACK LESBERG**, and (starting Tuesday, July 1) **KENNY DAVERN**, **GEORGE KELLY**, **DICK WELLSTOOD**, **MILT HINTON**, and **GUS JOHNSON**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin jazz—is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Thursday, June 26, Jorgen Naess; Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, guitarist **DOC POWELL**; Monday, June 30, Rich Syracuse

and the Calderazzo Brothers, featuring Pete Vellin; and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

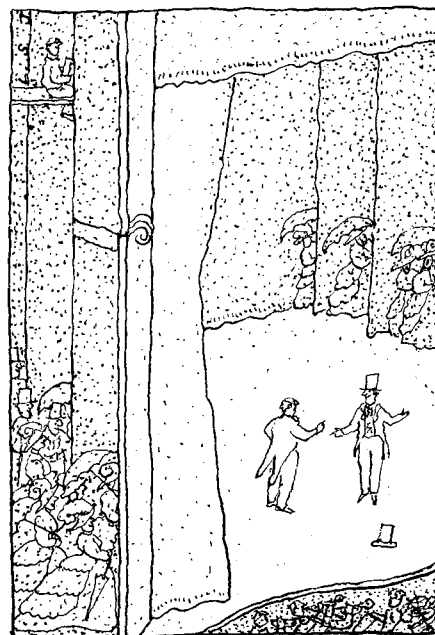
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Wednesday, June 25, at eight and eleven-thirty, elementary force **CHUCK BERRY**, **RON WOOD**, and others help celebrate the club's sixth birthday; Thursday, June 26, **ERIC BURDON**; Friday, June 27, the Pogues; Saturday, June 28, Katrina and the Waves; and Friday, July 4, Honeymoon Suite. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, **MAX ROACH & M'Boom**; Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, **PÉ-DE-BÓI**; Wednesday, July 2, Sugar Minott; and Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, Batucaje. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesday, July 1.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ART BLAKEY** and his current crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** are playing in this convivial club through Sunday, June 29; **DAKOTA STATON** sings here Monday, June 30; and on Tuesday, July 1, trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS** & the Tailgaters Tails (**BAIKIDA CARROLL**, Don Byron, **BOB STEWART**, and Pheeroan Aklaflaff) start sliding around. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of the late Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, blues pianist **PINETOP PERKINS**; Monday, June 30, the ten-piece R. & B. band **JUMP STREET**; Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHES OF BLUE**; and Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, acrobatic tenor saxophonist **BIG JAY MCNEELY**, who can sometimes be found atop your table. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—



Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, June 30, at nine, will be provided by percussionist **TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE**, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band, and trumpeter **JON FADDIS**. ... ♪ The Terrace Bar here is yet another worthy piano-bass platform. **ELLIS LARKINS** and **BILLY POPP** work together through Sunday, June 29; on Tuesday, July 1, the itinerant duo of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** move in. Music after nine-thirty. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY** and his quartet (tenor saxophonist **JIM PEPPER**, bassist **CAMERON BROWN**, and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**) will be here through Sunday, June 29; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, they will be joined by trumpeter **JABBO SMITH**, whose compositions they will play. On Tuesday, July 1, altoist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** arrives. Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS** big band night. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. The Jeff Fuller Four is on the bandstand through Sunday, June 29, and on Wednesday, July 2, pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH**'s trio comes in. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The black lights that lead you downstairs into this new club may seem incongruous when you reach the anteroom, with its boudoirish chaise longue, but once you have settled into the music-and-dining room, with its fluted pillars and arches and walls the color of a desert sunset, those entryway lights will probably seem to be only one more eclectic detail. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**, led by pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, will be here through Sunday, June 29; starting Tuesday, July 1, sinuous, Lesterish tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and his quartet (**KENNY BARON**, **GEORGE MRAZ**, and **AL FOSTER**) will be on hand. Sets begin at ten. ... ♪ The roomy upstairs restaurant called **Joanna** (675-7900) has big mirrors, industrial-strength pillars (the building used to be a cardboard-box factory), huge photographs of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano. **HUGH LAWSON** plays it through Sunday, June 29; starting Tuesday, July 1, it will be in the hands of **ELLIS MARSALIS** (Wynton and Branford's father). Mondays belong to pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **PAUL WEST**. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists or guitarists and bassists in it. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are here through Sunday, June 29; starting Monday, June 30, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** take over. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, at the Stamford Center for the Arts in Stamford, and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 14, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 25, at 6:30: Mulgrew Miller, solo piano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) ... ♪ Wednesday, June 25, at 8: George Howard and Anita Baker. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ... ♪ Wednesday, June 25, at 8: Scott Hamilton, Milt Hinton, Harold Ashby, and others, in a tribute to Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) ... ♪ Thursday, June 26, at 6:30: Steve Kuhn, solo piano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) ... ♪ Thursday, June 26, at 8: Milton Nascimento. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St.) ... ♪ Thursday, June 26, at 8: Mel

Tormé, George Shearing, Angela Bofill, and the Al Cohn tentet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . **THURSDAY**, June 26, at 8: John Blake and Harvie Swartz. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 27, at 6:30: Ray Bryant, solo piano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 27, at 7: B.B. King and Andrae Crouch. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 27, at 8: Milton Nascimento. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 27, at 8: The Billy Hart band and the Rochester-Weasley band. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 27, at 8: Lionel Hampton. (Stamford Center for the Arts, Stamford.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 28, at 6:30: Dorothy Donegan, solo piano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 28, at 7 and 11: George Benson, Natalie Cole, Tommy Flanagan, and Jon Hendricks & Company, in a salute to Nat King Cole. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . **FRIDAY**, June 28, at 8: Gunther Schuller, Dick Hyman, Linda Gatliff, and others, in a tribute to Jelly Roll Morton. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of the above, call 787-2020.

ROBERT KLEIN—Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. Wednesday, June 25, at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

GTR—With Steve Hackett and Steve Howe. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Wednesday, June 25, at 8.)

JUNIOR COOK-BILL HARDMAN QUINTET—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

JAMES HAMBRIC—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 27, at 9.

BILLY OCEAN—With Melisa Morgan. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, June 27, at 8.)

TANGERINE DREAM—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 28, at 8.

JOE LEE WILSON—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Sunday, June 29, at 7, 8:30, and 10.

ROBERT PALMER—With Belinda Carlisle. (Radio City Music Hall. Monday, June 30, at 8.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Thursday, June 26, at 8: Kenwood Denard. . . **FRIDAY** and **SATURDAY**, June 27-28, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed on Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KEN FRIEDMAN—Posterlike paintings expanding on Nordic myths, by a member of the Fluxus group. Through Saturday, June 28. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MATTA—Large pastel drawings inspired by Don Quixote. Through Monday, June 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

PAUL RESIKA—Oils on paper depicting the pier in Provincetown, plus a series of four gouaches done in honor of Stanley Kunitz's eightieth birthday. Through Wednesday, July 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GRAHAM SNOW—Wall constructions by a British artist who has a penchant for the obelisks and architectural follies of his homeland. Through July 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Jacobo Borges, Roxi Marsen, and Jim Peters are among fifteen artists represented by paintings and works on paper. Through July 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS**, 128 E. 63rd St.: An exhibition of art work related to Miss Liberty, some in the form of *New Yorker* covers. Through July 25. (Open Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Saturdays.)

days.) . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings of New York City by Ray Kass, New England genre scenes painted on steel saws by Jacob Kass, and kinetic sculptures by Roy Superior. Through Wednesday, July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Thirty-three paintings, including portraits, nudes, Spanish subjects, and cityscapes of Paris and Philadelphia. Through July 18. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HILDA MORRIS—Bold Sumi paintings in black, white, and gray, in most of which familiar forms are treated as abstractions. Through Friday, June 27. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Two exhibitions. Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . A loan show of fifty drawings that are being shown in public for the first time. Through Friday, June 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.) . . . **P.S.**: Picasso is also represented at Pace-MacGill (see below, under "Photography").

LAWRENCE POONS / SAM FRANCIS—Large-scale canvases in which thickly applied paint is underlaid with rope and spongy materials. / Paintings and works on paper executed between 1955 and 1963. Through Thursday, July 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ORFEO TAMBURI—Paintings of Paris. Through Friday, June 27. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Nonobjective and abstract styles predominate in an invitational show of paintings by Peggy Cyphers, Tom Fellner, Carl Goldhagen, Royce Howes, Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzler, and Bill Komoski, plus a single sculpture by Steve Currie. Through Thursday, July 3. . . **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Good-nough, Stanley Boxer, Ron Gorchov, Tony Robbins, and others. Through July 24. . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery regulars, who were asked to render something that, by way of scale, medium, or subject, is outside their usual interests, and by ten invited artists, who merely had to deliver large-scale drawings. William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, Jim Gingerich, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HEESY**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Janet Stayton, Petey Brown, Richard Carboni, and Lynda Sandhaus. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAMAGNA**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tom Blackwell, Ted Weller, Mattie Berhang, and others, and photographic monographs by Denny Moers. Through Aug. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LUHRING, AUGUSTINE, & HODES**, 41 E. 57th St.: A dark-green canvas with a ribbon of red, white, and blue painted down one side, by Annette Lemieux, and a stained-glass panel, by Matt Mullican, catch the eye in a four-person show. Christopher Wool and the collaborators Fortuyn/O'Brien are also shown. Through July 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery members, including Isabel Bishop and Paul Cadmus. Through July 11. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works that incorporate a window motif—constructions by Ilse Getz, paintings and pastels by Howard Kanovitz, and figure and still-life paintings and drawings by Man-oucher Yektai. Through July 11. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by first-generation American modernists Dove, Nadelman, Maurer, and others. Through July 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SIEGEL**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Anthony Terenzio, Rosemarie Koczy, Walter Darby Bannard, and John Register, and sculptures by Willard Boepple. Through July 11. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th



The French have a word for color: Stendhal

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten young Italian artists. Through July 25. (Open Mondays.)... **TATISCHOFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—At the **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: One work each by Richard Artschwager, Jannis Kounellis, Luciano Fabro, Richard Serra, and Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, the latter two collaborating on a large, diverting piece involving a hammer, a screwdriver, and a pair of pliers in a balletic pose. Through Saturday, June 28.... **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: An all-American, all-abstract selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through July 31.... **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by William King, Marisol, Linda Peer, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JAMES BROOKS / GEORGE SPAVENTA (1918-78)—Abstract Expressionist works on paper. / Sculptures and drawings. Through Thursday, July 3. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

WENDELL CASTLE—Sculptures taking off from the furniture designs for which he is known. Through July 18. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

CAROLE EISNER—Recent abstract paintings. Through July 31. (Segal, 568 Broadway.)

ROBERT FERRANDINI—Both Turner and the Hudson River school are among the antecedents for these paintings (oil on paper), which range from the firestorm that swept Boston in 1872 to a neat little house on the back of a whale in a tempest-tossed sea. Through Saturday, June 28. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

PER KIRKEBY—Large abstract paintings characterized by broad slashes of rich, contrasting colors. Through Saturday, June 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

DAVID MONTGOMERY—Cutout wall sculptures of torsos and figure fragments. The materials are found metal. Through July 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

CECILE OPRON—Paintings of the seaside at Marina del Rey in California—works that remain clean-cut and crisp although some of them incorporate a touch of mist drifting in from the water. Through Sunday, June 29. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

MARSHA PELS / JOSEPH HASKE—Large-scale bronze sculptures. / Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, June 28. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

MARTIN RAMIREZ (1885-1960)—Sixty-one drawings by an artist who was an institutionalized schizophrenic and whose obsession with trains comes through clearly. Through Saturday, June 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

HILDA STECKEL / JAMES PILE—Caricaturelike sculptures of sunbathers, bird-watchers, or swimmers done in ceramic and bronze, and scaled to three-quarter size. / Paintings of the adventures of a cartoon character, Arizona Kid, roaming the Southwest and New York. Through Saturday, June 28. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

OSAMI TANAKA—Sculptural pieces ranging from small columns to an eight-foot wall sixteen feet long, made of unlikely combinations of wood, steel, and paraffin; the latter adds a nice translucent quality to the works. Through Saturday, June 28. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

SHELLEY M. WARREN—Large sculptures made of cement or wood or steel, among them a sort of whirligig, twelve feet long, which has a series of six-bladed propellers arrayed on a metal shaft. Through July 11. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALLEN**, 110 Greene St.: Works on paper and sculptures by Sri Berg, Babe Shapiro, Barbara Thomas, and others. Through July 15.... **BROWN**, 100 Greene St.: Abstractions (sculptures and drawings) by James Casebere, Abraham David Christian, Perry Hoberman, Hilary Kliros, Ellen Rumm, and Tad Wiley. Through Friday, June 27.... **CONDESO-LAWLER**, 76 Greene St.: An invitational show of abstract paintings by seventeen artists, among them Richard Pugliese

(who selected the works), Pat Colville, and Edwin Ruda. Through Saturday, June 28....

COWLES, 420 West Broadway: Agnes Martin, Morris Louis, and Barnett Newman are three of the ten artists represented in an exhibit examining the use of the stripe motif in contemporary painting. Through July 11....

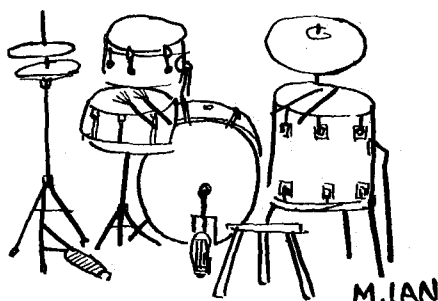
THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **EXIT ART**, 578 Broadway: Bertha Urdang is the curator of an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by eight contemporary Israeli artists. Through July 12. (Opens at noon.)... **GERMANS VAN ECK**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members Susan Laufer and Donald Lipski, among others. Through Aug. 1.... **GLADSTONE**, 99 Greene St.: Paintings by Helmut Federle, Olivier Mosset, John Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschau. Through July 25.... **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Visionary landscape paintings by Tod Wizon, a painting in mixed mediums by Brigitta Rohrbach, a large diptych by Chuck Connelly, and other works. Through July 25.... **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: Sculptures and paintings by seventeen artists, who include Jacques Fléchemuller, Brian Williams, and Hal Saulson. Through July 25.... **SPEERONE WESTWATER**, 142 Greene St.: Seven artists (including Joseph Beuys, Lucian Freud, and Richard Long), each represented by drawings from several points in their careers. Through Saturday, June 28.... **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: Wall works by Dorothea Rockburne, Judy Pfaff, Michael Glier, Vernon Fisher, Sol LeWitt, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through July 25.

SCULPTURE—At the **ALEXANDER**, 59 Wooster St.: The six young sculptors invited to show their pieces here are Andrew Menard, Ann Messner, Dick Miller, Cara Perlman, Jeanne Silverthorne, and Cindy Tower. Through Thursday, July 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **GIBSON**, 568 Broadway: Tony Cragg, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through July 31. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays.)... **GREEN**, 152 Wooster St.: Wall, floor, and freestanding abstract pieces by twenty-two artists, among them Lindsay Wait, Stephen Whisler, and Sydney Blum. Through Saturday, July 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

MARC BLANE / ROXANNE BLANCHARD—Small sculptural works by a native of the lower East Side who uses basketball backboards and uprooted trees, among other symbols, to make his points. / Drawings of bowls and vases done on frosted plate glass that is lighted from behind with neon; some have recirculating water trickling over them. Through Sunday, June 29. (P.P.O.W., 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

KEIKO BONK—Paintings of macho playthings



(automatic rifles, motorcycles) and a series of paintings of peace symbols by an artist from Hawaii. Through Sunday, June 29. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MURRAY HOCHMAN—Abstract paintings done in thick impasto on irregularly shaped panels, plus paintings collaged with Japanese prints and lacquered. Through Sunday, June 29. (Jus de Pomme, 338 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ULRICH HORNDASH—A dozen swags of silk hanging on the walls, each a different color and hand-lettered with a word common to several languages—"raison," "farce," "milieu," "bagatelle," and so on. The artist is German. Through July 13. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DAVID KRUEGER—Paintings in which our ecological system is envisioned as a complex machine. Through July 5. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

THOMAS SCHINDLER—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through July 13. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

JO SHANE—Wrought-iron sculptures that look like drawings—nudes, animals, still-lives. Through Thursday, July 3. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

TODT—A collaborative group of two brothers, a sister, and a fourth artist, who specialize in black humor—for instance, a fearsome medical diagnostic device made of found radio parts, plastic tubing, a metal seat, and the like; and a penny savings bank made from a derringer clamped to the back of a bronze head of Lincoln. Through July 6. (Casas Toledo Oosterom, a new gallery at 235 E. 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALA**, 32 W. 20th St.: Eric Bainbridge, Michael Chandler, and Alison Wilding are among the gallery artists represented by paintings and sculptures. Through July 11.... **AREA X**, 200 E. 10th St.: Landscape paintings and drawings by nine artists. Through July 11. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 1 Sundays.)... **ARTISTS SPACE**, 223 West Broadway: Fanciful architectural projects seen in drawings and models; included is a scale model, by Douglas Darden, of a proposed Museum for Impos-

ters, to be built on the present site of Fort McHenry, in Baltimore. Through Saturday, June 28.... **AVENUE B GALLERY**, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Four artists, from Germany, Scotland, Austria, and France, are participating in the initial Avenue Biennale. Through July 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)... **BAUM**, 109 Hudson St.: Painted constructions by Helmut Amann, figurative paintings by Stefan Roloff, and prints by Stephen Sholinsky. Through July 19. (Open Mondays.)... **BERNARDUCCI**, 17 E. 17th St.: Red works by seven painters, among them Joe Davis and Kate Kennedy. Through Sunday, June 29. (Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)... **BOND**, 30 Bond St.: Forty-one well-chosen pieces by full-time workers in local art institutions. Among the works are a "Destroyed Membership Application" from the Modern, by Eric Edgerton, who obliterated the form with a pen-and-ink design, and "Train Station," a vintage photographic print skillfully amended with a pencil by Miles Aronowitz. Through Sunday, June 29. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)... **CASH-NEWHOUSE**, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St.: Works by gallery regulars—Annette Lemieux, Allan McCollum, Vikky Alexander, and James Welling. Through July 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)... **GREENWALD**, 181 Mott St.: Abstract paintings and drawings by three established artists, William Fares, Robert Yucikas, and Jerry Zeniuk, and two emerging artists, Freda Mekul and Hal Saulson. Through July 21.... **POSTMASTERS**, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: David Diao and Aimee Rankin are among the eight gallery artists showing paintings and wall



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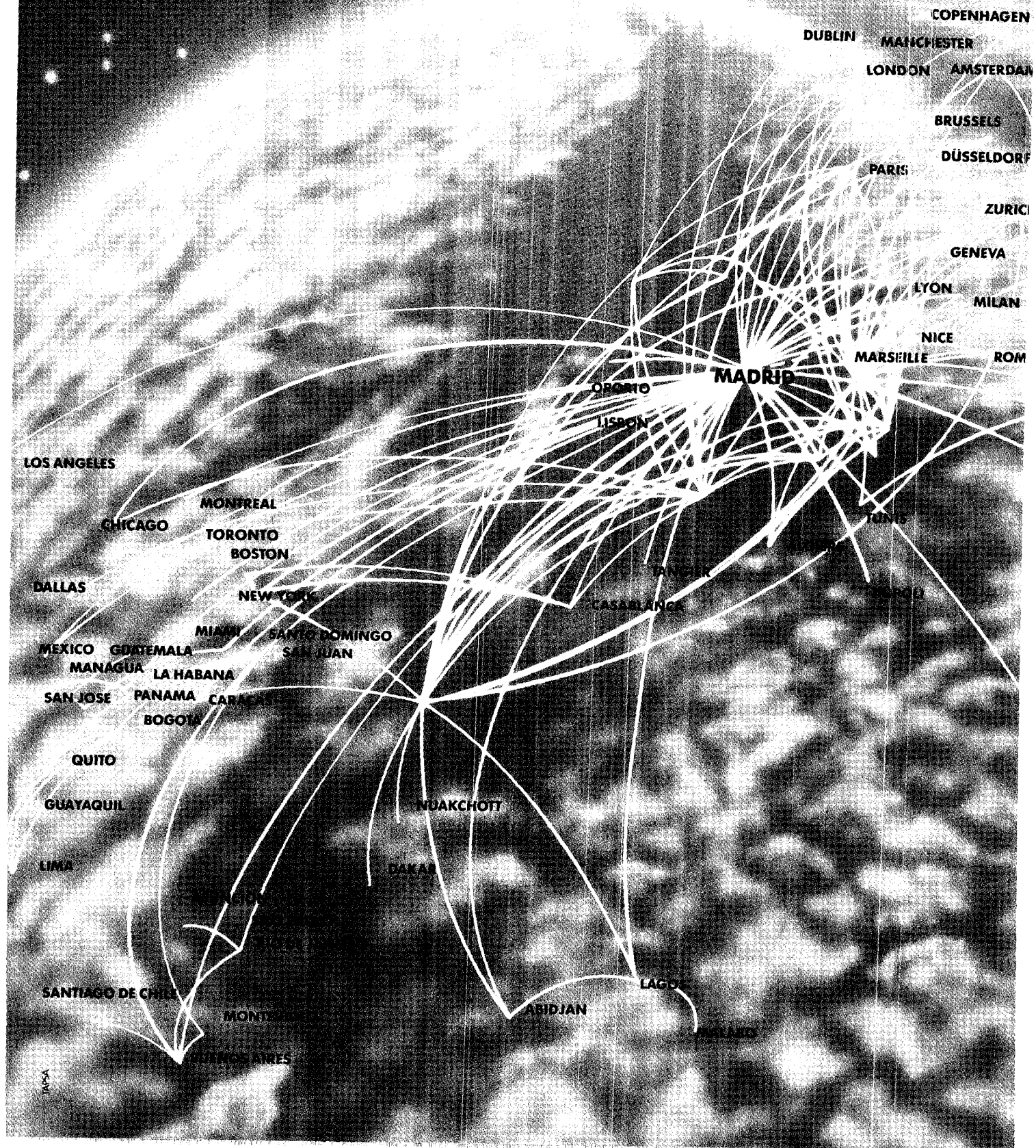
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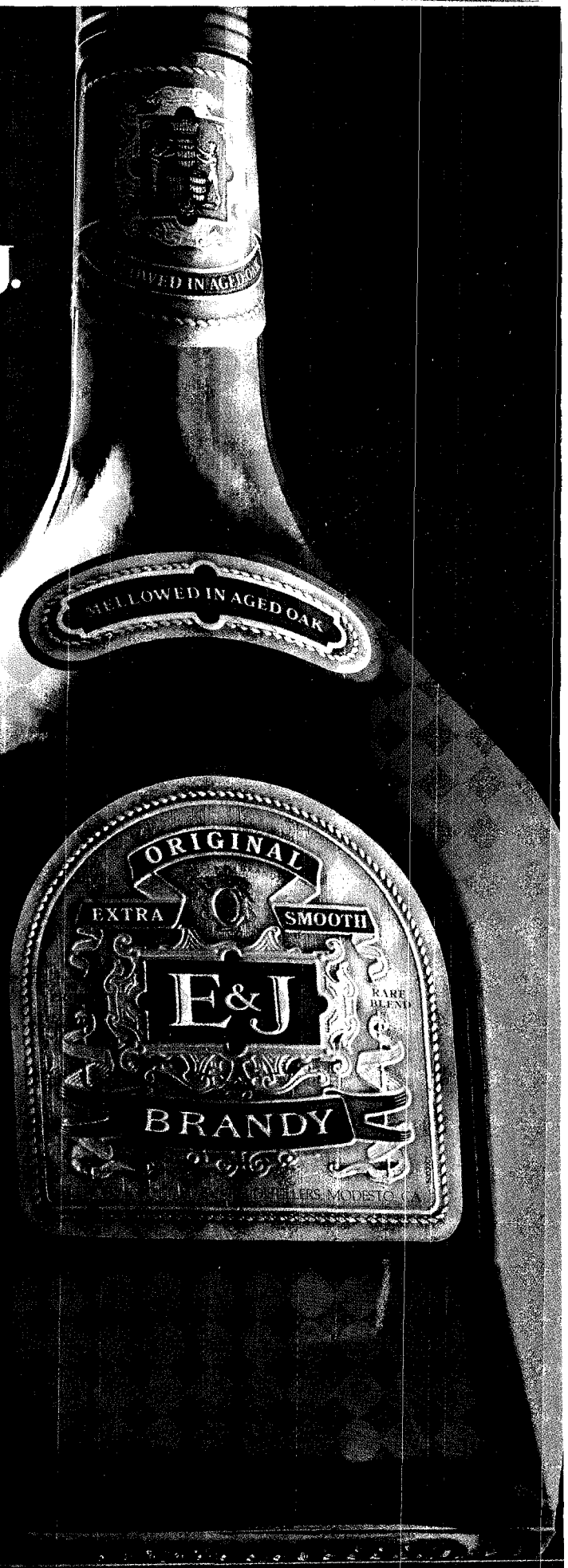
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

constructions. Through July 13. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT (1904-83) / PICASSO (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HORST / MARINA SCHINZ—Photographs of flowers by each, in garden settings by Miss Schinz. Through Aug. 1. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

JOHN KENNARD—Photographs documenting the game of baseball from the sandlots to the major leagues. Through July 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Sundays, noon to 4; closed Saturdays.)

JOHN THOMSON (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a Scottish photographer. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

JANE TUCKERMAN—Photographs of Benares, India, taken in conjunction with the documentary film "Forest of Bliss;" also, paintings and collages. Through July 11. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

NEIL WINOKUR—Clusters of photographs, each cluster representing a single art-world figure—Jon Hassell, William Wegman, Cindy Sherman, and others. The group for Sherman shows a wig, a mask she picked up in Nicaragua, and herself—as is and disguised as a man. Through Saturday, June 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LAURENCE MILLER, 138 Spring St.: Photographs and works that incorporate photographs, by Lee Friedlander, Sandra Haber, Gary Brommeyer, and others. Through July 26.

PFEIFER, 568 Broadway: Photographs used as part of three-dimensional objects—especially freestanding screens—by nine contemporary artists, among them Russell Drisch, Gerald Incandela, and Grace Knowlton. Through Friday, June 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Through July 6. Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent work by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. A show of approximately a hundred and twenty drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German realists. Both shows through July 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Starts Thursday, June 26. Shaker design, exemplified by

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furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus several watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" consists of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists, Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

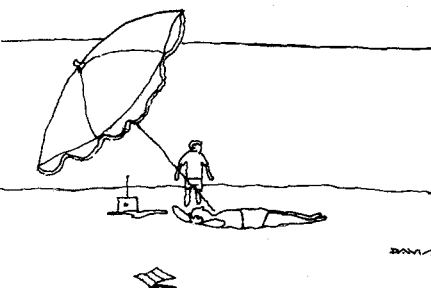
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Through Aug. 4. A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through July 14. Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer, including two of his best-known works—the bronze "Falling Gladiator" and the oil "Flight and Pursuit." Through July 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of contemporary North American Indian objects, crafted, of course, according to traditional methods. Textiles, pottery baskets, jewelry, and carvings. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the career of dancer-choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the nineteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith,



and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show that reports on just how excited the citizens of New York were when the Statue of Liberty was dedicated, in October, 1886, and on the events that led up to it; photographs, a painting by Edward Moran, models, and memorabilia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Drawings by British architects, primarily, spanning three hundred years—from Inigo Jones to Sir Edwin Lutyens. The subjects are generically called country houses but are known individually as Hampton Court Palace, Blenheim, Castle Drogo, etc. Through Sunday, June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—The follies and vices of consumerism are considered through paintings, sculptures, and installations that exaggerate, in scale or number, common products. For example, humanlike figures, by Justen Ladda, which have jello for heads and numerous hands in urgent, buy-me, buy-me gestures. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A twelve-foot painted-plaster diorama of the Statue of Liberty made by its sculptor, Bartholdi, salutes visitors to a scholarly tribute entitled "Liberty: The French-American Statue in Art and History." Taking care of the art part are models, maquettes, photographs, and paintings, showing both the influences on the statue's design and some of the art engendered by it; the history section details funding, construction, shipping, negotiations, and the 1886 dedication by President Cleveland. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—"The Second Trilogy: Chekhov, Strindberg, and Brecht," three short performance works by Stuart Sherman. Thursday, June 26, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8 and 10:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Performance, "Splatter," a new work by Charles Moulton, Thursday through Monday, June 26-30, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 11. Jim Neu, Friday, June 27, at 10:30. Beth Lapidès, Saturday, June 28, at 10:30.

NOTE—Mary and Bill Buchen will present music, dance, and performance works, with Nigel Rollings and the Glenn-Lund Dance Company, at Roulette, 228 West Broadway, Friday through Sunday, June 27-29, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 982-1743.) Creative Time has opened its summer program at the Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Front St. (Brooklyn), with a play by Matthew Maguire called "The Memory Theatre of Giulio Camillo." Through Sunday, June 29. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30; for tickets, call 619-1955.) Also, installations by artists and architects, created for the theatre piece, are on view. Through July 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of a week-long engagement of "Candide," to be followed by a week-long engagement of "Kismet," after which the company will move into its regular season, continuing through Sunday, Nov. 16. "Candide" will be conducted by Scott Bergeson—Tuesday evening, July 1, and Thursday evening, July 3. With

Erie Mills, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston. ... ♪ Wednesday evening, July 2; Friday evening, July 4; and Saturday evening, July 5: With Leigh Munro, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee. ... ♪ Saturday matinée, July 5: With Claudette Peterson, Deborah Darr, Brooks Almy, Robert Tate, and John Lankston. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS AND THE SEATTLE MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller and Dennis Coleman directing a joint concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Monday and Tuesday, June 30-July 1, at 8.)

PARIS BOYS' CHOIR—Roger de Magnee directing this thirty-four-member group, in its first appearance here. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 31—Friday, June 27, at 7: Malcolm Frager, piano, in an all-Weber program. ... ♪ Friday, June 27, at 9: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. ... ♪ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Weber-Stravinsky program, with Mr. Frager. ... ♪ Sunday, June 29, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit directing an all-Mozart program, with Benita Valente and Lorraine Hunt, sopranos; Mark DuBois, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. ... ♪ Tuesday, July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. ... ♪ Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Richard Goode, piano. ... ♪ Friday, July 4, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist in a varied program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. ... ♪ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Bach-Mozart program, with the Messrs. Frager and Kalish. ... ♪ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Mendelssohn-Britten-Strauss program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. ... ♪ Sunday, June 29, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort, in a program of Spanish music. ... ♪ Thursday, July 3, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Kathryn Selby, piano. ... ♪ Friday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of American music, with Miss Selby and Fred Strickler, tap dancer. ... ♪ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra in a Strauss-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Elizabeth Mann, flute; and Deborah Hoffman, harp. ... ♪ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Anthony Newman, harpsichord. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, trains will leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and will be met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Two twelve-hour offerings of the JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, June 28, at noon: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, Mel Tormé, the Stan Getz quartet, Al DiMeola, and others. ... Sunday, June 29, at noon: Miles Davis, B.B. King, the Gerry Mulligan quartet, and others. For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York. ... ♪ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET of a three-week season which will run through Saturday, July 19—Wednesday, July 2, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Symphony in C." ... ♪ Thursday, July 3, at 2: "Stars and Stripes," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." ... ♪ Thursday, July 3, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." ... ♪ Friday, July 4, at 8:15:

"Stars and Stripes," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Who Cares?" ... ♪ Saturday, July 5, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?" ... ♪ Saturday, July 5, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ♪ Sunday, July 6, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Who Cares?" (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet, modern, and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, June 28: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. ... ♪ Tuesday through Saturday, July 1-5: Eleven dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At the Meadowlands: Chase Grand Prix, Sunday, June 29, at 1:30.

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, June 25, at 1:35. ... ♪ Houston, Thursday, July 3, at 7:35; Friday, July 4, at 1:35; and Saturday, July 5, at 7:05. ... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Friday, June 27, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 28-29, at 1:30. ... ♪ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, June 30-July 2, at 7:30, and Thursday, July 3, at 6.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. Post time will be 3 on Friday, June 27, and Thursday, July 3. The Sheephead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 28; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, June 29; the Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4; and the Dwyer, Saturday, July 5. ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 5. ... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 3. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, June 29, and Friday, July 4, at 6. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. ... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.—Thursday, June 26, at 2: American furniture, folk art, and silver. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 25, from 10 to 3.) ... ♪ Friday, June 27, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 25, from 10 to 5, and Thursday, June 26, from 10 to 3.)

PROSE READINGS—Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own works. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. 864-4500. Sunday, June 29, at 3.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

STATUE OF LIBERTY CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—Here—with a listing of some of the events in store. **THURSDAY, JULY 3**: At 8 a.m., a flotilla of nearly two hundred privately owned sailing ships will travel from the Throgs Neck Bridge down the East River into Gravesend Bay. ... ♪ At noon, thirty-three warships from fourteen nations will enter New York Harbor,

moving from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to their respective anchorages in the Upper Bay and the Hudson River. ... ♪ From 8:30 p.m. to 10:50 p.m., President Reagan will participate in a lighting ceremony on Governors Island, in which the Statue will be gradually illuminated and the torch relighted to the accompaniment of fireworks and music. ... **FRIDAY, JULY 4**: At 9 a.m., President Reagan will review the international naval vessels (see above) from the battleship Iowa, which will steam down the Hudson River from the George Washington Bridge to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, receiving a twenty-one-gun salute from each ship as it passes; a United States Navy precision-flying team, the Blue Angels, will provide an overhead salute. ... ♪ From 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., a street fair, with food, booths for arts and crafts, and entertainment, will take place between Wall Street and the Battery. ... ♪ At 10, the flotilla of sailing vessels (see above), joined by twenty-odd larger square-riggers designated Tall Ships, will weigh anchor and, led by the United States Coast Guard bark Eagle, will move from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, past the Statue, up the Hudson River to the George Washington Bridge, and back to their respective anchorages along the Hudson River and New York Harbor. ... ♪ At 8, in New Jersey's Liberty State Park, John Williams will conduct the Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra in a program of American music, with Johnny Cash, John Denver, Melissa Manchester, and others. ... ♪ At 9:30, fireworks displays will be launched from forty-two barges in the waters surrounding lower Manhattan, from the Brooklyn Bridge to the World Trade Center. ... **SATURDAY, JULY 5**: From 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., a street fair from Wall Street to the Battery will again be in progress. ... ♪ At 10, Mrs. Reagan will preside at a ceremony on Liberty Island officially opening the Statue of Liberty to the public. ... ♪ At 8, on Central Park's Great Lawn, Zubin Mehta will direct the New York Philharmonic, with Itzhak Perlman, Marilyn Horne, Sherrill Milnes, Plácido Domingo, Leona Mitchell, Yo-Yo Ma, the New York Choral Artists, and others. ... **SUNDAY, JULY 6**: From 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., a street fair from Wall Street to the Battery will again be in progress. ... ♪ From 6:30 to 8, in the Byrne Meadowlands Arena, a Sports Salute to the Statue will feature Dorothy Hamill, Peggy Fleming, Mary Lou Retton, Muhammad Ali, Bart Connors, and others. ... ♪ At 8, in Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, closing ceremonies will be held involving Vice-President Bush, Gene Kelly, Frankie Avalon, Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley MacLaine, tap dancers, fiddlers, guitarists, and a thousand-voice choir. (For Meadowlands tickets, call 972-3434.)

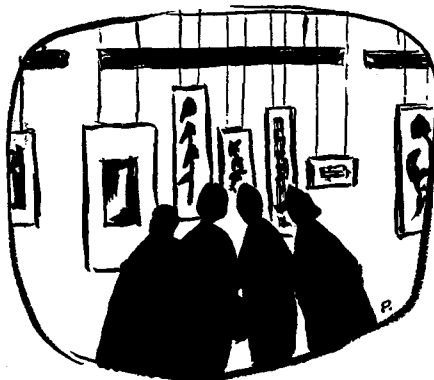
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **TWELFTH NIGHT**, with F. Murray Abraham and Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Saturday, July 5, at 8. Through Sunday, July 20. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—"Aida," with Lucine Amara, Grace Bumbry, Ernesto Veronelli, and George Fortune; conducted by Nello Santi. (Botanical Garden, the Bronx. Wednesday, June 25, at 8; rain date, June 26.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will start Wednesday, June 25. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer series. Thursday, June 26: Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. ... ♪ Friday, June 27: Chick Corea's Elektric Band, the Wayne Shorter Quartet, and Al DiMeola. ... ♪ Wednesday, July 2: Siouxsie & the Banshees. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WALKING TOUR—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 29, starting at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

THE MOVIE HOUSES

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through June 26: "The Wall" (1983; directed by Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "Dreamchild" (†).

From June 27: "Carmen Jones" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).

Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson. From July 2: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through June 26: "Wise Guys" (†).

June 27-30: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

From July 1: "About Last Night..." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Jim Belushi, and Elizabeth Perkins.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through June 26: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

From June 27: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through July 1: "Big Trouble" (John Casavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin.

From July 2: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Top Gun" (†).

From June 27: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Theatre 3: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through June 26: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.

From June 27: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through June 30: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

From July 1: "About Last Night..." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through July 1: "SpaceCamp" (Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson.

From July 2: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through July 1: "Big Trouble" (John Casavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin.

From July 2: To be announced.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through July 1: "F/X" (†). From July 2: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

From June 27: "Top Gun" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: Theatre closed. From June 27: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

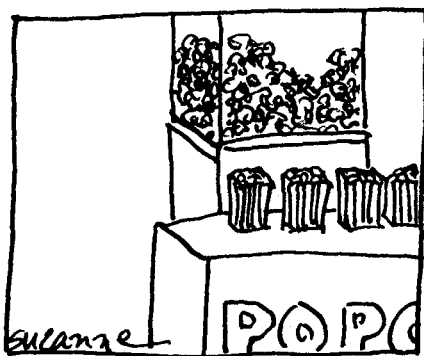
Through June 26: "Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).

From June 27: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From June 27: To be announced.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through June 26: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

From June 27: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Raw Deal" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From June 27: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Legal Eagles" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson. From June 27: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through July 1: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

From July 2: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone. From July 2: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black. From June 27: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Karl May" (1974; directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Helmut Kautner.

Theatre 2: June 25: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir. June 26-28: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. June 29-30: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Virgin Spring" (†). July 1-2: "Kanal" (1956; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski. July 3-5: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Trouble in Mind" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 26: A program of animated short films. From June 27: "Floodstage" (David Dawkins).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through June 26: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. From June 27: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Absolute Beginners" (†). From June 27: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through July 1: "The Manhattan Project" (†). From July 2: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Sweet Liberty" (†). From June 27: "Top Gun" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Theatre 2: Through July 1: "F/X" (†). From July 2: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).

Theatre 3: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 26: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

From June 27: "Ginger and Fred" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Raw Deal" (†) and "Signal 7" (†). From June 27: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.

Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 3: "The Karate Kid: Part II."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through July 1: "F/X" (†).

From July 2: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through June 26: Theatre closed.

From June 27: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through June 26: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

From June 27: "Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in German), with Nastassja Kinski.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through June 26: "Belizaire, the Cajun" (Glen Pitre), with Armand Assante.

From June 27: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through June 30: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

From July 1: "About Last Night..." (Ed-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tea in the Harem" (Mehdi Charef; in French).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Hard Choices" (Rick King). From July 2: "Rainy Day Friends" (Gary Kent), with Esai Morales.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. From June 27: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Theatre 3: Through June 30: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield. From July 1: "About Last Night..." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

Theatre 4: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyouki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 6: Through June 26: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From June 27: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From July 2: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Raw Deal" (†). From July 2: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Theatre 3: Through June 26: "Big Trouble" (John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin. From June 27: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Theatre 4: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0990)

Theatre 1: Through July 1: "SpaceCamp" (directed by Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson. From July 2: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.

Theatre 2: "Raw Deal" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 4: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 1: "Sweet Liberty" (†). From July 2: "SpaceCamp."

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through June 26: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

From June 27: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through June 26: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. From June 27: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From July 2: "Top Gun" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From July 2: "Short Circuit."

Theatre 4: Through June 26: "Demons" (Lamberto Bava). From June 27: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through July 1: "Top Gun" (†).
From July 2: To be announced.

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LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson. From June 27: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through June 26: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
June 27-July 1: "Demons" (Lamberto Bava). From July 2: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From June 27: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Theatre 2: Through June 30: "The Manhattan Project" (†). From July 1: "About Last Night..." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black; and "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From June 27: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From July 2: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 2: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyouki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 26: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

June 27-28: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (1984; W. D. Richter), with Peter Weller, John Lithgow, and Jeff Goldblum; and "Night of the Comet" (1984; Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

June 29-July 1: "Fitzcarraldo" (†); and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

July 2-3: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

July 4-5: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, and Lukas Haas; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 25: "The Gay Divorcée" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred

Astaire, and Alice Brady; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

June 26-28: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Paul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "Carefree" (1938; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.

June 29-July 1: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant; and "Roberta" (†).

July 2-5: "Swing Time" (†) and "Top Hat" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 25: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; "Christopher Isherwood: Over There on a Visit" (1980); and "Memories of Berlin" (1980).

June 26: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

June 27: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

June 28: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

June 29: "Andrei Rublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

June 30: A program of cartoons.

July 1: "A Flash of Green" (1985; Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris, Blair Brown, and Richard Jordan; and "Gal Young Un" (1981; Victor Nuñez), with David Peck.

July 2: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Irma la Douce" (1963; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine.

July 3: "The Death of Mario Ricci" (1983; Claude Goretta; in French), with Gian Maria Volonte; and "Illustrious Corpses" (1975; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Leno Ventura, Max von Sydow, Charles Vanel, and Fernando Rey.

July 4: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

July 5: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (575-0498)

June 25: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "War and Peace" (1983).

June 26: A program of cartoons.

June 27-28: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

June 29: "Fellini's Casanova" (†).

June 30: "The Killing Fields" (1984; Roland Joffé), with Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor; and "All the President's Men" (†).

July 1: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

July 2: "The White Rose" (1983; Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler; and "Les Violons du Bal" (†).

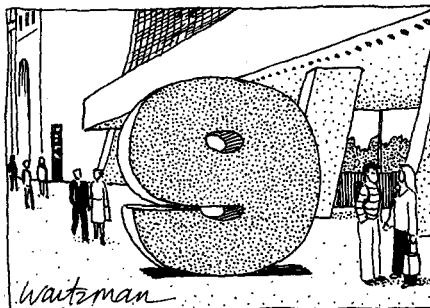
July 3: A program of cartoons.

July 4-5: "Prizzi's Honor" (†); and "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 25: "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Castle in the Desert" (1942; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

June 26: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard



Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Outlaw" (1941; Howard Hughes), with Jane Russell, Jack Buettel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell.

June 27-28: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

June 29: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

June 30: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

July 1: "Experiment in Terror" (1962; Blake Edwards), with Glenn Ford, Lee Remick, and Stephanie Powers; and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.

July 2: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "George Washington Slept Here" (1942; William Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny, Charles Coburn, and Percy Kilbride.

July 3: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke"

(1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

July 4-5: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: June 26 at 2:30 and 6: "1860" (1933; directed by Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . June 27 at 2:30: "I Knew Her Well" (1965; Antonio Pietrangeli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Stefania Sandrelli, Nino Manfredi, and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . June 27 at 6: "The Visit" (1964; Antonio Pietrangeli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sandra Milo and François Périer. . . . June 28 at 2: "Everybody Go Home" (1960; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi. . . . June 28 at 5: "A Hard Life" (1961; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Lea Massari. . . . June 29 at 2: "I Knew Her Well." . . . June 29 at 5: "The Tiger's Back" (1961; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi. . . . July 3 at 2:30: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat

O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and George Bancroft. . . . July 3 at 6 and July 4 at 2: "Torrid Zone" (1940; William Keighley), with James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, and Pat O'Brien. . . . July 4 at 5: "Angels with Dirty Faces." . . . July 5 at 2: "Crazy Desire" (1962; Luciano Salce; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Catherine Spaak. . . . July 5 at 5: "The Birds and the Bees" (1966; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vira Lisi.

THEATRE 2: June 26 at 3 and 6:30: "Kid Gloves" (1984; Vince di Persio), a documentary. . . . June 27 at 3: "His Double Life" (1933; Arthur Hopkins), with Lillian Gish, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. . . . June 27 at 6:30: "Regeneration" (1915; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Anna O. Nilsson. . . . June 28 at 2:30: "Pardon My Pups" (1934; Charles Lamont), with Shirley Temple; and "The Little Rebel" (1935; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, John Boles, Jack Holt, and Bill Robinson. . . . June 28 at 5:30: "Irene" (1926; Alfred E. Green; a silent film), with Colleen Moore, Lloyd Hughes, and George K. Arthur. . . . June 29 at 2:30: "Assunta Spina" (1914; Gustavo Serena; a silent film, with English and Italian intertitles), with Francesca Bertini. . . . June 29 at 5:30: "Around the World in Eighty Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931; Victor Fleming and Douglas Fairbanks), with Fairbanks and Fleming.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (860-1863)—"The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi, (Tuesday, July 1, at 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS—Colin MacInnes's 1959 novel—an inventive celebration of youth and jazz and London, and a cry of disgust at the way teen-agers are already being commercialized and corrupted—has been turned into a stylized, widescreen musical by Julien Temple. The film has a glossy immediacy, and you can feel the flash and determination that went into it. What you don't feel is the tormented romanticism that made English adolescents in the seventies swear by the novel. David Bowie, James Fox, Ray Davies, Anita Morris, and Sade provide entertaining moments. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/2/86.) (Waverly; through June 26.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played with edgy intelligence by Dustin Hoffman. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Thalia SoHo; June 30.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horror of where we are now and the worse horror of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (8th St. Playhouse.)

CARMEN JONES (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and the libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather than lyrical, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvelous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her

singing was dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he was also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to, of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice. She's pure, comic energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. This movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. The cast includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 27.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixilated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one

of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Embassy; through July 1.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll-Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

8 MILLION WAYS TO DIE—A macho fantasy about cops and robbers, coke and hookers. Jeff Bridges plays Scudder, a narcotics detective for the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, and the film, directed by Hal Ashby, has an overlush pictorial exoticism, as if being coked out comes with the territory. The film is permeated with druggy dissociation: plot points don't connect, as though they don't matter, the actors often sound as if they're making up their lines, and Ashby seems less interested in the thriller aspect of the material than in men in a semi-stupor challenging each other. With Rosanna Arquette, Alexandra Paul, Andy Garcia, and Randy Brooks. (5/19/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

FELLINI'S CASANOVA (1976)—Fellini has done something that no one else in screen history has ever done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be achieved successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crisis on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a de-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

liberately unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Thalia SoHo; June 29.)

FITZCARRALDO (1982)—After a visually promising beginning, Werner Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rulger Hauer. With Claudia Cardinale. In German. (Cinema Village; June 29-July 1.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Manhattan, Quad Cinema, and Guild; through July 1.)

GINGER AND FRED—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Quad Cinema; starting June 27.)

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Beekman, and 57th St. Playhouse; through June 26. . . . Olympia Quad; through July 1. . . . D. W. Griffith; starting June 27.)

JO JO DANCER, YOUR LIFE IS CALLING—Richard Pryor produced, directed, and is the star of this semi-autobiographical movie, which opens with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame. Then, as he lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, he thinks back over how he got there. But Pryor doesn't have the skills to tell his story in this form. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. With E'lon Cox, Carmen McRae, and Dianne Abbott. (5/5/86) (R.K.O. Century National Twin; through June 26. . . . R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; June 27-July 1.)

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LEGAL EAGLES—With Robert Redford, Debra Winger, and Daryl Hannah; directed by Ivan Reitman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

THE MANHATTAN PROJECT—With John Lithgow and Christopher Collet, directed by Marshall Brickman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema; through June 26. . . . Sutton, Cinema 3, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through June 30. . . . 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through July 1.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison, who's a decent, simple guy; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. Haughty, uncommunicative, and a head taller than he, she sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. The movie is lurid in a beautiful way. Most of it was shot on location in London and Brighton, but they don't look merely realistic; Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture, a melodramatic impasto with an expressive power of its own—a romanticism that pulls you along. Making her film debut in the title role, the lovely young Tyson (a niece of Cicely Tyson, she was raised in Liverpool and is, at twenty, a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company) is as mysteriously stirring to us as she is to the chauffeur. Caine gives a brilliantly scary performance; he's believably rotten, just as Hoskins' little mug is believably kind yet violent. With Robbie Coltrane as Hoskins' burly old pal, Clarke Peters as the sadistic black pimp, and Zoe Nathanson as Hoskins' daughter. Script by Jordan and David Leland; cinematography by Roger Pratt; score by Michael Kamen. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar

(Gordon Warneke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Squad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

PRIZZI'S HONOR (1985)—Adapted from Richard Condon's prankish satire of American corruption, this John Huston picture revels voluptuously in the murderous flogging of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances, and it has the juice of everyday family craziness in it. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. The script is by Condon and Janet Rosch. (7/1/85) (Thalia SoHo; July 4-5.)

RAN—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

RAW DEAL—With Arnold Schwarzenegger, directed by John Irvin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . 23rd St. West Triplex; through June 26. . . . Olympia Quad; through July 1.)

ROBERTA (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Regency; June 29-July 1.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Praver Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

SIGNAL 7—Directed by Rob Nilsson and shot in three-quarter-inch videotape (using two cameras during six nights), which was then blown up to 35-mm., this semi-improvisational movie is about a group of San Francisco taxi-drivers from the start of the night shift until dawn, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Between calls, the men sit around playing cards and swapping stories at the De Soto Cab Company garage on Geary Street; the rest of the film was shot on location, too—on the streets and inside the cabs as they move through the



city. The title refers to an alert that a driver isn't responding to the dispatcher and may be in distress; metaphorically, it refers to the distresses that beset us all. Essentially, the movie is all subtext: it's about the anguish of men who know they're failures—in particular, the genial sad sack Marty (Dan Leegant) and the ravaged hammy-handsome Speed (Bill Ackridge); longtime friends, they have both done some acting, and in the course of the night they audition for roles in a local theatre production of Odets' "Waiting for Lefty" (which is about a cabdrivers' strike). The auditions are straight-faced satire, and they're the movie's high spot, with the theatre director (Bob Elross) a solemn high-muck-a-muck and the producers and others involved huddled in chairs around him and leaning in to confer in whispers. The actors auditioning are like miscreants at the bar of justice. Conceived in the manner of Cassavetes (to whom the film is dedicated), it often gives us parts of lined faces filling the screen. They're heavily lined, because videotape doesn't have the sensitivity to light that film has, and when Nilsson shoots outdoors at night, using available light, the images simply don't have the depth of field that we're used to. The faces look flattened out and they're grainy and greenish. But the film has its fascination. (23rd St. West Triplex; through June 26.)

SWEET LIBERTY—Alan Alda is the writer, the director, and the star of this satirical comedy about moviemaking. He plays a history professor whose Pulitzer Prize-winning book on the American Revolution is to be filmed during the summer in the area where the events he wrote about took place. Alda's conception of this professor—as smug and insecure but basically a representative of solid, enduring values—casts a pall over the proceedings; still, if you don't expect too much there are enough enjoyable scenes to put you in a good mood. The fun comes from the Hollywood contingent of show folk who invade the community: Michael Caine as the skirt-chaser star, Michelle Pfeiffer as the leading lady, Bob Hoskins as the vulgarian screenwriter, and Saul Rubinek as the wily director. Also with Lois Chiles, Lise Hilboldt, and Lillian Gish. (6/2/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through June 26. . . . Criterion Theatres; through July 1.)

SWING TIME (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Regency; July 2-5.)

TOP GUN—It features MTV motivation; I pose, therefore I am. The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the elite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; she slides into rooms and slouches, so she won't overpower her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, who is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. It's as if masculinity had been redefined as how a young man looks with his clothes half off, and as if narcissism is what being a warrior is all about. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming—though what we're seeing is training exercises. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony (Make It Glow) Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. The result is a new "art" form: the self-referential commercial. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. The script is credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. (6/16/86) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . Loews 34th Street Showplace; through June 26. . . . Loews Astor Plaza; through July 1. . . . Manhattan, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting June 27. . . . Embassy; starting July 2.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Cheek to Cheek" and "Isn't This a Lovely

Day?," and it's a lovely movie. (Regency; July 2-5.)

THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

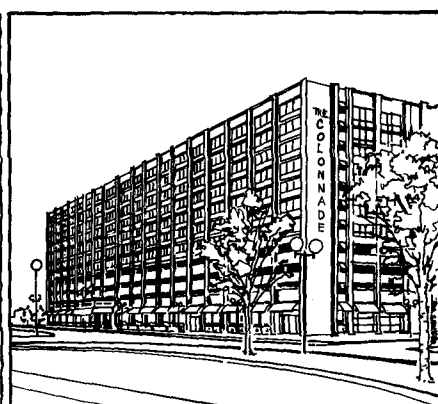
TROUBLE IN MIND—The gifted writer-director Alan Rudolph has got the film-noir bug, and the picture is a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) As Hawk, Kris Kristofferson is supposed to be the gallant Bogart hero living in an evil semi-fascist era. Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world, but his control fails him; the scenes often start with a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and you have no way of knowing how to interpret the flossy hipster-philosopher babble that the characters speak. With Joe Morton, Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lori Singer. (4/7/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

VAGABOND—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The incidents have a warmed-over old-Hollywood look, and the smartly tailored hat that the mother wears for the escape across the border and the fine gloves with which she parts the strands of barbed wire are the height of refugee chic. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Nathalie Roussel. In French. (Thalia SoHo; July 2.)

THE VIRGIN SPRING (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Film Forum; June 29-30.)

WISE GUYS—Danny DeVito, as the bumptious Italian Harry, and Joe Piscopo, as the Jewish simpleton Moe, are the two clownish underdogs who come out on top in this Mafia burlesque—a broad, slapstick farce, set in Newark and spattered with boyish gross-out humor. The directing, by Brian De Palma, is canny and smooth, but this musty genre calls for fresh jokes and sharp, colorful personalities, and that's not what he's working with. With Dan Hedaya, Captain Lou Albano, and, in brief appearances, Harvey Keitel, Ray Sharkey, Patti LuPone, Julie Bovasso, and Anthony Holland. The cinematography is by Fred Schuler. (5/19/86) (New Gramercy; through June 26.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

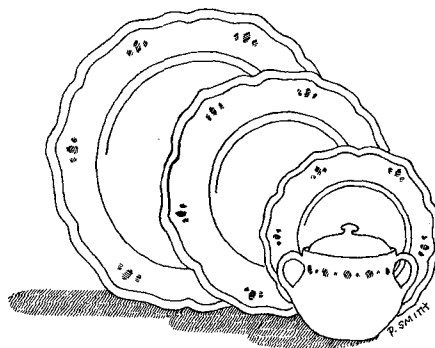
A FRIEND in Connecticut writes:

Something strange and wonderful happened here in Fairfield County the day after Benny Goodman died. It was an exquisite June Saturday—sunny and dry, with a sweet, fresh breeze. My family and I were delighting in the weather—just sitting around outside, doing next to nothing. The sweet breeze suddenly became sweeter still, with the music of the Benny Goodman Quartet wafting through the nearby woods, Lionel Hampton and Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson and Benny himself—clear and unmistakable. A neighbor had obviously trotted out some old Goodman records and was, *al fresco*, saluting the master. Then, from another direction, less distinct against the breeze, rose the rideout theme of “One O’Clock Jump,” performed by the full Goodman band: another neighbor’s salute. My family and I, hearing our neighbors’ music, got the same idea at the same second. We turned on our living-room stereo full blast, opened the doors and windows, and joined the neighborhood chorus with “Sing, Sing, Sing,” from the 1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert album. Listening to the incredible mixture of sounds, I had the feeling that this spontaneous musical wake was perhaps being repeated in communities all across America, maybe around the world, as a way of saying, Thank you, Benny, for being such a nice man and giving us so much joy.

THE day after the space shuttle Challenger exploded, the *Times* ran a story headlined “FAITH IN TECHNOLOGY IS JOLTED, BUT THERE IS NO GOING BACK,” which read, in part, “People are jolted into realizing once again the extreme vulnerabilities

that all humans must ultimately subject themselves to when they attempt exploration, or even when they are simply willing to place their fates in the hands of technology.” At first, this seemed to us so obvious as to be utterly meaningless, but as the year has passed we have recalled it again and again, and by now it seems to have crossed some border and become so obvious as to be profound.

One day last week, the Environmental Policy Institute, a Washington-based research-and-lobbying effort, was host, at the Harvard Club, to a lunchtime seminar on the April reactor accident at Chernobyl, an event already receding into the collective memory. Just after the accident, so much news coverage was devoted to the immediate casualty estimates (which turned out to have been grossly exaggerated) that the full horror of the event was muffled. Robert Alvarez, of the Institute, reminded the gathering of a few of the consequences of the accident. On May 2nd, the fallout over West Germany was one to two hundred times higher than had ever been recorded there, even at the peak of atmospheric weapons testing. In parts of Bavaria that week, milk was so contaminated that any child drinking it would have received the equivalent in radiation of several hundred thyroid X-rays. Hundreds of millions of dollars’ worth of the spring crop in West Germany was discarded.



This is not some speculative problem. We—the human race—have actually poisoned the world with radiation in specific spots. Certain children could not drink milk, and lined up at their schools to take pills to protect their thyroids. (In this case, it was the Soviets who goofed, but, as Institute researchers pointed out, the United States has done its share along these lines; one day in 1949, for instance, the government intentionally released fifty-five hundred curies of radioactive iodine—over four hundred and sixty times as much as was released in the accident at Three Mile Island—into the atmosphere from a military installation at Hanford, Washington. The reason for this experiment is still a classified secret, but apparently it was just curiosity.)

A few days before the Chernobyl discussion, we read the newspaper accounts of hearings on global warming before a Senate subcommittee. The testimony of a number of scientists showed that what had once been computer models and theories about the effects of fossil-fuel burning and of the release of chlorofluorocarbons into the atmosphere were now in fact facts. The earth has already heated up noticeably—one degree in the last hundred years, much of that increase in the last quarter century. According to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, we can expect another two-to-three-degree increase by 2010—a date that is now closer than 1960. By 2050, the agency estimates, Washington will see 86.9 days a year of temperatures above ninety degrees instead of the current 35.5. Some parts of the globe may warm up more than eight degrees. If the warming trend is allowed to continue, said one of the scientists who first accurately predicted the rates of ozone depletion, in five hundred to a thousand years “you have a temperature rise that will extinguish

human life." That may be far in the future (though many of the changes predicted for the coming years appear to be "already in the bank," as one expert said), but the one-degree rise that we seem to have already caused is staggering—not physically (we can't say we've noticed) but conceptually. We found the earth at a certain temperature, the temperature it had chosen in our epoch, and raised it to another. We are changing this huge green, watery earth—not in some sense intentionally, as in the case of a nuclear war, but obviously, just by the way we have chosen, or not chosen, to live. (Here the "we" is quite specific. The five per cent of the world that is American uses about thirty per cent of the chlorofluorocarbons.) We will increase the size of the oceans, and alter the rainfall, and whip up hurricanes at ever greater rates, and kill off some large portion of the top-floating larvae of anchovies, which provide the bulk of the world's supply of animal feed. Almost no one has even thought about the anchovies, and certainly no one has concluded that they should die, but die they will.

The world has begun to look more and more like a science-fiction story. And perhaps that is why the Challenger failure is disturbing in some fundamental way. We have become used to the idea that technology will outrun disaster—but maybe it won't. For instance, the technology that might take the strain off the atmosphere by lessening fossil-fuel consumption—nuclear power—might put the strain on the thyroid. The fear has not yet reached the point where we would consider changing the way we live to make it accord better with the place we live in, but someday soon it might—a few more degrees, a few more accidents. If this were a science-fiction story, once the characters had poisoned the earth they'd all climb into rockets and go somewhere else. But the nearest star is a three-hundred-thousand-year voyage at Apollo-mission speeds. Anyway, the Challenger has failed—and maybe *that's* why the accident was so frightening.

Sanctuary

ON May 1st, following a trial that lasted more than six months, a federal jury in Tucson, Arizona, convicted six leaders of the church-based sanctuary movement of conspiring to smuggle illegal aliens from El Salva-

dor and Guatemala into the United States. The jury found two other defendants guilty of concealing, harboring, and transporting an illegal alien. Three additional defendants were found not guilty. The eight defendants who were convicted included two Catholic priests, a Catholic nun, a Presbyterian minister, and four lay workers, all of whom face prison terms of up to five years for each of the charges against them. They come up for sentencing on July 1st before Federal District Court Judge Earl H. Carroll.

The sanctuary movement began in the spring of 1982, when several churches in Tucson, Los Angeles, Berkeley, and Washington, D.C., declared publicly that they would provide haven for political refugees from Central America. Since then, the movement has spread across the nation as some three hundred churches and synagogues, some twenty cities, eleven universities, and two states—New Mexico and New York—have made similar declarations. To begin with, the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service ignored the sanctuary movement, no doubt fearing a public outcry if its agents undertook to enter churches in order to make arrests. When it became clear, however, that sanctuary activists were hindering the government's policy of deporting Salvadorans and Guatemalans who enter this country—the Reagan Administration considers them to be illegal aliens seeking economic opportunity rather than refugees seeking safety from political persecution and torture—the I.N.S. decided to crack down on the sanctuary movement by prosecuting some of its leaders. In 1984, using paid informants and undercover agents, the I.N.S. infiltrated the sanctuary movement in Tucson and Phoenix, as well as in several other cities, compiling ninety-one clandestine tape recordings in the process. Early in January of 1985, the I.N.S. persuaded a federal grand jury in Phoenix to indict sixteen sanctuary workers on seventy-one counts of conspiracy, and transporting, aiding, and harboring illegal aliens. Charges against two of the defendants were

subsequently dropped, and three others pleaded guilty to lesser charges.

At pretrial hearings held in May and June of 1985, Judge Carroll, who seemed to think that the proceeding before him was a cut-and-dried case of smuggling aliens, granted government motions to bar any testimony about the atrocities and human-rights violations committed in El Salvador and Guatemala, and about the government's foreign policy, which refuses to grant refugee status to Salvadorans, on the theory that there is no civil strife in some parts of that country. He also barred the defendants from arguing that their actions were necessary to save the lives of the refugees. In addition, he forbade testimony concerning international treaties to which the United States was a signatory, such as the 1949 Geneva Conventions, which have been interpreted to mean that refugees fleeing their homelands because of civil war may not be forcibly repatriated until after the cessation of hostilities, and a 1967 United Nations protocol, which prohibits the United States from deporting people who have fled their homelands because of fear of persecution. The Judge even forbade mention of the defendants' religious beliefs and motivations, and severely limited discussion of the Refugee Act of 1980, in which Congress explicitly barred the Attorney General from deporting people who can show that they have a "well-founded fear of persecution." In this manner, he excluded virtually all the defenses that had been proposed by the attorneys for the sanctuary defendants.

The trial began on October 22, 1985, and on March 7th of this year—more than four months later—the prosecution rested the government's case. On March 14th, an astonished Judge Carroll watched from the bench as defense attorneys, who later charged that the trial was a farce, stood up one by one to announce that they would not call any witnesses or present any defense in behalf of their clients. Four and a half weeks later, following final arguments and the Judge's charge, the jury deliberated for nearly fifty hours before bringing in its verdict.

A few days after the trial ended, one of the defendants, Sister Darlene Nicgorski, a Catholic nun who was convicted of one count of conspiracy, two counts of aiding and abetting, and two counts of concealing and harboring illegal aliens—and who thus faces up to twenty-five years in prison—was



Aunt Phyllis

in town for a short visit, and when we learned of this we arranged to talk with her at the home of a friend. Sister Darlene is a shy, soft-spoken woman in her early forties, with a round face, short hair, and a somewhat anxious manner. She was wearing wire-rimmed glasses, blue slacks, an embroidered white blouse, and running shoes. "When I was a child, I read just about every missionary book I could lay my hands on," she told us. "Mostly, they were about Maryknoll, an American order of nuns devoted to foreign missionary work. In 1962, after a year of college, I entered the Maryknoll Order, but I was sent home because I was allergic to mold and dust. I then entered Alverno College, in Milwaukee. After graduating, in 1966, I immediately entered the Congregation of the School Sisters of St. Francis, an international community of nuns that was founded about a hundred and twelve years ago. I taught at Alverno for five years, and then got a master's degree in early-childhood education from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. In 1973, I became the director of a federally financed day-care center for poor black children in northern Mississippi. I stayed there five years, and then became a social worker in a low-income housing project in Omaha, Nebraska. In the summer of 1980, I went to Guatemala, where three sisters from my order were working in a religious community for twenty or so young Guatemalan women, in a small town in the department of Izabal, which is in the eastern part of the country, not far from the Honduran border. I stayed there for two months, observing the sisters' projects, which included teaching local women how to combat malnutrition and disease and how to take care of their children. They also conducted a Bible class for about ninety campesinos who worked on banana plantations or scratched out a bare subsistence growing corn and beans. At the time, the Church was helping Indians in the western part of the country to become literate and obtain land. This was considered to be anti-government activity, however, and there were stories about death squads and killings and about priests being forced to go into hiding."

Sister Darlene went on to say that soon after she returned to Omaha, at the end of the summer, she began receiving letters from her sisters in Guatemala saying that they wanted to start a school project and needed her badly. "In January of 1981, I dropped every-



T'ai Chi

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thing and went back," she said. "Things went well at first, even though priests and nuns were still being harassed and threatened in other parts of the country. In April, we opened a preschool for forty-five children and began to extend our mission into the outlying villages. Then, out of the blue, on July 1st, Father Tulio, our priest, an Italian Franciscan, was murdered. He had been in Guatemala for twenty-two years, and he had only tried to help people. His car was stopped on the road at night, and he was shot in the head, together with his young driver. I was awakened by shouts to open the gate. I thought it was Father Tulio bringing someone home. Instead, it was some townspeople telling us that he had been killed. There was no investigation, and we never learned who killed him, but that same night a young peasant boy defected from the local Army barracks and came to us for sanctuary, saying he didn't want to take part in killing. Some of our Guatemalan sisters left by truck for Honduras the next day, after people told us that we would be killed next. A day later, I was told to close the school and destroy all records and photographs of the children. I took them out into the yard and burned them. Then I went to the co-op bank in the village to withdraw the preschool money. A man carrying a gun followed me there, and he went inside the co-op and looked over my shoulder as I signed my name on the withdrawal slip. I was terrified. I walked back to

the convent house and packed my suitcase. Then I got a ride in a truck to the bus stop in the next village, and took a bus to Guatemala City. I stayed there a month, changing houses practically every night, because many nuns were being followed and harassed. In mid-August, with some of my sisters, I went to Honduras to work in the refugee camps. Late in September, we went to Mexico, where we were given sanctuary by the Bishop in the state of Chiapas. We lived in a seminary near the Guatemalan border, and we worked among thousands of refugees who were living there in terrible squalor, using pieces of plastic for shelter. They were mostly Kanjobal Indians who had fled from the department of Huehuetenango, in Guatemala, where the killing of Indians had been going on for many years. They called my sisters and me Madrecita, which means 'little mother.' They told us horror stories of murder, rape, and pillage. We tape-recorded the stories and turned them over to various human-rights organizations in Mexico City. One was about an Indian mother who protested when the militia came to take away her fifteen-year-old son for Army service. A soldier raped and killed her and left her body in the street, where it stayed for days, because people were too afraid to take it away. In July of 1982, I went back to Honduras to work in refugee camps with people who had fled from the department of Izabal, where there had been terrible reprisals. But soon I became ill

and had to return to the States in September. I went to Phoenix, where my parents were living, and underwent surgery for removal of my gallbladder and repair of a damaged pancreatic duct. While I was recuperating, I learned about the sanctuary movement. By then, there were hundreds of refugees in the vicinity of Tucson and Phoenix. In February of 1983, I encountered fifteen men living in a ramshackle room in a motel in Chandler, Arizona. They were working as migrant laborers. Dozens of others were sleeping in the fields and living under atrocious conditions in the desert. Most of them were Kanjobal Indians. How ironical to find them living in the United States in the same wretched way they had lived in the refugee camps in Chiapas."

Sister Darlene said that in the summer of 1983, when she had recovered from her surgery, she returned to Central America, visiting Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua. "We stayed in Guatemala City because there were still killings in the rural areas," she told us. "Honduras had been almost completely militarized, and there were troops everywhere. In Nicaragua, I visited two sisters. One worked as a nurse in a clinic in Managua; the other worked in a program for educating women. The Sandinista government supported both programs.

Soon after I came back to the States, in August, I went to work for the Chicago Religious Task Force on Central America. For the next year or so, I helped to transport and place refugees who were moving from Arizona and California to church sanctuaries in the Midwest and the North. By doing so, I hoped to be a voice for the voiceless. That was the exhortation of Archbishop Oscar Romero, who was shot and killed while saying Mass in El Salvador in March of 1980. It was also the legacy of Father Tulio. I never thought for a moment that I was doing anything wrong. But, of course, the I.N.S. had other ideas. In July of 1984, a Mexican named Jesus Cruz began coming to our Sunday-night Bible-study group. He seemed to be helpful. He offered to drive people home after the meetings. Only later did we learn that he was an I.N.S. informer and that he was doing this to learn where the refugees were living. On January 14, 1985, while I was away at a religious retreat, agents of the I.N.S. broke into my apartment in Phoenix. They confiscated many documents and arrested a young Salvadoran woman who was living there. She was twenty-two years old. Two of her brothers had been killed by death squads. Her husband had been accidentally shot by a drunken guardsman. She had been

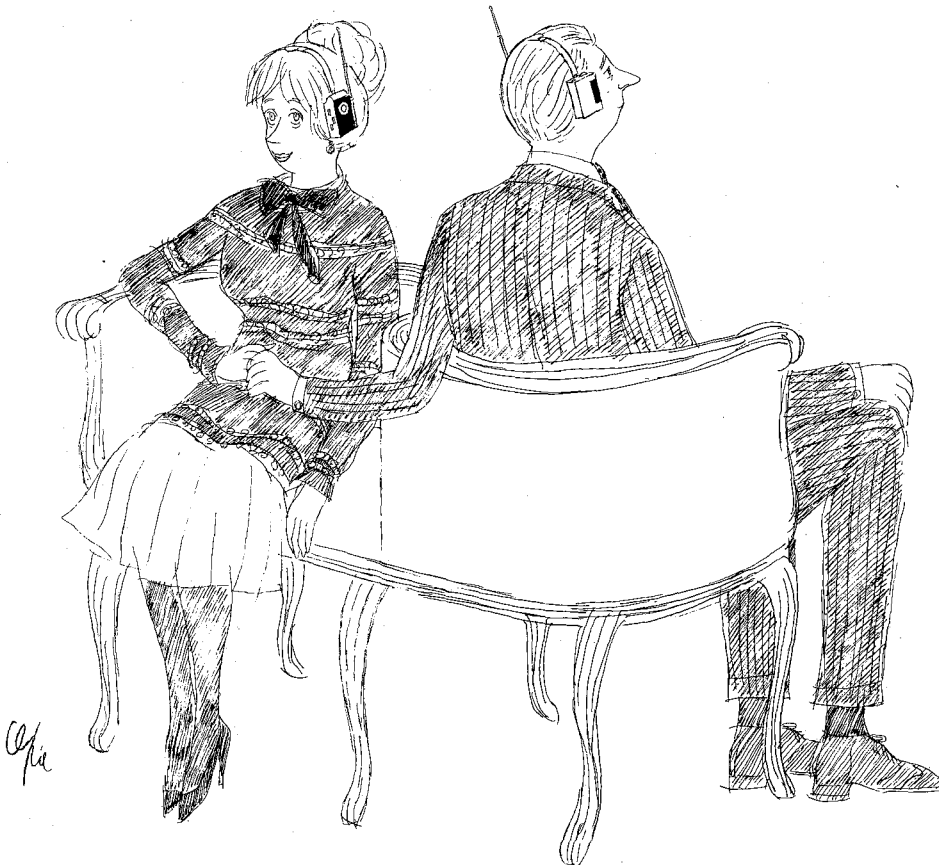
forced to flee, leaving two small children behind."

Sister Darlene took a deep breath and shook her head. "I was very frustrated at the trial, because I had hoped to testify," she said. "I wanted to tell my story. But the Judge would not have allowed me to tell what I saw in Central America, or, for that matter, about my religious and moral convictions concerning sanctuary. My fellow-defendants and I were tried on the simple charge of having aided Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees who entered this country illegally. We have never denied that. We simply deny that it was a crime for us to do so."

Great Party

WE met a bunch of guys—great bunch. All friends of ours, right from the start. Great bunch of guys. It was a great party. Right? Isn't that right? The Flanders Gourmet Beer party, plugging eleven Belgian brews—topnotch country, Belgium—took place at Tavern on the Green. Ferdinand de Wilde, the Belgian consul-general, showed. "You drink three or four of these," he said. "O.K. But don't try to rise up. You must try to drink it when you were a youngster. Every town in Belgium used to have a brewery, and a distillery for making gin." He is one real consul—he used to work in Libya. No beer in Libya. "But in the First World War the Germans took the brass from the distilleries," he continued. "And in the Second World War the church bells." But the breweries survived—the Germans liked beer. Belgium is about the size of Maryland (How big is Maryland? Massachusetts plus Delaware), but it has a hundred and twenty-nine breweries brewing at least three hundred and sixty different beers—one for every day of the year except five, such as January 7th, May 16th and 19th, August 11th, and October 24th. America, which is the size of Brazil (not counting Alaska), has some fifty breweries. "Our beer, it is one reason Belgians are not immigrants," the consul said. "I served in the Belgian Congo—Zaire—and in South Africa and in Canada. Everywhere, there were Dutch. Dutch are immigrants. But we like to go to our certain bar. We have certain *eating and drinking habits*."

The consul left. Too bad; he was the best kind of consul—the friendly kind. But then we met Howard Hill-



man. Howard Hillman wrote "The Gourmet Guide to Beer," a gourmet guidebook about beers. Howard Hillman can do this trick. If someone hands him a glass of beer, he can hold it in his hand and talk about whatever and *not take a sip* for maybe five minutes. "It's very important to take small sips when tasting," he said. "Otherwise, the carbon dioxide will carry fumes up from your stomach to your nose." The beer was served too cold, Howard Hillman said. Also, there were these grease spots on certain glasses that triggered little runs of bubbles, which he pointed out to us. In Jamaica, he said, the residents have "hot-top" parties, where they leave cases of beer out in the sun until the beer gets really warm and then drink it. (Jamaica is an island, slightly smaller than Connecticut. Bob

Marley grew up there.) Howard Hillman looked up and saw a man at the edge of our circle and beamed. "This is Deven Black," he said. "Deven's bar—the North Star Pub, at South Street Seaport—has some of the best Guinness stout I've found outside of Ireland" (another island, much bigger than Texas). Deven invited us down to the North Star, and we are going to go. "I clean the lines to the beer barrels at least once a week," he said. Was James D. Robertson there? You better believe he was. James D. Robertson, who wrote "The Connoisseur's Guide to Beer," one of the world's best beer books (the world, smaller than Uranus), got involved in beer one day when he was leading a wine tasting. "We were tasting the young reds," he said. "They just don't quench your thirst. So we had a beer."

More Than Doodads

HOWARD GOLDSTEIN got behind the Statue of Liberty very early, and the Statue of Liberty has not treated him badly at all. By no means, however, is he completely thrilled with the way things have gone. The Statue



"Bobby, I never noticed any damn baby boom, did you?"

of Liberty Gallery and Shop, on Hudson Street, in the West Village, is four miles from the actual Statue of Liberty, as the pigeon flies. It is the only privately owned, nonportable soup-to-nuts Statue of Liberty memorabilia retail outlet on earth. Howard Goldstein has a partner named Mervin Bendewald. No one in the Statue of Liberty memorabilia business can match their inventory: seven-foot-nine-inch-tall green plastic Liberty statues; a Statue of Liberty made of twine and epoxy resin; six-and-a-half-ounce chocolate Statue of Libertys. Sometimes Mr. Goldstein seems happy and sometimes he does not seem especially happy. Sometimes he says, "Business will probably get better after the Fourth of July. People will have a consciousness-raising of what's going on, and probably they will want to get more Statue of Liberty memorabilia. It will keep building, because the official centennial of the Statue of Liberty doesn't even take place until October 28th. And we'll keep building right up to that point." Sometimes, however, he says, "I'm tired. I've had it. I'm aggravated. I'm going home." Sometimes he stares out the window and seems pre-

occupied with other matters altogether: "Hold it a minute. I'm just watching to see that this mail truck doesn't back into my Porsche. One got me yesterday right in the front."

Howard Goldstein is in his late thirties; he has a stocky build, and brown hair and a beard that are going gray. The other day, when he was feeling tired and like going home, he wore a multicolored cotton-knit sweater, gray denim slacks, beige suede loafers, and sunglasses. Although he lives in Westchester County, he intends, as a point of patriotic duty, to be along the Hudson River on the Fourth of July. "I am not afraid of crowds," he says. "I was there for the Tall Ships, in 1976, and for the Brooklyn Bridge, in 1983. I've seen them all. I've never been crushed. I cannot be intimidated."

The Statue of Liberty Gallery and Shop opened in April, 1985, but Mr. Goldstein's devotion to the Statue of Liberty goes all the way back to 1982. "My partner and I went to Colmar, France, and found the original terracotta maquette that Frédéric-Auguste Bartholdi used," he said. "Then we had these bronze castings made. These



are identical to Bartholdi's original model. See, there's Bartholdi's signature. Here. And here's a brochure that tells the whole story. Here's a picture of Mayor Koch when we presented him with a copy. This is an original copy of the original."

Mayor Koch's original copy of the original cost him nothing. Only one hundred and twenty-nine other original copies exist. At the moment, the Statue of Liberty Gallery and Shop has a few original copies left for sale. If you want to buy one, it will cost twenty-five hundred dollars. If you want it mailed to you, there will be an additional fifty-dollar charge for shipping, handling, and insurance. If you do not feel like spending that much, you can buy a Statue of Liberty pencil for sixty-five cents or an eraser for a dollar-twenty or a fashion ring for six-fifty.

When Mr. Goldstein is asked what his best-selling item is, he says, "Whatever you buy. See what you like. Buy it. That's our best-seller. We started as a fine-arts gallery dedicated to the Statue of Liberty. But the

public wasn't ready for us. They just want a doodad. We have really fine stuff—here's a framed page from the August 16, 1884, issue of *Harper's* magazine—but it doesn't sell."

The T-shirt that features a drawing of a bear surrounded by letters that spell "LI BEAR TY"—that item is moving all right, as is the flashlight that looks like Miss Liberty's torch ("the only officially licensed Statue of Liberty torch"). Charles Osgood, the newscaster, bought a bunch of those for his family—at twelve-fifty apiece. Things would move even better if some of Mr. Goldstein's suppliers were not giving him so much aggravation.

"Everything we have here is going to be gone by the Fourth of July," he said. "If you see anything you like, you better buy it now because it's not going to be here. And our suppliers aren't making any more. We carry officially licensed Statue of Liberty memorabilia. And now what happens? We call the manufacturers, and they're not making any more. I'm fed up. By the Fourth of July, the only stuff you'll see in this town will be from the

venders with the cheap Korean knock-offs. We've offered Americans a chance to own an authentic piece of the Statue of Liberty, but they don't want it."

In Mr. Goldstein's opinion, when people should be buying signed original etchings and photographs of the Statue of Liberty or an eight-hundred-dollar hand-carved forty-inch-high wooden replica of the Statue of Liberty, they are instead buying foam-rubber torches and porcelain paperweights. So he is forced to sell the foam-rubber torches and porcelain paperweights. The Statue of Liberty Gallery and Shop has a one-of-a-kind original copy of the first movie poster ever to feature the Statue of Liberty ("The Road to France," starring Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, directed by Dell Henderson). No one has made a serious offer for it, but plenty of people have bought throw pillows, neckties, styrofoam and plastic boaters, jigsaw puzzles, underwear, decals, cigarette lighters, lapel pins, pocketknives, coin purses, shopping bags, sunglasses, placemats, pennants, flags, napkins, paper plates, postcards, kites, visors, umbrellas, belt buckles, iron-on patches, and key rings. If you want to buy a spot on a yacht that will be in the harbor during the Fourth of July weekend, Mr. Goldstein might be able to arrange that. Or you can buy a "Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island Coloring Book," by A. G. Smith, or "The Statue of Liberty Fun Book," by Lillian S. Abramson. Nobody seems to clamor for the definitive scholarly work, "The Statue of Liberty," by Professor Marvin Trachtenberg, so Mr. Goldstein does not have any copies in stock.

As a courtesy to all the French tourists who drop by, Mr. Goldstein has one employee who speaks French. He also has a four-and-a-half-year-old daughter named Samantha. Even when Mr. Goldstein is having an aggravating day—because, say, a jobber named Arnie is jerking him around—he speaks to Samantha in a kind voice. She has blue eyes and very long blond hair, which, the other day, had red and blue ribbons tied in it. Anything in the Statue of Liberty Gallery and Shop that Samantha wanted her father would probably give to her. Naturally, Samantha happens to love all the memorabilia, although if you ask her what the Statue of Liberty is she turns her palms up and says, "I don't know."

THE BULLIES

THE hard rain sounds like a heartbeat. The heavy green canvas awnings around the three-sided screened porch buck and grunt and creak; they sag with the hard rain, and they drip, and then suddenly they rise and twist and water splashes out. Inside those passionate sounds, the porch glider squeals and the wicker chair squeaks. Ida Nicholson, Momma's guest, in expensively crude, heavyish, wrinkled linen and with stylishly stately curls on either side of her head (her hair smells of hot iron even in the rain), sits with bossy nervousness in the wicker chair.

Momma has on rouge and eye-shadow; and her lipstick is so bright in the damp air that it shouts in my eye. Ma's porch grandeur. She is all dressed up. Her eyes are not fully lit; they are stirring like half-lit theatres. The lights never go on, the scenes are not explained. Her nakedness of but only half-lit soul puts a disturbance into the air—I feel shouted at by that, too. Her art is immersed in darkness. The floor of the porch—concrete with an oval straw rug—smells of the rain. Lila's voice: "Ida, everything that I do on this matter, I do because S.L. loves this child—he's pretty, isn't he? You wouldn't think he was just flotsam and jetsam. You know me: I may vote Republican yet; I'm not the maternal type—the child is S.L.'s pet project. S.L. makes the decisions; if he doesn't call in a doctor because the child doesn't talk, there's an excellent reason: S.L. has thought it out: if the child is real sick, what are we going to do? How long can we keep him? Now he's doing fine. S.L.'s in no rush: sufficient evil unto the day. I can't tell you what to think, but I can advise. I recommend it to everyone, Let's live and let live. I'm not an inexperienced person, Ida; in a lot of battles, I count for more than a man."

Ida is delicately made but ungainly—that is a kind of sexual signal. It is an indication of will. Her movements and eyes are more for purposes of giving social and political and intellectual messages than *sexual* ones—this is a matter of pride as well as of defiance, a useful grotesquerie. Her alertness is a kind of crack-the-whip thing—not uncommon in the Middle West but uncommon there to the extent she takes it when she is not being folksy and Middle Western. Her style of

dress, expensive and *sportif*, French, is obliquely sexual in the manner of women athletes of that day, golf players and tennis players, and is without the insolence that marks the project of the arousal of men: she is seriously chic, magisterially so, and that includes a mock dowdiness.

Lila does not try to compete with that: big-breasted Lila, in white with polka dots and a wide patent-leather belt, is sadly heterosexual—theatrical at it—but convincingly real, not even faintly a pretender. She has the gift, or art, or intrusiveness, of apparent personal authenticity.

Ida's legs are thin—toylike almost—above flat shoes with fringed shields over the laces. Lila's legs are those of a cabaret singer, in high-heeled patent-leather pumps, very plain and yet noticeable anyway. Ida has on a white-and-blue tie, Lila a white-and-black polka-dotted scarf caught with a diamond pin. Ida's "polite" inexpressiveness, a powerful quality in her, and her social rank (her position in relation to what others want from her) add up to her being a *dry person, someone with a dry wit, a wonderful person, really, and (to go on using Momma's terms) she was in charge. Who was I? We were nobodies.*

Ida has a pronounced quality of command—but it is not local-dowager stuff—it is *charmingly in-and-out-taking turns, fair play* (Ida's phrases)—but (Lila said) *she was always the referee and the judge* (of what was fair).

Ida feels that nothing in the way of feeling or intellect is a puzzle for her. Her omniscience had lapses but she did not overtly confess to them: she could not have run her kingdom then. Her confidence came from her triumphs: her sister married a newspaper-and-magazine potentate in the East (Bos-

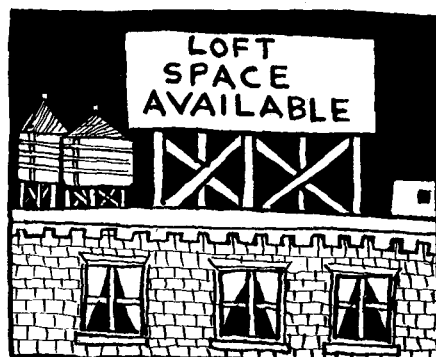
ton chiefly). She may have influenced the policies of the newspaper. She always said she did. She was a dilettante philosopher in public conversation and good at it. Then, there were her successes in Europe—social ones, with women: the most difficult kind. She divided feelings into those of pleasure—by which she meant feelings of self-love, the acknowledgment of merit and standing, of the powers of the self—and the feelings of emergency: hurt, rage, self-pity, the necessity for fighting.

Knowing Ida meant you were playing with fire. For Ida, incoherence is ill-health: she becomes an invalid from contradiction—in herself, by others of her. The fluctuation in others of contradiction, the foreign actuality of others' thoughts, plus her ignored feelings when others show their strange thoughts, cause her *nervousness*. Ida feels as a Christian (lady) that historically the *serious* work has been done and that certain forgiveness obtains nearby for silliness—forgiveness over all and acceptance: a truce. For her, religion has altered into *manners*—through manners she has a high-speed connection to what she considers to be the tragic; and she has a tactful attachment to silliness (everything that is not tragic but is merely sad). She hungers for transcendence. This gives her a beauty that Lila is aware of, an ugly beauty of a sort, *a real beauty, the kind men don't know about: Ida is a someone.* Ida's moral illiteracy, her ethical inanity, are not anything unusual—they are the common human matter of power.

When Ida was on her high horse, you could forget she hated everybody and could do anything she liked and when she did it she didn't apologize: there was a lot to her. If luck had gone her way, who knows what she could have done? She was a brilliant person who was also no good.

Ida—this is in a moment without men in it—asks, converting her full rank into tentative silliness, with a great deal of calm and yet nervous music in her voice, "Well, Lila—" Pause. "What do you think of the rain?"

Lila sits suddenly still on the porch glider. Her face seems to recognize a great many notes and possibilities in the question—this is sort of a joke—and she replies as if carefully, the false carefulness making an ambiguous mu-



sic, "I don't mind rain; my hair holds up in the rain. I'm lucky: I don't get frizzy."

Ida puffs on a cigarette. Momma suddenly—naïvely—poses as someone who is not watching Ida.

Ida looks at Momma's hair—the widow's peak, the shininess above and below and around, past the polka-dot bandanna (and its tail); and she says, "I'm a daughter of the pioneers, Lilly. I have prairie hair—I get frizzy; it's a bane: I'm just a workaday person—Lilly—"

That's special Midwestern talk, including Momma's grade-school name.

Momma has a drink clasped in a ringed hand; she keeps her eyes lowered even when her old name is uttered. Ida has a drink, too, and a cigarette. Momma sighs: so much deciphering—Ida's clothes and money and voice and the moment—and then Momma shifts her posture and suddenly "gives up," as if with over-

whelmed innocence or naïveté or ignorance: this is her most common tactic with a powerful woman, to give in, give up, and not mean it: it's a kind of wit—a kind of sexuality. Ma's face shows she decides to be *the hostess*—ordinary. There is a question whether Ida will allow it. Will Ida insist on being at home in Lila's house? Will she treat it like a *pigsty*? The particular music—the cast of voice, of face—with which Ma gets ready to do this marks her as worthwhile, as not a novice, as having social promise: "Ida, we have some little sandwiches; Anne-marie put them together for you: she stayed away from the noisy lettuce you don't like—I told her what you said that day at the governor's luncheon. She made them especially for you—I told her you were coming. *You impress—her.*" Ma rose and walked across the porch—a sort of workaday hostess: a version of workaday to offer Ida a plate of sandwiches. Momma's

dress has birdlike lights in it and rustlings: she is enclosed in a watery aviary of small lights and small noises. She has a sweetish, and slightly sweaty, full-bodied smell—startling. Her red mouth is, too.

Ida blinks and takes a sandwich and tilts her head like a fragile queen who yet has a sinewy strength of mind. She says, in educated, rapid, smart tones of a kind that Lila has never heard from anyone else, never heard a version of in the movies or onstage: "And you, do I impress you?"

Lila recognizes the *power* and feels thrilled. She feels the "class" thing her way, as beauty and as enmity—the possibility is that she will be hurt; she is game.

But (in Ida's terms) she is *infinitely sly*—Momma has her own fairly complete realm of knowledge and she has her own power: she hears not a *complete woman* (Lila's term) but a *girl bookworm* and a *woman who doesn't smell like a rose*: someone lonely, wooden, undemocratic, locally solitary—it's the Christian snobbery: that mingling of *truth* and *the ideal* (Momma's dichotomy), *the truth* being loneliness and a kind of poverty of life, of soul, and the *ideal* being a social reality, symbolized by Ida's Parisian suit, with its man-cut jacket and pleated skirt, the *real ideal* (Ma's term) inside the *ideal* being the satisfaction of the impulses of a woman of rank (in America, in imitation in this case of European examples): satisfactions, consolations, and *rank*. What Lila understood as *the ideal* was earthbound, but it was earthbound romance, self-loss—suicidal bursts of love and extravagance with money to make a *real story*, a *legend* around here. Not that she practiced that form of suicide, but she played at its edges. So to speak. What Momma meant by *the ideal* was the most advantageous *human* thing for a woman. In order not to be aggravated and go mad or give up: when Momma says she is not young, is not nineteen, this is part of what she means.

Ida feels herself to be a *Christian warrior*, Ida feels she is a vessel by blood, by blood lineage, for illumination and heroism as part of the matter of competing, as a mark of victory—i.e., of government. She is very stubborn about this.

Lila thinks that is banana oil.

But the fact is that at moments Ida is her ideal.



"Some men, Miss Hoffstetter, were born to lobby.
Yours truly is one of those men."

Ida knows that The Ideal Figure is *the one that gets loved but not necessarily embraced*.

Ida is impatient with reality and minds it that if you solve one problem, that does not solve all problems.

She has a very elevated notion of personal greatness as a social matter and as an aspect and reward of heartfelt, transcendent belief.

So Ida is often afraid she is being laughed at—terror and anger then display themselves at a distance—abruptly she embodies them and then drowns them in her usual courage and willfulness: this makes her vibrate and be nervous; this fills her with disgust and friendliness. (The more she is drawn to someone, the more disgust she feels. I think it is so she will not be pushed around by her feelings.)

Do I impress you?

Lila's sense of Ida's question goes deep in her: *Why Ida was asking it was the question*. Lila says, "It would hurt my pride to answer that—" Lila pauses. Really, if you have the time and a fine enough nervous system you can study what an elaborate pause it is, what detail work is in it. She says, as if she had not paused, "It would be a risk to answer that."

Her tone is ineffably muted, *respectful* daring, and with a lot of heterosexual good sportsmanship in it. Homosexual women, in Ma's experience, substitute gallantry for sportsmanship, and Ma does not like that. And Ma thinks she is attractive to Ida to the extent that she, Ma, is not homosexual. So Ma is maybe emphasizing this side of herself a lot.

Ida shivers. Ida, girlishly (but a ferocious girl), shows on her face that she *admires* Lila's courage: *it's not tacked down* (Lila's phrase): *nothing is said*.

Ida never—never—detaches herself from considerations of power; neither does Ma, differently, starting from a different background. Ida never associates power with evil, although she

says she does, but Ma really does. Ma thinks "goodness" is consolation for not taking the risks to be bad and a leader—i.e., wicked—a *good conscience is your reward for avoiding leadership if you ask me*. . . .

Both women can be comic. Ida thinks the stuff of this exchange so far is charming: she says, "I should have worn a hat and gloves."

"Ha-ha," Momma says. "That's some song and dance—hat and gloves and pearls." But her smile indicates she likes it, too.

So far, so good, Momma feels.

Ida's sexual courage is limited—those shadowy reaches among the other's desires and gusts of feeling—the robot courage, a boy's humility is beyond her. Ida is too impatient with such *ordinariness* to know that stuff—her love of power forbids it. Lila is too ashamed of her physical self now (at the age she is) to be comfortable sexually: she would like to be like Ida.

They smile, eye each other, smile independently and at an angle without looking at each other; they sit and drink and smoke: a certain sort of physical punctuation.



"This is my favorite part of our summer vacation—when you lean into the wind."

Ida can sense the presence of the *other thing* in Lila—that aging sexual power—that power *fascinates* Ida and makes her a student: this is as docile as she gets, a rebellious student of Lila's sexual reality, which is, according to Momma's manner, that of someone whose duty is to be sexual—sexually generous.

Lila's rambunctiousness is Jewish "mockery" of that and not simple and not comprehensible to Ida. It is an ultimate defiance: a (Jewish) sacrilege. Ida trusts that Lila trades, *as everyone does*, in humiliations, that Lila's *defiance* is that of a Jewess.

Ida puffed restlessly on a new cigarette. She sucked smoke in a French manner. She eyed Lila to see if Lila recognized the marvellousness of Ida's style. She bit into a sandwich. She said, "But these sandwiches are *good*, Lila."

"Praise from *you* is praise and a half and then some—did you taste both kinds? You haven't tried the shrimp. The shrimp are from New Orleans. My momma says God will punish us for eating shrimp." Sin. A Jewish woman entering the secular.

"This is a perfect *cucumber* sand-

wich. I *adore* cucumber sandwiches." Ida is encouraging the secular but is respectful toward religion and does not mention shrimp.

"Oh, I'm a divine housewife," Lila says, as if she weren't being shocking about what she ought to be. "I know who to hire. Have you met our Anne-marie? She's a little on the fat side. But she's a very fine person—she soaks our cucumbers in milk. It's something she learned in France; she's from France. She says it gets the acid out—is that important? I don't know what I think of the acid in cucumbers: probably it's important to get the acid out—"

"Lila, these sandwiches: I'm your slave." (That is, *lower me to your peasant level: let's roll in the gutter for a while*: No more religious issues. No more social issues. Lila worries that she looks at people too darkly; but she thinks that's what Ida means by that remark—Ida doesn't mean she'll be obedient.)

Ida says, when Lila blinkingly and pointedly says nothing, "Your housekeeper soaks cucumbers in milk? I never heard of that."

Lila says carefully, without in any way denying the double meaning, "Neither did I. But I guess I go along with it."

"Really?" Ida says, looking triumphant in the face of Ma's being a riddle.

"I'm not fooling—I'm not a fooler. I'm honest—you can trust me. I'm always impressed when a woman's honest, I like to be impressive," Lila says melodiously, unmocking (maybe) or mocking.

Ida breathes slowly and eats in a way that mingles considerable delicacy with cynical doubt—perhaps about eating and chewing in general but doubt eased maybe by the *happiness* of the moment.

Lila watches Ida eat, and she says, "You'd be surprised how honest I am. I have to be careful—you know what they say? Why be a martyr? I admit I like an opportunity to shine. I like to show what I'm made of. I like a chance to rise to the occasion." The look in her face may mean she is saying she can lie, she can keep her mouth shut, she can rise to any worldly occasion, or it may mean something else: maybe she thinks two things at once and that enables her to say things that mean two things at least. She says, "But I wouldn't want



"Miss Wilcox, get me the Coast."

to be quoted on this." She smiles—Momma had so many smiles that you might say, if you counted contexts, that she had an infinite number of them. "People don't understand always what honesty is when a woman's honest."

"I think of myself as honest," Ida says with a certain superior curvature of voice; and, having stopped eating, watches Lila through the smoke of another cigarette.

"You can say that—wherever you speak, you speak from a throne room," Lila said, leaving the question open and yet speaking more directly than before. "A woman can't say that who only has a porch. People don't mind when *you* show your colors: you have two streets in this town named after your family." It's up to Ida to speak first about the happiness of the moment and about human affection, Momma means—maybe.

The set of her pretty mouth and unlit eyes means Lila's both sad and cheerful that people sometimes think of her as a villainess (as *not honest*).

Ida has that sense of Momma as a pretty *Jewish* woman, a villainess: clever, ruthless, dishonest—foreign. What does it mean that Momma doesn't mind? Is it that she's letting Ida build up a debt and she will get even?

Ida is—naïvely—*pleased* that Lila knows Jews are unrooted opportun-

ists, sly satirists, thieves of a sort—thieves of one's comfort with oneself and one's thoughts.

As well as of money often.

Ida says cautiously, blinkingly, now scoffingly friendly, "Everyone in town puts you on a pedestal, Lila."

"Oh, *that* kind of pedestal is *nothing*," Momma says in an old voice, watching Ida.

"No, it's serious," Ida says.

Her voice is firm—it is not her judgment so much as her temper, her nervousness, that dominates the moment.

The intelligence and shrewdness required to make one's nervousness a sign of social class and an intellectual plane of discourse and a sign of emotion mark a *leader*—this is what Ma thinks, and *leader* is Ma's term.

Lila said, "If a woman has flashing eyes, she can't joke, she can't make jokes, but name a street after me and maybe there could be a little comedy—you think a woman like me's allowed to make fun? I'm a menace. I suppose you don't know about me."

She said it in such tones that flattery of the other woman's *finess* was intended and disparagement of her local standing in politics as a beauty worth listening to.

Her voice was musical. The voice was nakedly peeled; it gently crooned along.

Ida is abruptly amused—it is a mat-



ter of eligibility: Momma's. Holding her head and shoulders and back in a pleasantly angular slouch, Ida says, "The women in my family have a motto: that the only foolish thing is to be frightened." I.e., class equals *bravery*. So Momma to show class should offer affection first.

Momma purses her lips and says, very softly, "Well, we say nothing ventured, nothing gained in our family; it's a good idea to look before you leap." I.e., you go first: you act so superior.

"I'm a believer in *real* courage," Ida said. "My great-grandmother saw her

sister scalped; she did not lose courage; she stayed right where she was, hidden in the woodpile; she didn't let out a peep."

Momma tried this: "Do you think the world is getting better? Maybe it used to be worse. Or is it the same old thing? My mother thinks it's still bad and going down—she had to hide in a cellar under rags while the cossacks killed her father. And five brothers. But she peeked. I can't tell the story: some words put the smell of things right up my nose and I get sick. Those cossacks, they put Momma's father and the five brothers in the ground up

to their necks. Wait a moment: I have to catch my breath." Momma gasps faintly. "They bury the legs and arms so the men can't move; the beards are in the dirt. Then the cossacks make their horses gallop. She watched the horses' feet kick them in the head. The brains would run out. Momma said their eyes fell out onto the ground."

Ida is listening to the anecdote with an intelligent look—idle but taut and ready to respond although not by making the first move by declaring her interest, or degree of it, to Momma.

Lila says without transition but softly, vulnerably, "Are you always a careful talker? When the sky's the limit? When the highfliers are around?" Then: "If there are any."

Ida says—slowly—her voice has curlicues of *clear* inflection—"I'm a careful speaker. It's an old habit. I don't know that I'm so special." Meaning that she *was*, since she was modest, meaning also Momma's wit, of its sort, has made a point (of its sort).

Lila never understood the point of modesty for women. She said, pushily but melodiously, "If I talked like you, what would you think? Do you think I ought to talk like you? Would you like it if I did? You think we ought to talk alike?"

Momma mixed fineness with naïveté—a social brew—and *took the lead*.

Rather than be a mentor to Momma or ask for a twin or say no directly, Ida, electric, luminous, says, "In the matter of how people talk in this country, we need to be called to order."

Momma smiles modestly, daringly: "I suppose I'm daring, I'm over people's heads. I like to take a chance."

The rainlight grows yellower, as if it were on its way to clarity, but the rain persists windlessly, moderating itself almost not at all in the sudden light.

"I mean in general," Ida says, veiling her eyes.

Lila says, "In general, I do what I have to do; I prefer to look like a winner. I'm not someone who pleads her case."

Ida peers at Lila and then quickly stops peering. She is richer, freer, and "smarter" than Lila—she is in command. She is someone who knows what it is to be *top of the heap*: for her, for both women, winning is equivalent to guiltlessness; victory represents virtue, blamelessness.

Regal and modest, as if simple and

self-defined, *Ida makes a move* (Ma's phrase). *Ida* smiles—her smiles tend to be fixed, grammatical—but her eyes shifted from interest and bullying (or manipulation) into beauty.

And *Ida* says, "*Lila*—" with each syllable cut short and with a smile for each syllable, a differing smile, and a downward flash of the eyes for each syllable and a pause between. And then a still-facedness, almost a smile. It is very intelligent, perhaps it is rehearsed. (*You can't hang someone for how they say your name . . .*)

Momma sat very still, and then—making the situation mysterious—she said, in a largely unreadable tone, "*Ida*," with a very long dwindle of breath.

The degree of irony—knowledge of the world as an activity concerned with self-protection—in *Ida's* face altered into friendliness; and she said, "*Lila*, you are adorable, you know I adore you, I hope you know it—you do know it—*Lila*—you know I'm someone you can count on—lifelong—*Lila*—"

Because it had a rehearsed quality—*Ida's* speech—Momma thinks she sees the symptoms of the local thing of having-a-go-round with *Lila*. Ma is ruthless but subject to being *ashamed* (her term).

Momma sits in a subdued and pale and cautious way, denying the sexual. She wants romance and feeling—*Ida* on a string. Besides, the movements of feeling between her and *Ida* have only irony and subtlety and powers of mind in them, only those—*Ida* has this effect on people often, and so she thinks the world lacks sexuality altogether.

Lila says, "Oh, lifelong isn't necessary: twenty-four hours is enough for me. Where people are concerned, I'm not demanding."

Ida says, with a certain twisted loftiness and down-to-earth whine or complaint, "Friendship is usually taken by serious people, *Lila*, to be something one can rely on."

Lila says, "I'm someone who takes chances, but I'm a big frog in a little pond. If I ask someone seriously, 'What are you doing?', people don't ever listen even to the question; I fall flat on my face. I bet that doesn't ever happen to you. I didn't finish college, I was too wild, but actually I know a thing or two, even if I don't get much credit for it. Well, take the cash and let the credit go—isn't that how you

EQUATIONS OF THE LIGHT

Turning the corner, we discovered it just as the old wrought-iron lamps went on—a quiet, tree-lined street, only one block long, resting between the noisy avenues.

The street lamps splashed the shadows of the leaves across the whitewashed brick, and each tall window, glowing through the ivy-decked façade, promised lives as perfect as the light.

Walking beneath the trees, we saw the high black doors of houses bolted shut against us. And yet we could have opened any door, entered any room the evening offered.

Or were we so deluded by the strange equations of the light, the vagrant wind searching the trees, that we believed this brief conjunction of our separate lives was real?

It seemed that moment lingered like a ghost, a flicker in the air, smaller than a moth, a curl of smoke flaring from a match, haunting a world it could not touch or hear.

There should have been a greeting or a sign, the smile of a stranger, something beyond the soft refusals of the summer air, and children trading secrets on the steps.

Traffic bellowed from the avenue. Our shadows moved across the street's long wall, and at the end what else could I have done but turn the corner back into my life?

—DANA GIOIA

expect a Jewish woman—a Jewess—to talk?"

Ida—knowingly, lyrically—says, "If *Ida* Nicholson were *Lila* Silenowicz, she would say here, 'I have to catch my breath . . .'" She did an imitation of *Lila's* voice—one of *Lila's* voices—she captured *Lila's* mocking politeness.

Lila smiled a soft, plummy smile—dovelike. Then she said, "*Ida*, I wouldn't say that: I would say, *Ida*, you may be too much for me."

"I'm still an amateur at being *Lila*

Silenowicz," *Ida* says with an air of modesty, of wit that isn't modest: it's suffocating in its confidence—its confident pleading.

Momma doesn't want to be darling; she says darkly, restlessly, "I think I probably am a streetwalker at heart."

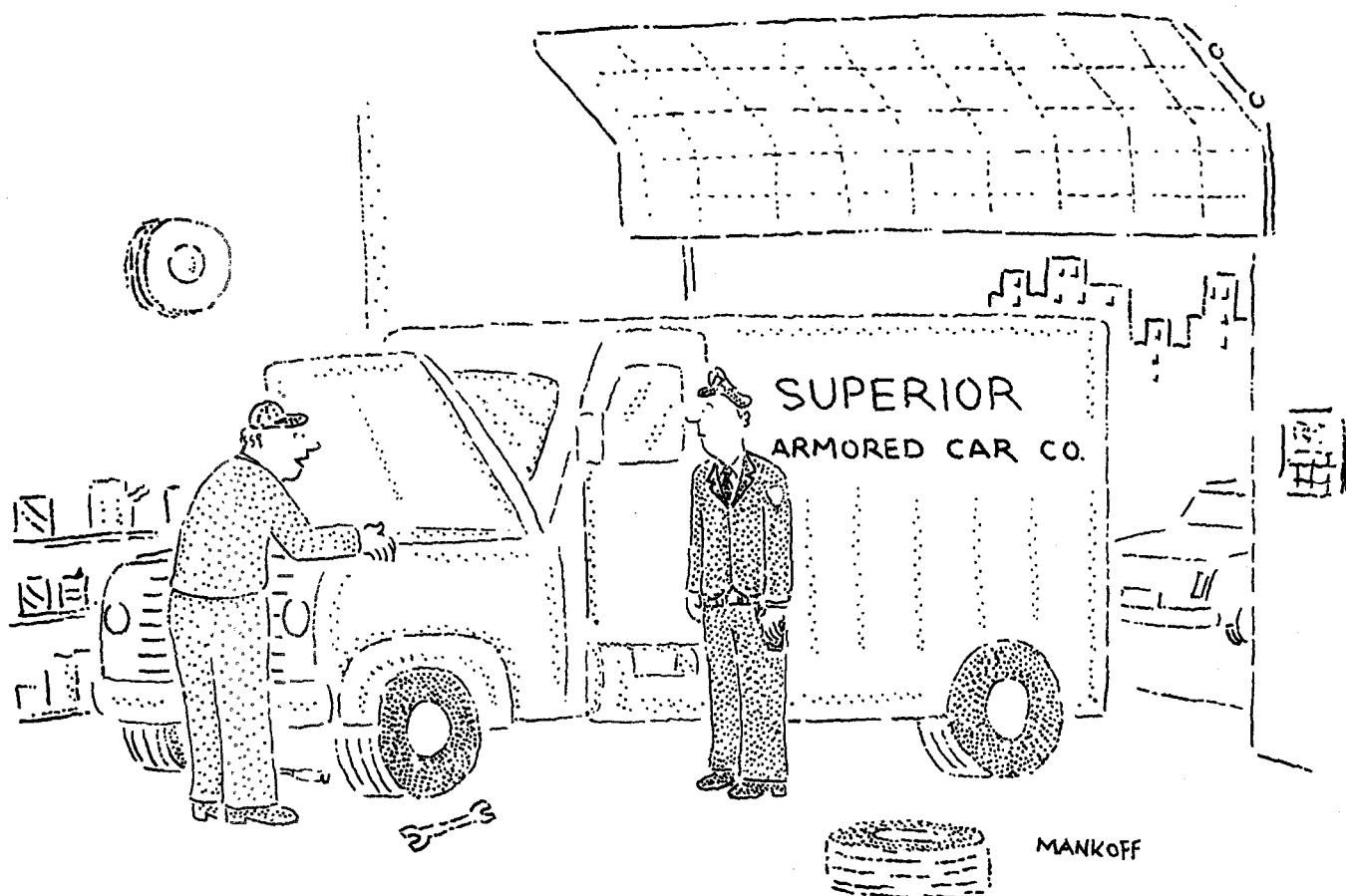
"*Lila!*" *Ida* waits.

"Look at us—drinking and smoking. Wouldn't your mother say we were like prostitutes?"

Ida is genuinely puzzled, but she is also genuinely combative—not easily put off. What she sees, though, is someone who passed from initial invitation to some depth or other of guilt. *Lila* doesn't seem to *Ida* to have any moral sophistication (*Lila* feels that way about *Ida*). *Ida* doesn't know whether to keep matters "social" or not. She says with contemptuous readiness of wit (a further mistake sensually), "Oh, *Lila*, you? The way you change, it's like the life of a tadpole."

Lila feels it's tomboy seduction that





"Nothing serious—just some twenties stuck in your crankshaft."

Ida offers—Lila was never a tomboy. She doesn't speak—she waits to see what will happen (to see what her power is here).

Ida lifts her head and sort of moves it in a nursery way, of pride and mental energy, a brightness of thought. She is convinced of her own sexuality as a matter of argument, no matter what others think.

Lila is self-willed and illiterate, cruel and unstable. She is full of rivalry and caprice now.

"Oh, Lila, you are impossible, you are so brilliant, you are adorable," Ida says. "Isn't she adorable?" she asks the rainy air. She is bringing Momma to heel. She is aware Momma is jealous of her.

"My momma has always admired you," Momma says. "She thinks you probably have tastes in common; Momma thinks men are awful—all except S.L. My husband. You never can remember his name."

"Initials," Ida corrected her.

Ida wants Momma to admit Ida's authority.

Momma wants to be the authority.

"Samuel Lewis—S.L." Momma thinks she has the authority here.

Ida makes a face. The look on Lila's face is teasing, and not pierced and corrected by Ida's power. Ida is inclined to think that the supposed intelligence of Jews is a mistake.

Ida raises her eyebrows and slowly expels cigarette smoke. Her nose and cheekbones are chic. She's pigeon-chested but handsome-bodied all the same, clean, unwhorish—ungainly. *She's too proud to be pretty.*

The damp gives Lila's skin and her lips and lipstick and her eyes a lustre. She sits and judges the silence. Then she puckers her mouth, too—to get a grip on what Ida is feeling. Lila says, "Oh, I'm not adorable; you're being nice; you're being too nice; you're being way, way, way too nice to me." Momma has pleasure and power shoved inside a wildness-at-the-moment: "I'll be honest, I'm out to be fancy today, so if you feel like that, that's my reward. I like a kind word or three; I'm easy to satisfy; but everybody has their conceit; I certainly have mine; now you know everything: I

suppose it's more than you want to know."

Momma bends her head down defeatedly—adorably. Momma is as brave as a brave child. She is determined—energetic. With her head down, she pushes her skirt lower on her fine legs. *The world isn't a hard place to have a good time in if you use your head. Play with fire and see what happens.*

When she looks up, she has a freed, soft, hot-eyed face. She feels that she is throwing herself on a blade—she is wounded—inwardly startled. Seductive Momma. Momma's tempestuous assault on the other woman: "I'm what you call reasonable if you decide to reevaluate; I'm a reasonable woman, but I won't hold you to it, although I'm someone who likes loyalty."

"Me, too," Ida said in a giddy winning-an-argument way. Then, as if she'd thought, *She's not good-looking enough to ask this much of me* (the defense of the sadistic mind): "I don't think anyone thinks you're reasonable, Lilly. Do you think so, that people

do? Do you think people think that's your type, the reasonable type?" She's drolly shrewd—it's what Lila calls *Ida's dry way*. "I'm reasonable," Ida says in humble summing up. A sad and modest Victory. *Her mind is very quick but she never did anything with it except be quick.*

"I don't know," Momma says. Momma aims her head, a complicated gun, at Ida: "I'm popular. You know what they say—I have papers, I have the papers to show it; you know what the statistics are. I'm reasonable enough. I shouldn't be the one to say so, but I'll take that risk: don't let on I was the one to tell you, don't let anyone know I was a fool wanting to make a good impression on you."

"Fearless! Fearless!" Ida maybe girlishly shrieks.

A sudden, swift look crosses Momma's face: *You can never tell the truth to anyone to their face or ask it, either.* Momma would like to belong to Ida, *body and soul—up to a point: let's wait and see.* "Yes? Well, who knows which way the cat will jump tomorrow?" My mother is in deep. She is where the lions and the

tigers walk. Perhaps what she is saying is clearer than I understand it to be.

Ida's fondness for women attracted women. Women saw her as an impressive friend humbled by caring for them. She knows this. Ida says, in a highly good-natured voice that is ironically moral, "Lila, I adore you." She grins, openly foolish, as if declaring a truce on meaning. "And it's lifelong." She means it only in a way. She is suggesting laws of affection which she means to enforce.

Momma says, "I know everyone backbites." She doesn't mean *backbites*: she picked something Ida doesn't do. She means backslides. She means people disappoint you. "I put a sweet face on it, but it hurts me. If you want to hate me, hate me for that, that I'm someone who puts being serious at the head of the list." She wants to set up what the laws are and what the punishments are. "I'm silly, I know, but who knows how much time anyone has? I haven't time to waste on getting hurt."

Ida looks droll but firm: she knows Momma wants her to love her: Ida

thinks, *Well, this is war, this is war, and I'm a guest.* She says in mostly a droll and clowning and smartly foolish way—richly superior, that is: *I'm the one who is the lawgiver here—*"Well, I don't know how I feel about that. I'm always a loyal one."

Momma feels Ida is lying *all the time*. Momma is drunk with consciousness. And purpose. "I'm a seeker, I don't think I'm a finder. You know what they say? Still waters cut deep. But I'm telling you too much about myself. It's a *free-for-all*. I'm going to ask you to be nicer to me. It won't hurt you to be nice: you're a first-family woman and I know I'm not, but there are still things for you to learn."

"This is my nicest, Lilly. I am never nicer than this—"

"That's all there is? There isn't any more? Then you're boring—if you have limits like that." Momma says it with unfocussed eyes. She thinks, *I don't care.*

Ida says, "The jig's up." She sits straight, a narrow-backed, nervously elegant woman, cigaretted, alert—plain. "Well, this is—regrettable," she says. Her eyes are shy and weird, then abruptly bold and fixed.

Momma flinches because she envies Ida her being able to use a word like "*regrettable*" without self-consciousness. Nerves pull at Momma's face, at her eyebrows, at her eyes—her eyes have a startled focus. *There's no inertia in me, there's nothing inert, and there's no peace: I always take The High Road.* She says, "Well, maybe it's time I said I had a headache."

Ida's face is a shallow egg—with features scattered on it. A potent ugliness. Now she formally sees how proud Lila is, just how *fiery* (Ida's word), and Ida's heart breaks. She is suffused with sudden pain—sympathy—a feeling of grace—emptiness is dissolved—but she substitutes sympathy for herself instead of for women or for Momma, since she is more alone than Momma is; so the emptiness returns but it's not entirely empty: it



"No, no. When I say this new secret weapon can slip past their defenses undetected, I'm not referring to the Russians, I'm referring to Congress."

has a burning drama in it. Momma is in agony from the work of her performance and of creating feelings in Ida, but Ida is in *pain*, which is worse, but they are *both enjoying it in an awful way*, as Ida might describe it in a semi-grownup way.

"It's raining too hard for me to go home just now, Lilly," Ida says with a kind of gentle grandeur. Then, for the first time sharing her wit with Lila, taking Lila in as a partner in certain enterprises, Ida repeats from earlier, "What do you think of the rain, Lila?" And she gives a hasty smile and casts her eyes down to the porch floor, awake inwardly with the nervous unexpectedness of her own generosity and feeling it as love of a kind.

Momma wets her lips and says in a haphazard voice, "You know, some religious people take rain as a hint, but you try to have a good time anyway—and give a good time—did it wash away Sodom and Gomorrah, do you remember? Of course you remember, you like *The Bible*. I have no memory for those things. You know what they say, people and their sins ought to get a little time off for good behavior. I don't think I know what good behavior is. Well, that's enough: I'm not good at being silly: I don't want to be silly in front of *you*."

"Silly is as silly does," Ida says—perched.

Momma says, "It's not raining violets today—it's more cats and dogs. The rain—well, the rain—you know these old houses is like arks. Are. All the animals two by two—I have a houseload of people coming in an hour."

The central active meaning of Mom's life is that in her, when everything is taut on an occasion that matters to her, self-approval *when the evidence is in* becomes pervasive in her, lunatic, a moonlight, a flattery of the world, as summer moonlight is. Her pleasure in herself becomes a conscious sexual power—the reflexive self-knowledge of a woman who attracts. For the moment, Momma has a rich willingness to be somewhat agreeable in her sexuality.

For Ida, Momma is *the real thing*—as if famous and European, of that order but in its own category: self-exhibiting, in some ways discreet; but talkative. Momma can give an impression—breasts and clothes and face—of supple strength and a crouching will and endless laughter and mind and



"You've got it. Now take it uptown."

martyrdom: a nineteen-twenties thing, from the movies. The drugged catlike weave of shadows on Momma's belly, her being the extremely fragile and supple huntress—Ida sees this as extreme prettiness and a will to dissipate the megrims, boredom and ennui, the kind that kill you.

Ida is here for a lot of reasons. Ida is a nervous collector and judge, but she is in Momma's shoes when she is in Paris: there *she* has to perform for the women she admires. She feels she attracts as many people there as Lila does—Ida will compete with anyone.

That's a high value to set on yourself, Ma thinks. Ida seems to Momma to be beautiful in her holding back—

women's beauties and abilities seem fearsome and of prior interest to Momma.

The sight and presence of Ida's "beauty" (will and courage and freedom) excite Momma, who makes a mad offering of a devoted glance—Ma, who is painfully, flyingly awake with hope, and cynicism.

Ida has gooseflesh.

Ma says, "I'll be frank; I'll be brutally frank: I'm nervous, I'm nervous about you. You're intelligent, you like books, but watch, I don't have a yellow streak. If I make a fool of myself, I expect you to know you have only yourself to blame; you know where you stand in this town, you have genu-

ine *stature* around here. It's more than that: What you say counts. So, if I get tense, blame yourself . . . blame your own . . . *stature*. Will you do that for me?" She is being *Brave Like Ida*.

"Lila, are you someone who might be a good friend? I see that you might be that. Oh, it is unbearable."

"I am a good friend. Don't let the way I look fool you. I have the soul of a good friend."

"You're a darling!"

But the world is unbearable: a chill goes through Momma: in Ida's voice is a quality of unyielding announcement on the matter. *Ida is someone who has to run things—I wasn't good enough for her to hold back and let me speak, too*. I think what Momma sees is that her seeing Ida as having a realer "beauty" is not triumph enough for Ida—Ida wants to hurt Momma, so that Ida can know more satisfactorily than in Momma's being merely temporarily agreeable that she, Ida, is splendid, is the more splendid creature. You can't call Momma "darling" unless you do it with a note of defeat, or conspiracy, without causing trouble with her. To Ma, what Ida does seems romantically naïve.

This is what I think Momma saw: *Ida owns everyone in sight*. Momma is sexed *angrily and ignorantly* and is sexually fired by curiosity. And she did not marry for money. Ida sometimes to Momma seems only to have the shine and edginess and sharpness of calculation of money, and to be hardly flesh and blood at all. Momma feels that Ida is like her, like Momma, but is less well educated in love, that she is at an earlier and more dangerous stage: Ida is sexed ungenerously, like a school-girl.

Momma's romantic standing is not a "safe" thing for her. *A woman like me finds out love is a different kettle of fish—I should have been a prostitute*. This stuff boils in Momma; it is her sexual temper—it supplies the vivacity in Ma's sultry, wanting-vengeance prettiness. Tempestuousness and mind—Ma suspects everyone of cheapness when it comes to love—*except S.L.*, her husband. Lila romanticizes his emotional extravagance, his carelessness—perhaps he is romantic.

She is alive and reckless and glowing now and does not seem devoted to remaining at home and being respectable—but she has been that so far in her life; and she feels clever in her choices. I think she is as morally illit-

THE KLIPSAN STALLIONS

Just one crack against the sandbar
and the grain freighter crumbled into
itself like paper in flames, all the lifeboats
and blankets, the tons of yeasty wheat
sucked down so fast the tumbling sailors

still carried in the flat backs of their brains
the sensations of the galley, smoky with mutton fat,
someone's hiccup, someone's red woollen sleeve
still dragging itself across their eyes

even as the long sleeve of the water closed over them.

It was 3 A.M., the third of November, 1891.
Just to the south of this chaos, where the Columbia
washes over the Pacific,

there was shouting, the groan of stable doors,
and over the beachfront a dozen
horses were running. Trained
with a bucket of timothy to swim rescue,
they passed under the beam of the Klipsan lighthouse,
passed out from the grasses, alfalfa,
deep snores and the shuffle of hooves,

and entered the black ocean.

Just heads then, stretched nostrils and necks
swimming out to the sailors
who were themselves just heads, each brain
a sputtering flame above the water.

Delirious, bodies numb, they answered
the stallions with panic—
So this is the death parade, Neptune's
horses lashed up from Akasha!

And still,

through some last act of the self, when
the tails floated past they grabbed on,

then watched as the horses
returned to themselves, as the haunches
pulled, left, then right, and the small circles
of underhooves stroked up in unison. Here
was the sound of sharp breathing, troubled
with sea spray, like bellows left out in the rain,
and here the texture of sand on the belly,
on the shirt and thigh, on the foot
with its boot, and the naked foot—and then, finally,
the voices, the dozens gathered to
cheer the rescue, the long bones of the will,
causing hands to close over those rippling tails,
yellow teeth to close over the timothy.

—LINDA BIERDS

erate as Ida, and as unscathed so far: this is what she claims by being so willful—that she is usually right, unpunished. This is what her destructiveness comes from.

Both women feel that women draw you in and are grotesquely lonely and grotesquely powerful in intimacies.

Ida has a coarse look. *What it is is that Ida has to be the star*. Ida's courage is self-denial and self-indulgence mixed.

Momma's performance is ill-mounted, since it rests on Ida's *having a heart*. Ma has risen from the void of dailiness and nobodyhood to flutter in the midst of her whitish fire, but she



"Oh, he speaks, all right. But never to the point."

flutters burningly in a void of heartlessness: it is worthless to be a pretty woman, but everything else is worse.

Ida governs herself shrewdly.

Momma is excited-looking: conscious-looking, alive, symmetrical—alight.

Ida "loves" Lila's temporary brilliance—perhaps only as a distraction. But Ida looks, and probably is, *happy for the moment*—but in a grim way: *This is where the party is*. Ida is game. She says, "Oh, Lila, I am happy to be here, deluge and all. Isn't it nice that we are neighbors? What would life be without neighbors? A desert? A bad Sahara?" She smiles nervously—boldly. A kind of sweat breaks out on her upper lip; she doesn't care.

Lila, being so pretty, has lived with this kind of drama since early childhood and she has a peculiar air of being at home in it: Momma's eyes and eyelids consider the speech, the praise. Momma looks *selfish* rather than surrendering—that means she's not pleased as she studies Ida's offer, its number of caveats. What it was was Ida is being *careful*. She should have spoken extravagantly, but she is too sure that Momma can be bought *reasonably*. Ma is a marvel of disobedience and a mistress of local manners carefully learned and fully felt. Her face is a somewhat contemptuous

wound: comprehension and expressiveness tear her face when she catches on that Ida is smitten but impervious, *made of steel*, when that shows. It shows that *Ida has more class than I do; that's where the battle lines get drawn, although I will say this for myself: I give credit where credit is due*. That's a lie, often. Often she is destructive and fights the worth in other people. *This is a democracy, and who's to stop me from doing what I think is best for me?*

Ida is enamored and is *immune* to her, *superior, la-di-da and all*.

Lila arranges her voice: "I'm glad you came to see me." It's not her being a femme fatale or whatever, or being amusing anymore—she is holding back. She sounds a little like Ida.

Ida raises her head, blinks, puffs on her cigarette—looks at Ma, level-eyed, looks away.

This is interwoven with Ma shifting her legs, then her torso, and its burden of breasts on the slender ribs.

Both women are controlled—and full of signals—so many that I don't see how they can keep track of what they are doing in the world, what with all their speed and knowledge and feelings and all the breaths they have to take.

They avoid each other's eyes, except passingly, for more than a minute—it

is as intense as speech. Then they are still. Both have small smiles. *This is where the lions and the tigers walk*.

Momma has a dark light coming from her. She is a nervous star that gives a dreamer's light even at this late date.

She says, "Did you come over in the rain to see me for a purpose? You wanted to see me all dressed up for a party, when I was nervous? A ready-made fool? All dressed up and no place to go."

Ida says at once, "Oh, Lila, no—no lovey-dovey."

She tramples on Lila's music—that request for *sympathy*. "I hate lovey-dovey—lovey-dovey is brutal. It's *terrible*." A love speech, bossy, intent, deep-feeling: Ida's sort of deep feelings.

Momma is perplexed by so much intensity, so much *style*, and all that energy, with none coming toward her—except maybe nibblingly, condescendingly—but directed at Ma's flirtatious mockery. It was a love speech asking for rough play.

Ida's personal fires are alight and skeletal. They are not like the expansive whirlwinds and fires in which Momma is trapped and consumed; Ida's have focus and great style. Momma feels Ida's unforgiveness as



"No more pipe, and no more bowl."

character and strength, but it's directed toward what Lila is—a beauty of a certain kind, a flirt and willful, a Jew—and that is unforgivable. But that's how things are. *You have to take love as you find it.*

Ma's tolerance and acquisitiveness and Ida's nervousness—and her courage—are the paramount social factors, the strong movers in the board game, in the scene: both women tacitly agree on that. The *soft surrenders* (Lila's phrase) that go with *love when it works* are what Ida was forbidding in her love speech.

Momma thinks of *two bones kissing* and sees how what is painful in emo-

tion might be adjudged banal—or tedious—as *clattering*—and *you can get away with it*, loving and calling love boring. She isn't really sure. She is a lively fire of spirit and mood, intention and will, and she can't really do that herself, take love lightly.

Lila knows *how to keep up a social air when things are tough*. It is not a new experience for her that there is *tragic hatred* in the moment; i.e., infatuation, and rivalry, a lot of failure—*love of a kind, of all kinds* . . . women deal in love. Momma's Theory of the Ego (*that everyone and her mother thinks she is the Queen of the Earth*) now holds, in this fly-

ing moment, that Ida cannot bear not being the prime example of *beauty* in the room, in the world: *She only chases me so she can be better than someone like me: she has to be the star; her husband, Ben, is the same way, but he kowtows to her because she has the money and he bullies everyone else.*

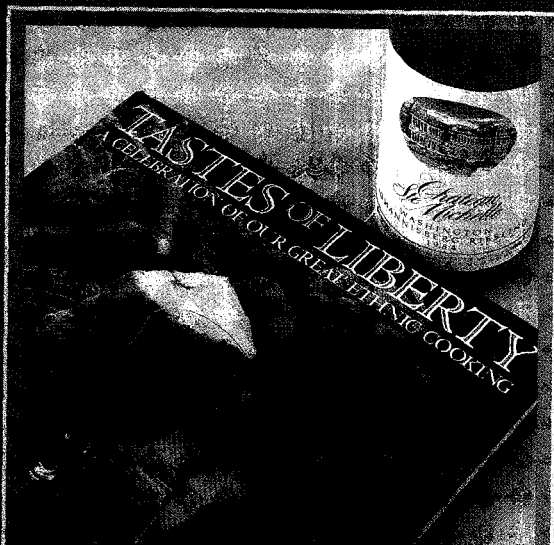
Momma calls a moment like this, this-kind-of-thing, *We're getting in deep*. It is her form of mountain-climbing: exhaustion, danger, despair. The fires of mind and of physical courage in her are a working heat for her *getting her own way*—according to her Theory of the Ego—but in such an extravagantly putting-on-a-show fashion that it does not seem to her to be of the same family as Ida's putting on a show, which is more measured, purposeful, meanly hammerlike, tap, tap, tap . . . *She's like a machine. She has a position to keep up—there are demands on her all day long—she can't give her all to any one thing—that's Lila being fair . . . But she's a fake: that's Lila being Lila.*

Physical desire in Ida is the trembling of nerves in a strong woman's frequently disowned body. Ida is warm

—or hot—but without *dignity* in physical negotiation, *a rich woman*. She maintains her value against Lila's more and more immodest-seeming glamour: why is this woman still shining at the age she is? (Daddy would say Ma was on a rampage.) A wild pathos and self-pity invest Ida with an air of threat in her desirousness—she feels she *deserves* erotic reward. Ida's class, her being superior to Momma in self-control and focus, her sexual abnegation *at times*, her hardness about defeat and the hurt of others oppress Momma as signs of *not* being infatuated with her is what I think. Whereas Ida feels love is one sub-

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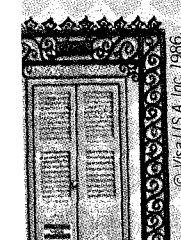
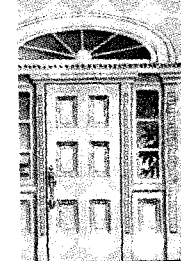
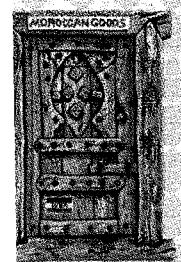
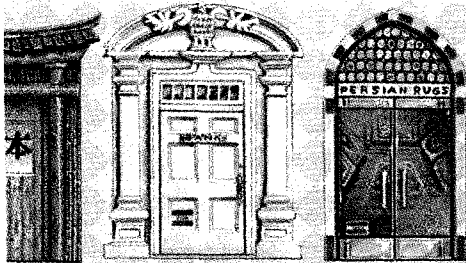
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stance throughout eternity—that it shouldn't matter what deformities that will and privilege and folly have forced on the softer tissues of the self in the course of your living the way you live if someone loves you.

Momma feels that love is invented daily and that each person does it differently. Momma, in some wordless way, *trusts* herself in these matters. She is at home here.

Neither woman intends to be a fool—being a fool is something only men do.

Of course, if you contemplate these attitudes and consider the feelings they have, it is clear that at the moment Ida hates Momma, and Momma hates Ida. But they get along.

Lila thinks of it this way, that Ida puts a *quick kibosh* on anything she can't run. Ida does not know just how two-sided the thing of sex is—or how improvised it is. Momma feels that Ida is being “cute,” attractive in her way, even gorgeous—but not in the romantic vein. Momma often says, *A truth about me is that I fight back.* Momma is a brute. She would like to break Ida's bones.

To put a cast of reason on Ma's brutality, she wants to hurt Ida in order to frighten her, *so that Ida won't eat me up alive.*

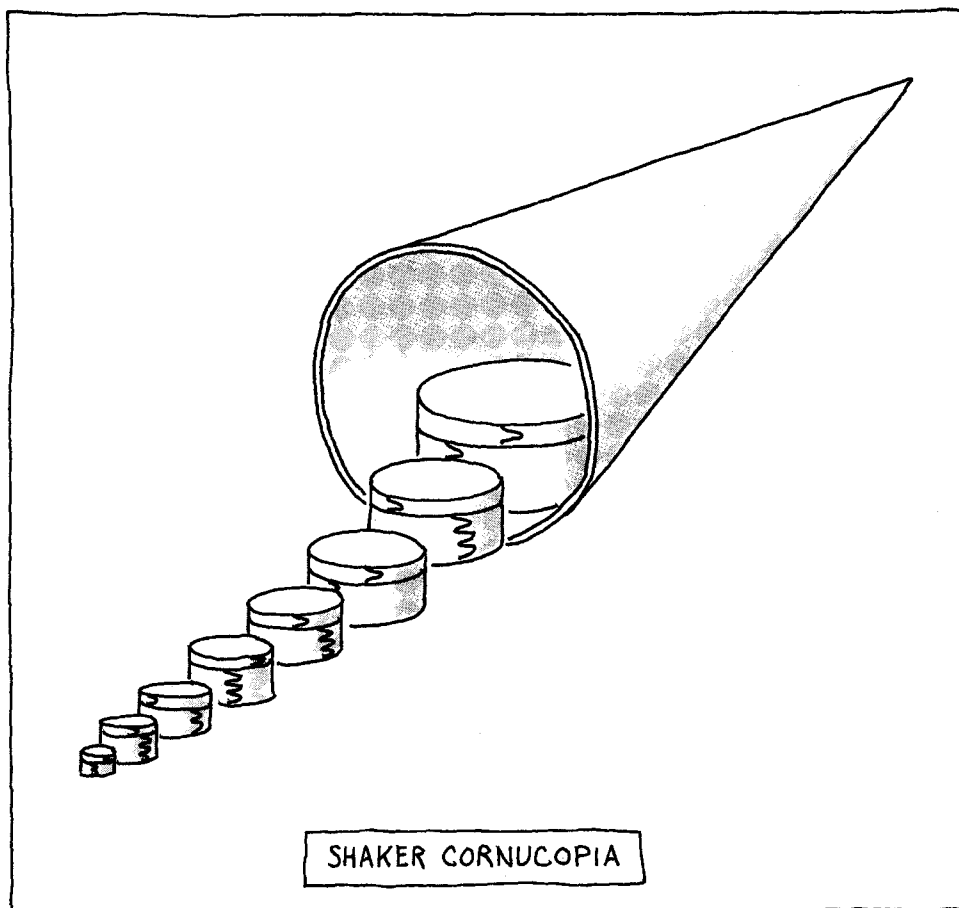
Ma says, “I'm always lovey-dovey. I think I was born that way. Laugh, they say, and the world laughs with you, but sometimes when you laugh alone it gets very dark. Look how dark it's getting—it's turning into a thunderstorm.”

The rain is getting stronger, brackish and threatening; and wind flings the dampness around.

It genuinely hurt Ida to be cornered—to be straightforward—to admit to having feelings. Her hurt is *coldly* stormy at the moment.

But she looks Ma in the face and smiles one of her top-grade, friendly, large-area smiles and says in a tragically rebuking manner, “You're wearing your diamond bracelets—I suppose that means you mean business today.”

Momma says stubbornly, “Did you get wet? Did you ruin your shoes? Coming through the rain to see me? Did you do that for me?”



ZIEGLER

Ida says, “You don't show any damage from the rain—you show no damage yet, at all—Lila.”

Ma's radiance is skittery in this light. *I can keep it up until the cows come home.* But that's not true. Some centrally human element gets worn out in these skirmishes. Why does Ida *lie*—i.e., *avoid things*? Does Ida *know things* (about the world) *that I don't know*? So Ma gets depressed about herself. The effect of Ida's will and style on her. When this sort of thing happens to Momma, she becomes ill. She dies. She becomes stern. *Perhaps everything will be all right, I can handle this, I'm not nineteen.*

Ida is relentlessly enthralled and ruthless still, and makes no promises, even with her eyes; her escape will be part of Lila's comeuppance.

And this: the beauty Ida feels (and shows) has subsided and is more memory than immediate fact, and that imprisons Ida, who can't hold back from agonized nostalgia about her own great moments in the same way that Momma can from hers. For a moment, Ida can't act at all. Ida is not exhausted but she is *slain*: *You have killed me, Lila.*

In exhaustion, Momma is partly set free from her own radiance. Momma doesn't *care at all about anything at all*, and Ida is stilled in some ways but is nevertheless a restless spirit and unsoftened and is trapped. So the smart and powerful one has become the stupid and powerless one.

Opposites flutter and dance in the *fairy light*: women's enchantments are eerie. The story is in their eyelids and in the obscure or clear glances they send to each other. Also, they breathe meaningfully. It seems that Ida will not let *someone without much education and breeding, who is wild and careless*, run things at the moment. Skinny Ida has a *don't-tread-on-me* wonderfulness of carriage, plus Very Good Manners and a Christian cheerfulness. A Christian sense of secular silliness, tender just now but hard-souled, too.

Lila thinks, *Ida hasn't beaten me down. My luck is good. Ida is really very approachable—of course, you have to approach her on your hands and knees.*

The two women continue to breathe meaningfully in each other's company—this is more or less at a level of

happiness, but *you can never tell* (Lila's phrase).

Ida says, "The rain—it's all water over the dam." She has a creaturely tension, *like a thoroughbred*. She means, *Let's forgive ourselves*.

Lila is close enough to sexual giddiness that she blushes spectrally. "It is spilt milk," Momma says. "Ha, ha, well, well, well, said the hole in the ground—" Momma does a very small version of what she thinks a rich Gentile woman's intellectual madness coming out as non-sensical talk and a laugh is like.

Mindlessness seems well bred to Ida, but, of course, not in Momma—Ida does, *deliciously*, voluptuously, hate Momma. Hatred is *elegant* in Ida.

Momma *feels ruthless right back*. Momma feels apprehension inside, but she doesn't show it.

The two women laugh, complic- itously.

Lila says, "And more well, well, well—you know me, Ida, I'm a wife and a mother and a devil, a Jewish devil!"

Ida says, "Yes, yes. Don't be hard on yourself, Lilly. It's hard enough as it is. We don't need trouble— isn't that right!"

Momma says, "Yes, that's right! That's just right!"

Ida, a little drunk, says to herself, *Lila is a black torch of a woman*. Out loud, she says, "You were always *pretty* . . ." By her rules—of ego and selfishness and loyalty—never to give Momma an intense compliment is a sign of *love*. It is keeping things balanced. Ida lives deeply inside her own biography.

But Ma feels she doesn't have enough money or standing and that she doesn't have enough power with Ida to be satisfied with that. Momma is "*infatuated*" but cross; she is drunk—mostly with the ease of being with someone quick-minded, not male. She wants to show Ida how to be magnetic in courtship: "Oh, believe me, I'll go on record as saying you're better-looking than I am, in the ways that count. In the ways that really count, you have the kind of looks I admire most. I count you as the best-looking."

Ida takes that as her due. She doesn't see that Ma is enraged and being exemplary. She says primly, "You're interesting-looking, Lila." Ida thinks that is a witty way to be romantic. Lila feels Ida continues to be *not romantic, not a squanderer*. She

is reading Ida's mind: she thinks she sees that Ida thinks it an extravagance to care for Momma in the first place, *a penniless no one*.

This kind of *selfish shenanigans* dries Momma up physically, but she likes it on the whole. Momma laughs musically, yet she is disgusted. She says, in a mad way, "I have to laugh: What did you think the excitement was all about? What did you come to see me for?" Ma thinks it's bad taste of



Ida not to be more honest—*heartfelt*. Momma is called by some people The Prettiest Woman in Central Illinois. Ma is lighting up again, but it's temper, a squall of will. In a frightened and careless and disobedient way (and

in a hysterical and cold and experienced way), Momma knows that in a battle for personal power Ida is the local champion; Momma feels the tournament quality of Ida. Momma says again—odd, mocking, and tender, too, "I'll go on record—you're better-looking than I am in the ways that count. I wish I looked more like you."

She means it, but she's saying it's better, it's safer not to have real looks. She's praising Ida and saying Ida is trash.

I don't shut my eyes and give up; I'm not a goody-goody two-shoes.

Ida half understands the category she's being put in and she thinks: *She owes me one for that*. She leans down and touches, with one finger, Momma's shoe, Momma's foot. Then she sits back.

Momma's face, brownish, ill-looking, with lines of nervousness on it, now, in her sensitivity, her speed, her strangeness and as a soul in the cosmos and in her strength—and maybe in wickedness and charity—smooths out.

Ida is big-eyed, calm-faced—but sweaty—full of her own fund of fidgety and fanatic self-approval. She crosses her legs—*coarsely*—in front of Ma's now obtuse face. She would argue, *I don't deserve this, I have done nothing to deserve this*.

Momma's eyes go from Ida's eyes to Ida's wrists (fine-boned) and Ida's nails (bitten). The trick for Momma as she smiles a little inside her attractiveness at the moment is to show she is really clear about what Ida is *worth* as a person. "I have a good time now and then," Momma says, unable to be innocent and awed. She says this with her head tilted.

The force in Ida's soul makes her surface twitch a little with puffs of

waitfulness. "We deserve a good time," Ida says, not looking at Momma and then looking her full in the face. Ida sinks down in her chair. Then she sits upright. *Like a countess*—that took strength of will.

Momma says, in a presumptuous and urgent tone, "Around here you're supposed to go to special cities to have a good time. I'm from the provinces. But I'm having a good time right now—it's because of you."

Ida sighs narrowly and says, "You're not very Jewish; you're not like Hamlet."

Not mild? Not moderate?

Ma is determined to tack down a triumph. She says, "I'm always interested when we talk, I'm always interested in the things you have to say." Mild. Moderate.

Ida looks at her, aslant, smiling—it really is a grin; it would be a grimace if Ida were less clever.

Ma, looking sideways at Ida, says, knowing it will upset Ida, "You'd be surprised what I think of you, you'd be surprised what I say when I'm not afraid of how I sound, what I say behind your back—I don't think you can imagine it."

Ida, victimized, girlish—i.e., girlish if victimized—says girlishly, "Tell me what you say about me. What do you say behind my back? I have to know. I have to know things like that—that's so interesting. It's important to me. Tell me, you must tell me, it's not fair what you're doing—I *have* to know."

Ida's style here is girls'-school stuff from a social class Ma is not in. Ma flinches, because she usually assumes people of that class will hurt her as much as they can, as much as they dare (she's pretty)—she expects *pain* from that quarter.

Ma is evasive: "I let people know that you make me think about things in a new way: you have real power over me—I talk about that all the time . . . Then I have to think whether I want that or not, whether I want you to be such an influence or not, whether I can afford it—a lot of the time, I don't know. You make me think, but I feel like crying. It's too hard to say it now. I'll tell you one thing: I'm not one of your critics—no, I'm not one of your critics *at all*—"

"Lila, you're just impossible—you frighten me—" Then: "Tell me what you say about me. Tell me in the same words . . ."

"Oh, I quote you a lot—you're *interesting* . . ."

"Lila, tell me *what you say*."

"I don't twist what you say. I listen to you carefully. I feel I understand you. I feel you understand me."

"I feel that, too," Ida said decisively. She's decided Momma boasts about knowing her. Ida decides to accept that. But her glance and manner shift everything from privacy to the Whole World, where she is the richer woman and Lila is the weaker of the two. *It is always her deciding it—especially if I was looking good*—in the interplay between them. Ma believes Ida doesn't know how to take turns.

Ma says, "I'm sophisticated in many, many ways, amn't I?"

Ida directs at Ma a large, cajoling, swiftly childlike (pleading) smile: it's intent, it is ironic and *sincere* and clever—it seems to mean Ida does *sincerely* love Ma in *some* way even if she's in control of herself and of the whole thing all-in-all despite Momma's hard-won upper hand at moments. At this moment, Ma flinches. It makes her feel things, that smile. So Ma is raw, exacerbated, strained—alive—resistant; thinking well of herself is what usually seduces Ma—and she felt proud of herself for having elicited that smile; but she is not yet seduced. She is in control, too—for the moment.

Momma loves women's responses. Men's lives don't interest her—they are out of reach, obscure, obtuse, slow and wooden.

Momma breathes and resettles her breasts, and her face glimmers and is shiny and knowing—a weird thing. I suppose this is a moment of experienced affection for the two women. Momma hasn't yet said to many people but perhaps feels, *I'm thirteen years past the high-water mark of my looks, when I was the party and that was that; but I'm still going*. My mother's heartbeat was a constant lyric exclamation of ignorance and blasphemy, excitement and exacerbation, beauty and amusement of a kind. Ma "knows, as a matter of common sense," that Ida believes that on the *highest level only a Christian mind can matter*.

To Ida seriously, Momma is like a dumb animal, without truth, but an enjoyable woman, fiery and a marvel—coarsely spiritual and naïve—a Jew. Momma, teased and tormented by life, is fascinated in a number of dark ways by being defined in this manner.

Ida is prompted to take charge firmly and openly of the seductive drama in Lila's shifting glowingness. She jumps up, crosses to Lila in

French-schoolgirl style—self-consciously wry—and sits beside her on the squealing glider. Ida is a big-city person, and can't live in the moments the way Lila can. She abruptly kisses Lila on the temple, then rapidly adds a second kiss to the first, pulls back, looks at Momma's profile, then sits straight and utters a watchful, shepherding laugh. The style is nervously a woman's lawlessness that excuses itself as tenderness. A delicate joke. *How can you mind it?*

The risk and nihilism of stylishness jolts Momma with a sense of pleasure and of the abyss. I mean Ma's life rests on contracts among women, sacraments between women, and everything Ida does is an example of freedom from that. Ida admits to no such freedom. Ma feels herself fall toward an abyss for what is merely a lied-about romp.

With weird perversity, in a slow voice, very melodic and undramatic, and not moving her body, but softening a little but not enough to be a real welcome, Ma says, "You're being so nice to me, I feel like the farmer's daughter . . ."

"Darling Lila," Ida says, insulted but still puckered for another kiss: "Me, a travelling salesman?"

The elegance impresses Lila, who,

like Ida, then calls on her inner resources—i.e., mostly temper—"Well, you do just breeze in and out—between trips." But such sympathy is in Momma's temper, as is not there when she speaks to men, and I cannot doubt that women are real, are vivid to Momma as no man is. Momma's nerves and mind and experiences comprehend what a woman does, the sounds and tics and implications—the meanings. "Who lives like you?" Momma says. "You pack up and go when you want to go. Some people would kill to have your kind of life."

It is curious how Ida comes into flower: the slow, cautious, shrewd small-town thing of her background shows first in her opened face, then the boarding-school-mannered thing of being mannerly shows next, and then comes Ida's rebellion and *good, sharp mind* (her terms), and then these in a parade with the sophistications of *New York and Europe* (Ma's terms) as part of a moment of stillness, of her looking inward while outwardly her appearance glistens and glows with her nervous parade in this manner.

But she is quick to be apologetic (to stifle envy): "It's empty, Lila. Such emptiness . . ."

Ma said—crassly in the face of the fatuously self-regarding ego in so au-



"When I get out, I'm going to give crime just one more chance!"

tomatic a response—"That's what they all say to me." I.e., *They all come to me to ease their emptiness.*

Ida flinches, sits tautly; then Momma, looking Ida pretty much in the eye, touches Ida's arm, in a way possible only to someone who is physically passionate: inside an intense doctrine of carefulness that implies all the machineries and aches and jealousies and spent bleaknesses of response—and it is pretentious in its way, perhaps self-conscious, like Ida's elegance, that touch.

Then Momma puts her hand back in her own lap and stares straight ahead and not at Ida. "Look at us, sitting like those pictures of farmers getting married." A countryside wedding-photo-graph.

Lila is sort of saying that the two of them are not lovers but are faintly married to one another by means of an American codification of women as neighbors—the idea of neighbors came to her from Ida earlier but she does not remember that. She feels a sacrament was in the nervous subtlety of minor touch that had in it a sincerity of person, the mark of individual sensuality, and that identified it as sacrilege—not a woman's touch, or a daughter's touch, or a lover's touch: rather, it was *Lila's-touch-under-the-circumstances.*

Ida is too tempo-ridden, too impatient to do more than guess at that, to do more than come to a summing-up: she knows there is little of ancient virtue or of chastity in Lila or in Lila's touch—the touch is too minor a thing for her, although she recognizes the pride and knowledge and she saw that it stayed within certain ideal limits of the self. Momma wants Ida to be sincere and victimizable by touch to the extent that Momma is. What Momma senses as Ida's summing-up is *She would like me to be a fiery idiot.* Ida wants Momma to be swifter and more allusive—I wish she were smarter.

Ida literally cannot deal with a real moment but runs across it on swift ideas of things: conclusions. She detects the illegal or bandit sacrament Lila offers, and it breaks Ida's heart—so to speak—but she can't pause or deal with it. She would say *I can't manage otherwise.*

Lila feels at home only among women, but it is always for her as if she were in an earthen pit with them. Lila's responsive mind and heat and Ida's intelligence enlarge the space—

the pit and its freedoms—with mutual sympathy but with rivalry and a kind of peace that was not the absence of pain or of striving but its being in a feminine dimension and made up of feminine meanings.

(The talk between women on which I eavesdrop is meanly hidden from me except for the musics in their voices and their gestures. I may have everything wrong.)

The rain seems to fall inside my head curtainingly. One must imagine the reality of Momma's wet hips after a bath, breasts released from brassiere, unpinned masses of hair—this is hinted at: "Sit here by me, do you want to?" Ma says that to the woman who is already sitting there. Ma promises the thing that has already been

done. It's not a trick except in the sense that it makes things smooth, it suggests peace. She says this to the woman who can't manage otherwise than to think Ma is a *fiery idiot*. Ma is not patient this way even with me.

Momma wants *the ideal thing* to be two women being together. "It's like school and money to be two women," Momma says in her most musical voice—the music means she is being *deep*.

Momma means the world of men, the surface of the planet, the topographies of violence and political sashaying around and quarrelling are put aside, and one is as in a classroom with an admired teacher, or one is like a rich girl with a nice-mooded housekeeper or with a well-intentioned and intelligent aunt.

Ida, with her tigerish mind (Ma's image: *She has a mind like a tiger*), seizes what Lila says (and does); what Ida thinks—in her summing-up way—is that Lila likes her.

Momma is familiar with not being listened to. And if her head droops while Ida now deposits a slew of quick, but sexually unquickened, kisses, *safe* kisses, boarding-school kisses, temporary, not those of love forever, love for all time, it is not in sadness but in temper and perversity.

"You don't listen to someone like me," Ma says despairingly—but like a joke, a parody of something or other—and she pushes Ida but with the side of her arm. Even that blunt touch makes Ma vibrate. Ma does not want kiddie kisses from a woman older than she is.

Ida is used to being *punished*—her

word—for her *virtues*—her swiftness of mind, her boldness, her money, her social standing. Girlishly, victimized, her frizzed hair frizzier with personal heat now, Ida stiffens but persists boldly with her kisses.

Ma's lips are twitching as she submits—to *Ida's boldness*—as she holds her head where Ida can kiss her cheek, her temple, her brow, her eye.

Ida plants rhythmic, tiny, baby-syllable kisses—like stitches in good sewing in a schoolroom—a sexual baby talk, a parable of innocence, sanitary and commanding kisses. The kisses move toward Momma's mouth.

Ma feels that the innocence is a bribe; it has to do with money-and-position, with false claims: this is a romance; and it draws Momma in a sad way to be plundered by Ida, who has *real money-and-position* (which Ma doesn't have and enviously wants).

The skittery approach to her lips elicits anger sexually because it is not phrased seriously, physically. It is an assault—blind-beggar stuff—childish fiddling. Ma hates being touched if it is not expert—and, furthermore, if it is not an ultimate matter: life and death.

Or if it were innocent *and reliable* Ma could bear it. But she suspects—in a fundamental way, in her belly—that Ida wants to rip up and demean the actual; the evidence is the compression, the schooled conclusions in Ida, who clearly feels that *a kiss is a kiss*, when physically, of course, that is not true. Ma is grateful but irritated—and Ida seems absolutely evil to Ma, an evil child, blind, and contemptible—the *mean one of the brood*.

Ma has no frivolous abandonment in her. Her blasphemy and recklessness are not frivolous; they are costly and serious constructions. *Lifelong*. . . She is tempted socially by Ida and her kisses, and she is repelled by the temporariness and by the sense of the world Ida shows in this kind of kiss at this moment.

Ida is full of temper. Her nakedness of affection has the temper of assault: sweet raping. But rape. Her nerves, her money, her wit back her in this.

Momma writhes and shifts with inner shouts—the seeds of temper, her own—and thinks of turning her mouth over to Ida. But then she can't do it. She says, "Oh, you are chic. You are someone who travels. I have to catch my breath—"

Ida pants slightly—*comically*.

Momma, in her small-town priva-



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cies inside her, is horrified but resigned. She has never known anyone sexually who was not an astonishment—and in some ways a depressing oddity—animal-like, childish, nurseryish—and she sees in the panting that kind of overt animal mockery of the moment of intimacy. That is to say, she sees *how Ida ends her stories*: dissatisfaction and the decapitation of the favorite.

Ida wants to steal Ma—abduct her—win her from rivals, own her attention—but not only Ma—I mean Ida has a general theory of doing this—so the moment has a *publicly* romantic odor to Ma.

Ma looks pleadingly, sweetly, *virginally*, at Ida, beside her on the glider. Ma can claim sisterliness if she wants: "In some ways, we're almost twins."

"Oh, yes," says Ida, as if delighted. "Twins, certainly." She grasps Lila's hand. Such will, such fine-boned will is in Ida that Momma smiles—inside her other moods she feels she is in a schoolyard again, a girl.

Ida's sense of romance progresses by delicacies of parody—i.e., it is always two steps from the real—toward the heartier implications: commands, exploitations, secrets, alliances, bondages, rages: a display of self, an outbreak of darkness; she wants to bloom as a flower, a woman, a girl, a boy, a man. (Momma wants to bloom like that, too.) Ida names herself parodistically: "I kiss like John Gilbert, don't I? Don't you think so?"

Ma ought to say, *Oh, yes*, and lean back, and so on.

But Momma is not tamed, she is masochistic and flexible, and ashamed of that in relation to men, and crazy and vengeful as a result. Momma is crazy and vengeful freshly at every occasion of wrong. She is doing a thing: she is *blooming* as someone who cannot be tamed by sweat-mustachioed Ida.

She can fake being ladylike and distant from things and she can fake being commanding—she can imitate Ida. Her denial, her fakery are comic in her style. She sits facing forward, and she refuses to alter her posture.

A passionate woman being unmoved is funny.

Ida titters.

Momma dislikes comedy because of her sensibility—disgust and inner temper: a heat: distrust—these don't turn into bearable jokes for her without contempt—for herself, for everyone—and she has too much physical

THE NEW YORKER

merit still, although less surely, to hold herself, or romance, or the possibilities of a courtship moment, in contempt.

Momma's outrageous and inwardly wretched comedy taunts Ida, who, childlike, then tugs at Ma's shoulder.

But the tug is elegant—and startling. How startling Ida tends to be. Self-loving rather than making a gesture that actually included Momma: Ida needs to be loved as the good child whose every move embodies innocence and prettiness rather than as the active doer she is.

Momma resists all force applied to herself. "No," Momma says. "Absolutely no." She is not breathing at all. Then she is breathing lightly. Then heavily. She says, gently scathing, "Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo, *I caught a Lila by the toe*—oh, Ida..." Then, leaning, straight-backed, at a slant away from Ida, a summing-up: "No one can count on you."

Ida, in her momentum, makes flirtatious offers of obedience: "Everyone can count on me. I am your slave—Lilly—you know that." Then, owl-ishly: "You know you can count on me lifelong." Then: "Ly—ff(i)ff—longgg—" The length she drew the word to was roughly the span of attention before one blinks mentally and registers what is said—it was the equivalent of five or six syllables. Her voice is not torn by love and desire—i.e., by folly. Nothing is implied of any state of feeling other than a sophisticated one—i.e., one in which it is known that *attachments come and go*. Her promise is a parody of promises, it has no human ordinariness. It has intelligence and cruelty, though, and longing.

Momma straightens her head and does this and that, and then it emerges, as in a charade, that she is *listening* in an ordinary human way: she *listens* to the promise—now a memory in the air. She is smiling dimly, unreadably, beautifully.

In the haze of illusions and realisms, female lawlessness and its codes, and female parodies, and female truths give way apparently, and Momma turns her head and smilingly, tacitly listens with the calm maternal-innocent set of her face, which then alters into a lover's wicked stare—accusing and reckless. This hint at the humiliation of the mother by the lying boarding-school seducer, Ida, is a parody, too; but her being a lover and challenging Ida, that part, is not parody, so it's all different now: it's physical

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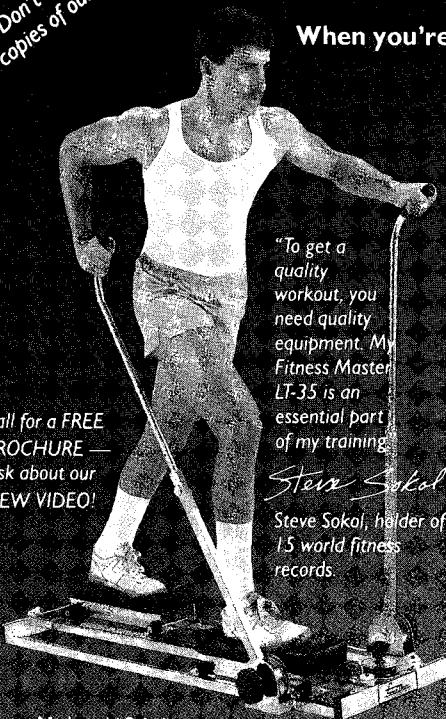
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and remorseless, like some affairs that kids have in high school.

That makes her *vulgar*—i.e., blunt and obvious—and sexual. This is rebellion on a giant scale, to be so local with Ida. Ma is claiming to be a more serious person than Ida by bringing in this real stuff in this championship way.

Ida is jocular about rebellion. Ida treats all claims to leadership as childish, even her own. Ida puts a small kiss—shyly—on Momma's jaw.

A gust of feeling whirls Ma around. But she is not a mother, not a child—those are not sexual beings. In this assignation, Momma's sense of what is to be done is real; Ida's taste, and sense of things, prefers the *symbolic*: the summing-up.

Ma feels that if she is *honest with herself*, she is, as a person (a sexual body and a quick mind), very little better off, if at all, with Ida's understanding than she is with S.L.'s.

Ma tugs at the tail of her *bandanna*. "S.L. may be in the house," she says, with almost rabid sorrow: she holds up that hoop for Ida to go through.

Ida grimaces—it's a snarl: that was stylish back then, for a stylish woman to mimic a gangster or something. See, Ma is punishing Ida by invoking "a law" that makes Ida behave. Ida grabs Lila by the elbows and says, "You Garbo!" Elusive woman. Garbo isn't married. It is *Garbo-minus*, so to speak, that Momma is. This is in Ida's face as she moves back to her chair, thwarted, probably enraged.

Lila feels somewhat lower-class, however. Momma says, "I never paid attention in school, so I'm easy to know." She says, "You want another drink? You want another sandwich?"

Ida says, "Does S.L. drink?"

"He'll be sober—when he comes around the mountain." It is truly jolting when Momma breaks her own style open and imitates Daddy with all the depth of knowledge she has of him physically.

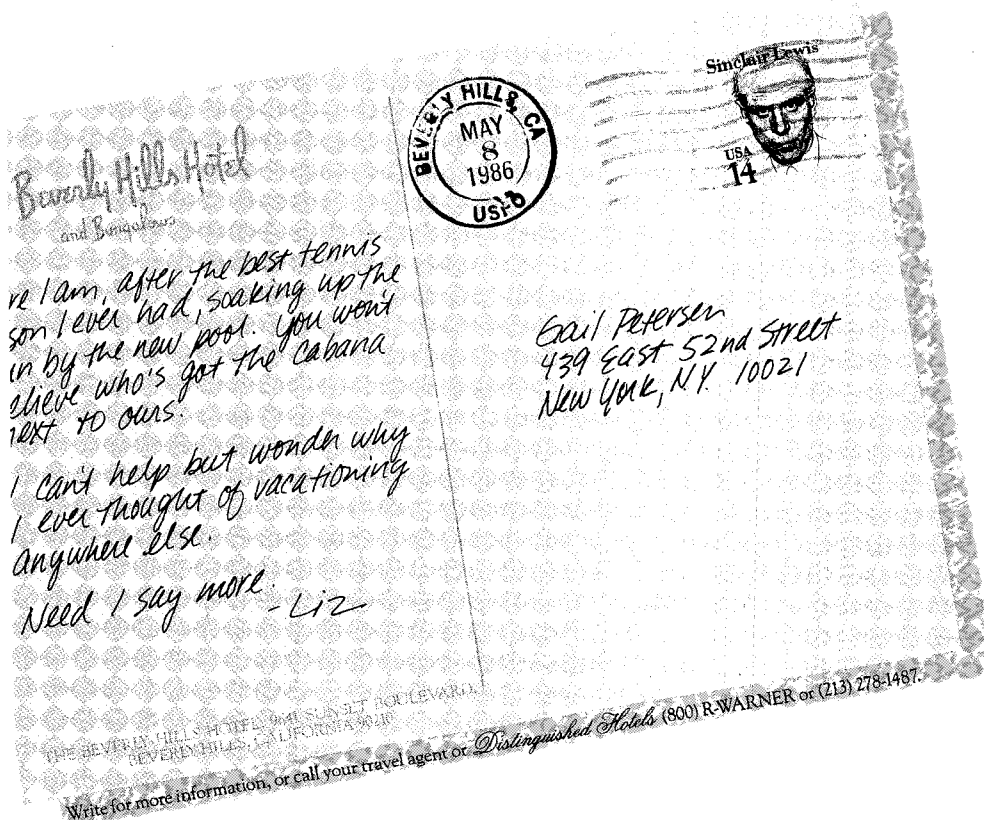
Ida stares at her.

Lila says, "I can read your mind. I know what you're thinking." She swings her foot.

"What am I thinking?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out." Momma says it seriously, in a musical voice. Ma does not know how small-town this is, but then—with gooseflesh and a sinking in her stomach and a light beading of sweat along her back—she can tell what a mistaken device it is in Ida's opinion.

It is Homeric and not Tantric, the



way the erotic and the spiritual merge in Ma; but if you use school ideas of things, the erotic is a matter of grasp and idea—that is, a demystification of feelings for the sake of excitement—and it is not spiritual at all: it is merely modern, then. Feelings reside in art and in sex but not in school, unless perceptions and illusions are counted as feelings, which is what Ida does and Ma wants to do—things coming out even, correct answers, being perfect: Ida wants those and the sense of those and the appetite for those to be counted as feelings. Ma is another *type*, but she has schoolish yearnings.

The reason school is the way it is is that in a classroom there is only one teacher, one power: a tyranny . . .

In life, there are always at least two people, or you can't call it life.

"If I said now Ida is my friend, you'd agree, but if I acted on it, woe is me, and that's where the trouble starts." Ma says this hastily, as if S.L. might walk in any moment, but then she slows down and finishes saying it in a stately melodious way. But her mouth and eyes are sultry—are gusty with feeling; she is so complicated now that no scientific theory can be as hard to unravel as her mood is. She is epically grownup in this way.

Ida, with a curious thwacking gesture of her knees against each other, matches Momma in complexity: she may now be the most grownup person in the world. "Let's not go into what's wrong. I don't believe in diagrams," Ida says. Lightly.

Ma says, "If we were a friend to one another, I could take you for granted and you wouldn't put up with that for one second."

Ida does not dawdle when she thinks. She takes the hurdle. "That's brilliant. Your seeing that. Listen: You can take me for granted."

"Now?" *Now that I am brilliant.* Ma thinks Ida ought to, and will, love her *better* after today.

Ida already "loves" her—that's all been settled. Ida says in a dignified, faintly disgusted way, "I *am* your friend."

Momma says, "Then I have no say in it—" Now she sees the trap clearly.

"Lilly—"

"I say someone is my friend when I say so. If you mean one word of it, tell

me—you went to Switzerland with Colleen Butterson—that was the word that went out—what was that all about? Tell me if we're good friends now."

"Lilly—" Ida says, in a whole other voice. *Don't be silly. Don't break the law* (of discretion).

Ma bursts into an angry laugh—angry because she doesn't want to be *sidestepped*. "You want me to sign a blank check. We have rules around here—and no one makes them up." *She* makes them up, is what that means.

Ma knows from *experience* that the truth now between her and Ida (the atmosphere of *rich equality*) is that Momma is a fool for trying to impose her own sense of truth on a woman as firm-hearted as Ida.

Ida says, in an intelligently threatening (and wanly disillusioned) voice, "We don't give pledges, Lilly. We trust each other." A different law. A notion of law different from Lila's. Then: "Are we mad?" Ida says, summing up and taking over. "No. Yes." A witty joke. A party atmosphere. It is clear that in some ways Ida is a nicer person than Lila is. Than my mother.

Momma laughs. "*I like* the rain," she says naughtily—it's an intentionally clumsy imitation of Ida.

Ida doesn't laugh right away. Momma starts to breathe *defiantly*; and she says meaningfully (her way), "It makes my pioneer hair frizzy."

"Oh, Lila," Ida says, relieved. Then she laughs.

Lila's self-satisfaction begins to glow again. "I can't keep up with you," she complains. A touch of wit, maybe.

Neither has the sought-for command of the erotic at this juncture, but that works out in Ma's favor, since Ma can live in erotic chaos and Ida can't.

Momma's momentum carries her along: "I've lived my life in small towns. You have Paris and St. Louis."

Ida stares for a small second, locating what is meant, getting the point. Ida says, "What is wanting in Alton is naughtiness—madness—but there's not much more in St. Louis. You'd find it dull, Lila."

Lila thinks of Ida's excitements and naughtiness as being open to her now



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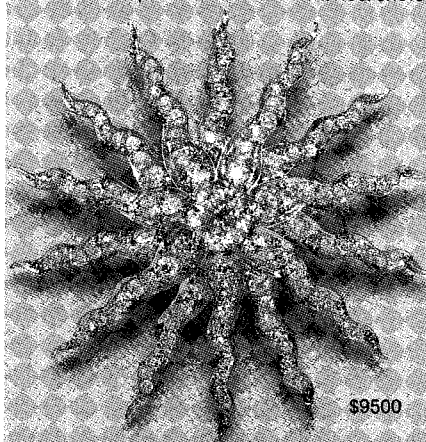
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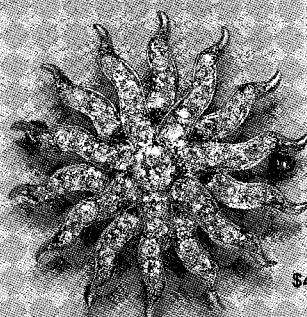
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as soon as she *learns the passwords* If I bother. Momma smiles faintly—maternally. Ma pants: *It is an effort to keep up with Ida—she's a real fier.* "I'm not a dreamer," Momma says aloud, almost idly, commenting on the contest. . . .

Ida says, "It must be terrible to be without daydreams. We would die in this town without our—don't repeat this—*wickedness.*"

Momma suddenly blows Ida a kiss. Everyone knows that Ida always gets even. Then Momma rises: a swirl of heat—the thin, finely curved legs, the pale, night-framed face, the paled, used lipstick (from drinking and smoking), the extreme prettiness of the woman—gusts around the porch. Ma hears a thump like that of a car door—she lifts her head toward the porch roof—then she swiftly bends over and kisses Ida on the mouth: light, quick, and real. A real kiss which can break the heart of the one who receives it and of anyone who sees it. "You are a hero, Lila," Ida says.

With a swish of her skirt, Ma turns and walks back to the glider and sits down. She says, "Well, there, I don't feel inferior now, no matter how smart you are, Ida."

Ida moistens her lips for the first time. She smiles dimly—her eyes are filmed or curtained.

"You look Jewish like that," Ma says.

Ida smiles more widely, complicatedly. Her eyes are in focus.

Ma says, "Let's wait and see if the house shakes." She means from S.L.'s footsteps on the wooden floors. She finds the noises men make menacing: they twang at her nerves.

The rain falls weightily.

Ma says, "We have another minute or two to be friends in."

—HAROLD BRODKEY

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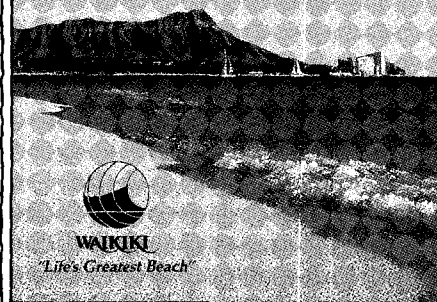
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RAW DEAL" starts, before the titles, in the Chicago railway station with an Amtrak train coming right at you and the music so hyper-assaultive that you feel as if you're being run over. The visual-aural hyperbole is sustained while a boat comes in to dock and a helicopter descends. Then the assassins, who have converged by land, by sea, and by air, come out of a stretch station wagon, with their stretch guns blazing, and they wipe out a nest of F.B.I. agents who are guarding a witness scheduled to testify against the head of Chicago's biggest "family." The grandiloquence suggests Sergio Leone's spaghetti Westerns, but it's Leone speeded up without lyricism, and, maybe because of that, much funnier. "Raw Deal" is reprehensible and enjoyable, the kind of movie that makes you feel brain dead in two minutes—after which point you're ready to laugh at its mixture of trashiness, violence, and startlingly silly crude humor.

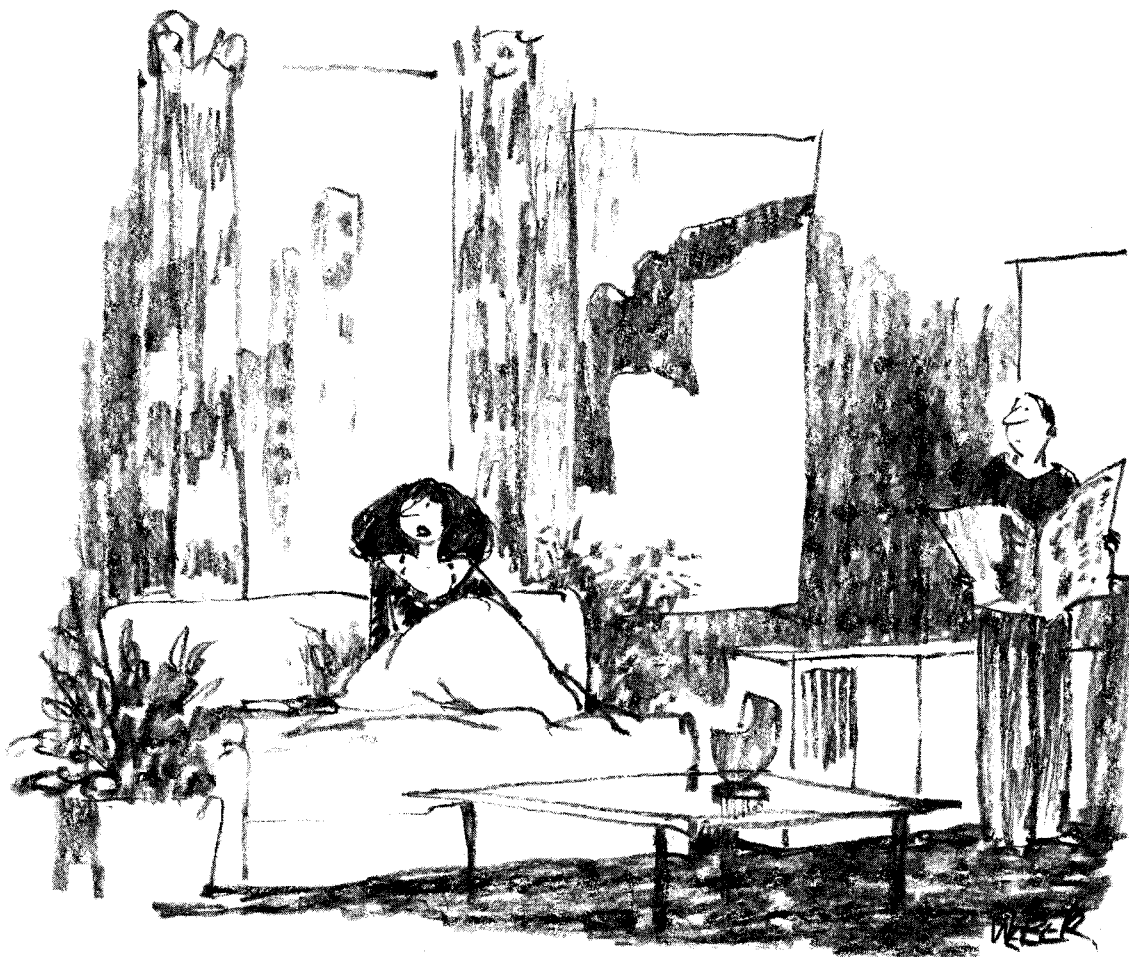
This movie represents a just about inconceivable fusion of talents. The craftsmanship of the Englishman John Irvin, who, after ten years as a documentary filmmaker, directed "Hard Times" and "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy" for TV, and has been directing movies as disparate as "The Dogs of War" and "Turtle Diary," is joined to a script cooked up by a couple of Italians (Luciano Vincenzoni and Sergio Donati), written by the erratic Norman Wexler, and then rewritten by Gary M. DeVore, but still retaining some of the rowdy spirit Wexler brought to "Joe" and "Serpico" and "Saturday Night Fever," and the semi-parody "Mandingo," with its wacko virulence. (Wexler is the writer who, back in the early seventies, made the sporty remark that he was going to shoot Nixon, and got

himself arrested, because he was on a plane at the time.) Wexler's low-down, crazily sophisticated humor is given a charge by the strength of Irvin's staging, and Irvin directs as if he were on holiday, having the time of his life. The audience keeps erupting with laughter. What makes people laugh is that this fast-moving gangster picture doesn't take itself straight; it doesn't expect you to suspend disbelief—it includes the kind of jokes that are sometimes made by the derisive live-wire wits in the audience.

It's lucky that Irvin doesn't ask us to believe in anything on the screen: that solves the problem of how to react to its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger, as a lawman who infiltrates the Chicago mob. Schwarzenegger was ideally cast as the fearsome humanoid in "The Terminator," but how can you make a hero out of a man who as an actor seems likably, harmlessly gaga, and who appears to have hams implanted above his elbows? And you can't really

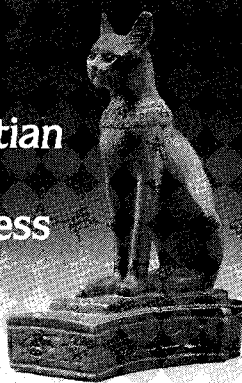
use him as a romantic figure—not with that diction. He speaks in a weird soft rumble, as if he had built up the muscles in his mouth, too, and couldn't get English words past them. But audiences enjoy him as a figure whose "unreal" physique gives a kind of left-handed credibility to his fantastic exploits. And that's how he's presented here: he's a puzzling, cartoon phenomenon, like a walking brick wall. Irvin sets the other characters to bouncing off that wall. When the tart-y gambling-lady heroine, played by Kathryn Harrold, who's out to seduce Schwarzenegger, gets him to a bed and unbuttons his shirt, we're less interested in the spectacle of that chest than in watching her eyes pop. (It's lucky, too, that Schwarzenegger seems happy to laugh at himself; he's like a granite Teddy bear.)

Kathryn Harrold, who has usually been cast as a classy modern woman, gets a chance to show the physical abandon of a slapstick comedienne—she's an uninhibited whirligig, her long legs spinning in all directions. And as the gangland boss who hired the assassins, Sam Wanamaker has some juicy, egocentric moments—espe-



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cially in the scene where, having had a hundred million dollars in cash and heroin taken away in a police raid, he's furiously self-righteous. His second-in-command (Paul Shenar) points out that he makes that much money every two weeks, but he can't say goodbye to it. He feels he earned it—it's *his* money and *his* smack, and he wants the stuff back. Steven Hill is entertaining as a Jewish mobster who golfs, and goes to the synagogue on the High Holidays, and Darren McGavin, Ed Lauter, Robert Davi, and Joe Regalbuto all come through with some humor. Irvin knows how to sustain the tone of a put-on in the midst of chases and bashings. There's a gleeful, flamboyant precision in the action scenes: when the globe-trotting assassins have finished with the F.B.I. men, they turn their attention to the witness, who pleads for his life. "Witness this," they tell him, and as he looks in the mirror he sees a bullet make a hole right between his eyes. At the end, Schwarzenegger makes his ritual preparations for the climactic showdown, decking himself out in leather, packing up an arsenal of guns, and, as he leaves his apartment, copping a quick look of satisfaction in the mirror. It's his only love scene.

THE most distinctive quality of "The Manhattan Project" is the rhythm and tone of its conversations, which are satirical yet intimate and affectionate. The writer-director Marshall Brickman and his co-writer, Thomas Baum, have a knack for capturing the way brainy people talk to each other, and how ridiculous and touching they can be. Big (slimmed-down) John Lithgow is Dr. Mathewson, a beaming, self-conscious nuclear scientist, the director of a secret government facility in Ithaca, New York, which is disguised as a pharmaceutical-research center. He's busy using lasers on plutonium, but he's a basically simple guy. The play of thought on his broad, placid face often suggests consternation at what he hears himself saying—the vacuousness of it depresses him. He's a mystery to himself: how can he be so smart and yet so embarrassed and boyish and gauche? Mathewson is an overgrown version of the innocent, prankish Paul (Christopher Collet), a seventeen-year-old scientific wizard. (It seems as if there's at least one boy genius allotted to each new sci-fi movie.) The story gets under way when Paul, irritated because the bumbling, enthusiastic Mathewson is

courting his divorced mother (Jill Eikenberry), filches Mathewson's pass to the facility. (He knows what goes on there because Mathewson, trying to ingratiate himself with the boy, gave him a look at the laser technology.) Paul sneaks in at night and swipes the plutonium he needs to complete a homemade nuclear bomb with which he's sure he'll win the competition at the National Science Fair, in Manhattan.

The film takes its title from the Second World War Manhattan Project, where the first atom bomb was devised, by largely apolitical scientists, such as Oppenheimer, Teller, and Fermi. And I'm afraid that the movie sets up an analogous situation, where Paul and Mathewson consider themselves apolitical until they wise up and alert the Ithaca community to the danger of having a nuclear-research center in the area. The movie actually has Mathewson leaving his lab and going forth to join the people, saying, "There are too many secrets!" He doesn't mean scientific secrets—the movie is very explicit on this point. He means the government keeps too many plans and policies hidden from the citizenry. You don't have to disagree with this sentiment to be unhappy about the direction the movie takes. Its comedy spirit withers, and a bland moral rectitude takes over. Mathewson must face his culpability and change, in order to save the boy and everyone else.

On the positive side: Early on, there's a wonderful, courtly fellow in a white coat (Warren Manzi) who shows Paul into the lab when Mathewson demonstrates his work with lasers. The coolly self-possessed Cynthia Nixon—a teen-age Broadway actress—plays Paul's pretty blond girl friend, who helps him sneak into the facility by using her considerable wiles to distract the guards. (Cynthia Nixon has charm and her own sense of fun: it's as if she picked everything she said from the air.) The break-in sequence, which involves a series of ingenious, silent slapstick tricks, is the best part of the movie, and Sully Boyar's skillful turn as Ben, the puzzled night guard, is like a sober variation on a Barry Fitzgerald drunk routine. The kids at the Science Fair (which is the next-best sequence) are a choice collection of wizards, with projects that take you back to the looniest absorbing interests you ever had.

Brickman and Baum come through with terrific lines for these kids. *All*

Brickman and Baum's lines are terrific, except when the dialogue makes its big points. Lithgow's Mathewson, who must become a responsible person, has the worst clinkers. But in the early scenes he's comic without ever losing his kindness or his dignity; the picture warms up when he's onscreen. So in the last twenty minutes, when the political issues reach their grand, banal climax, he's able to draw on the strength of character he's built up. It helps that his face is such a great, broad canvas; he's impressive, even after the movie has become a parable of a smart comedy director's foolishness.

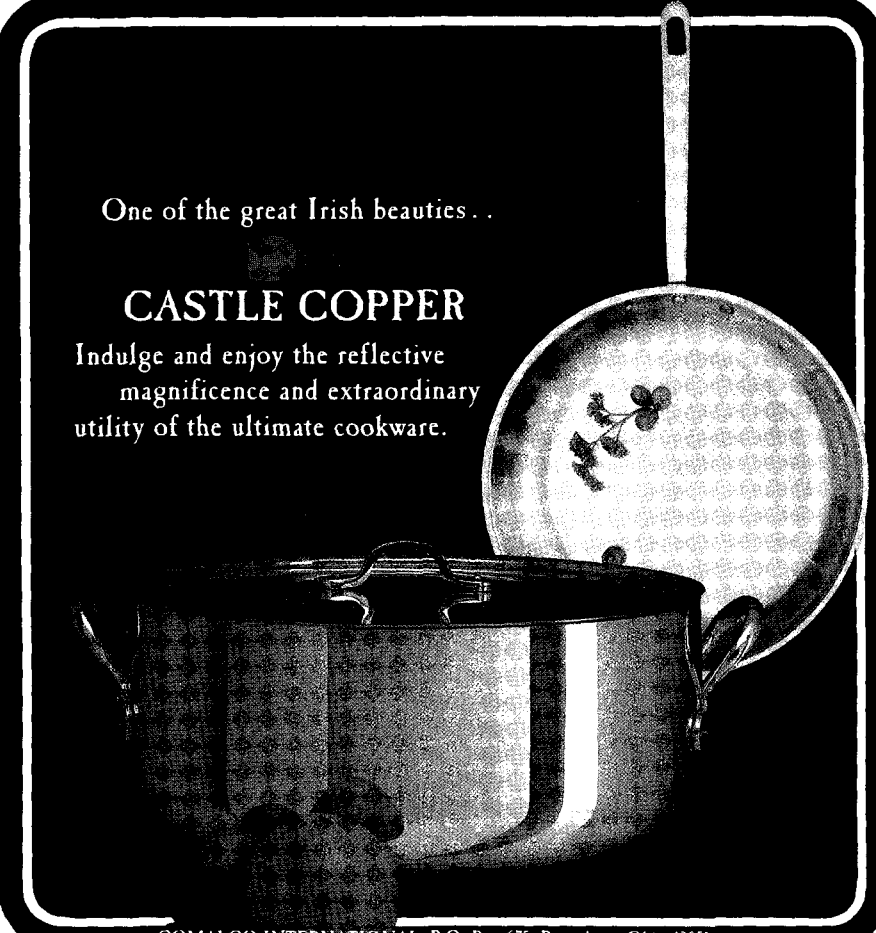
THE writing team of Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr., who receive the script credit for "Legal Eagles," as they did for "Top Gun," work a couple of thousand miles apart, one in L.A., one in Michigan, collaborating by computer terminal. Maybe they also let the computers work out the stories: their scripts are compendiums of old-movie gimmickry, with nothing developed or carried through. "Legal Eagles," which is set in the New York art world, seems untouched by human hands. The scandal of how Mark Rothko's estate was managed might have been fed into the machine along with pieces of the plots of dozens of old romantic comedy-thrillers, like "Charade," and maybe a courtroom comedy, like "Adam's Rib." The revealing elements of the Rothko case—the exposure of the workings of the contemporary art world—have been completely lost; the movie is all melodramatic plot, except for a piece of performance art that has no particular purpose, except, maybe, to make the director, Ivan Reitman, feel swank and in the contemporary swim. (It's an inferno piece, reminiscent of Meredith Monk's 1966 work "16 Millimeter Earrings" but with Laurie Anderson-like sound.) What the picture comes down to is a matter of a couple of dozen gifted actors in search of some characters to play. All they've been given is labels, which might have come out of the computer, too.

As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford bestirs himself more than he did in "The Natural" or "Out of Africa;" he's doing the affable, decent, manly fellow he played back in the sixties in "Barefoot in the Park," only now it's an imitation and it takes more effort. (His acting style has become a form of air-brushing.) Disappointingly, Debra Winger, who in her earlier pictures

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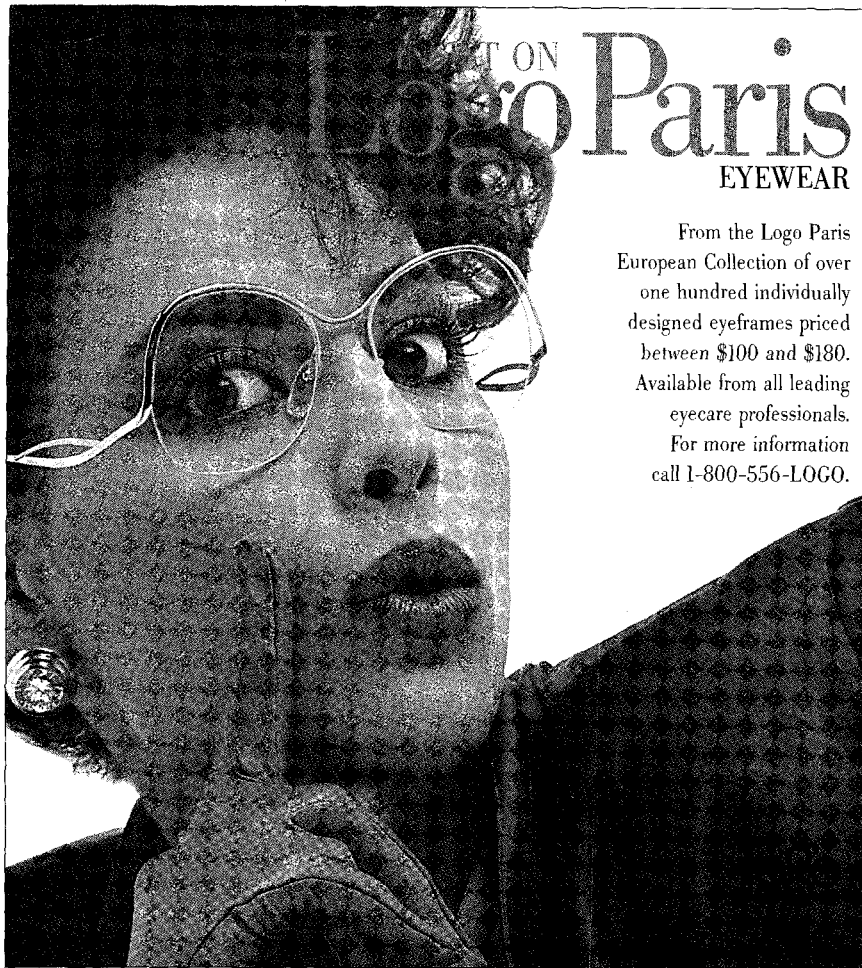
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seemed to be naturally sultry and showed the resources to be a great screen star, is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young lawyer. She has some funny moments, but the part is an emotional strait-jacket, and she's practically deadpan. She's a nice girl with neat, shiny hair, who looks small and ordinary, especially when she stands next to the girl she's defending—the tall, goddessy, vaguely libidinous Daryl Hannah, who is being prosecuted on the charge that she stole one of her dead artist father's paintings. Hannah is presented as the delectable one, but she has been pulped like everybody else, and she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. Presumably, this girl was traumatized on her eighth birthday when she was carried out of her father's burning loft, where he perished, but the movie doesn't show any sympathy for her—it has no feeling of any kind for her. Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. The movie is all plot, and the plot is all holes; it's not just that it doesn't add up right—most of the episodes don't quite make sense.

Film-school-trained writers have been raiding old movies for a couple of decades now, but Cash (who teaches screenwriting at Michigan State) and Epps (who was one of his students) take this parasitism a step further: they don't bother with any kind of internal logic. Things happen with no consequences, or with consequences that don't flow from what happened. Redford, the prosecuting attorney, and Winger, the defense attorney, learn that the charges against the painter's daughter have been dropped; in cross-cuts, we see them in their apartments that night—neither of them can sleep, and they're both watching TV, where Gene Kelly is doing his wet solo in "Singin' in the Rain." What Reitman and the writers fail to do is to set up a reason for the crosscutting. Are the two lawyers thinking about each other? Has something about the case stuck in their minds? As far as we can tell, we're just watching two New York lawyers watch TV. In another sequence, these two lawyers secretly follow a gallery owner (Stamp) into a warehouse; he sets a bomb and goes out, trapping them inside. Does he

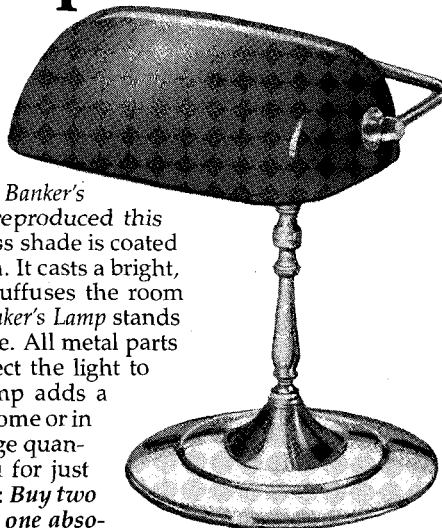
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know they're there? Maybe, maybe not. Nothing in the plot seems to connect with anything else. We don't even find out how the paintings that appeared to have been destroyed in the fire were saved.

Holes don't much damage a thriller if the director covers them with style, and if the personalities onscreen keep us amused. But Reitman—he made “Ghostbusters”—endows “Legal Eagles” with the visual excitement of a Rotary Club lunch. The most you can say for the square cinematography is that it's instantly scannable. And the actors are so tied down by plot they don't have a chance to establish personalities. All they've got to work with is the functional—and occasionally smooth, bright—dialogue. (The brightness may be the contribution of several uncredited writers—and actors—who are said to have done some polishing on the script.) I never thought I'd find myself praising David Clennon, but as a bug-eyed assistant D.A. with a mustache and an infant's high forehead he seems to be the only actor in the movie who knows exactly what he's supposed to be playing—a stinker. Everybody else is unformed or only partly formed. Winger is given nothing except glimmers of humor and a professional demeanor, and as the picture moves along her competence level goes down. After Redford leaves the D.A.'s office and teams up with her—to defend Hannah against a new charge of murder—she lets him do the talking. And she has a scene in which she sorts out the shipping papers for art works, filing them by the size of the paintings (while he protests that they should be filed according to the paintings' destinations). This bit of gimmickry might have been devised for a dizzy heiress in a thirties-forties screwball comedy, who would then have triumphed by making a discovery that couldn't have been made except by her lamebrained filing system. But in this movie the zingers don't arrive on schedule; they don't arrive at all. Winger files in her own way because somebody thought it would be frilly and feminine.

A FEW days after seeing the newly manufactured, disposable “Legal Eagles,” I noticed that Debra Winger's last picture to be released, “Mike's Murder,” was listed for Showtime in the *Times* TV schedule, and that the *Times*' advice was “Skip it.” Please, don't skip it next time it comes around—or, if you can, rent it.

I wasn't able to see this film during its unheralded, minuscule New York run in 1984, but I caught up with it on HBO last year. It's not a movie that had much likelihood of being a hit, but its view of the cocaine subculture (or culture) of L.A. is probably the most original and daring effort by the writer-director James Bridges, and it has two superb performances—a full-scale starring one by Winger, and a brief intense one by Paul Winfield. She's a radiantly sane young bank teller who has an affair with a curly-haired, clear-faced young tennis instructor called Mike (Mark Keyloun). She likes him—you can see her eagerness, even though she knows how to be cool and bantering with him. And when they're together you can believe that there's something going on between them. But it's a wobbly affair: she hears from him randomly over the course of two years. Whenever the mood hits him, he calls her, and once he asks her to drive him to an estate where he plans to hole up—he tells her he has been dealing, and that he's being chased for encroaching on some other guys' territory. One night, he's supposed to come over late, but he doesn't show. She gets a call from a friend of his telling her he's dead, and that he talked about her all the time. His death is abrupt, bewildering. She can't let go of him so quickly—not without understanding more about him—and she tries to find out anything she can. What she learns is that he scrounged off homosexual lovers (that's where Winfield, a record producer, comes in), and she discovers how slimy-paranoid the drug world is, and how quick on the trigger it can be with kids like Mike if they get just a little greedy. She learns a bit, too, about the pleasure-besotted underpinnings of the L.A. entertainment world. (Warner Brothers had been unhappy about the “Mike's Murder” project from the start, and the cast and crew took a thirty-per-cent reduction in salary to keep costs down and insure the film's independence. Then the Warner executives refused to release it until Bridges made some cuts and changes, and they probably breathed a few sighs of relief as they buried it.)

Winger has thick, long, loose hair and a deep, sensual beauty in this movie. Bridges wrote the role for her after directing her in “Urban Cowboy,” and you feel the heroine's expanding awareness in Winger's scenes with Keyloun and her scenes with Winfield. It's a performance that sug-

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gests what Antonioni seemed to be trying to get from Jeanne Moreau in "La Notte," only it really works with Winger—maybe because there's nothing sullen or closed about her. We feel the play of the girl's intelligence, and her openness and curiosity are part of her earthiness, her sanity. There's a marvellous sequence in which Mike calls her after an interval of three months and wants her to come to him right that minute. She says, "How about tomorrow night?" He says, "You know I can't plan that far in advance," and he gets her to talk to him while he masturbates. He says he loves her voice, and though we don't see him, we hear a callow sweetness in his tone; he wants to give her satisfaction, too. He talks hot, and she's sort of amused, and goes along with it. I don't know of anyone besides Winger who could play a scene like this so simply. She's a major reason to go on seeing movies in the eighties—but not in "Legal Eagles." —PAULINE KAEI

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BUSONI believed that opera was the supreme musical form. "Music, which makes the unspoken eloquent and transports human cares from the depths aloft to the imagination, finds in opera principally the creative space for its expansion." The domain of opera extends from simple ballads and dance tunes to the densest counterpoint, comprehends both singing and orchestral music, both the worldly and the spiritual. Moreover, opera "demands more intensive expression, a more tensely strung bow, a more powerful diction" than does concert music. Busoni's view of opera was a high one. He deplored pieces that were mere entertainments or mere plays set to music, such as "La Traviata" and "Tosca." ("Otello," because it contains a drinking song, a mandolin-accompanied chorus, the Willow Song, and an evening prayer, "becomes nearly an opera.") "Taking its cue from the old mystery plays, opera should be cast in the form of a ceremony—unconventional, half-religious, uplifting but also stimulating and entertaining."

Such plays of unreality require

The help of Music, for she stands remote
From all that's common,

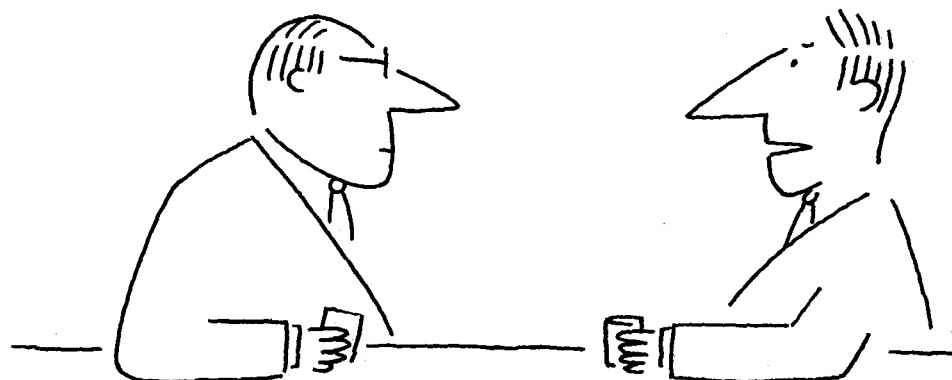
he wrote in the spoken Prologue to his opera "Doctor Faust." (The other quotations are from his 1921 essay "Observations on the Possibilities of Opera.") Among old operas, "The Magic Flute" came closest to Busoni's ideal. Harrison Birtwistle's "The Mask of Orpheus" is a new opera that fulfills it. Busoni's own exemplification was his magnum opus "Doctor Faust," of which the English National Opera gave the British stage première a few weeks before it mounted "The Mask of Orpheus." The two operas, a half century apart, have things in common besides non-naturalistic action. In each, the choice of the particular subject seemed less important than the necessity of finding one that would provide a structure for the sorts of music the composer wanted to write: Busoni contemplated Leonardo da Vinci, Merlin, and Don Juan before he decided on Faust; Birtwistle contemplated Faust before he decided on Orpheus. In each opera, musical forms take precedence of pacing determined only by the dramatic action. Each opera was long in the making: Busoni drafted his libretto in 1910,

wrote it fully in 1914, and composed the music from 1917 until his death in 1924; Birtwistle composed two acts in 1973-75, the third in 1981-83. Each opera was preceded by many "satellite" concert works: Birtwistle's were an exploration of musics and methods for the forthcoming theatre score, Busoni's were sketches and even complete movements for it. There are sonic similarities: a fondness for "bell" harmonies, with their irrational but stirring overtones; contrasts of lucid, sharp-cut music and deliberate, mysterious blurring and dissolution of rhythmic or harmonic detail.

"Doctor Faust" has long seemed to me one of the great twentieth-century operas. I have seen three productions: the Wuppertal Opera's in the sixties; a fine one in Bloomington, Indiana, directed by Hans Busch (whose father, Fritz Busch, conducted the world première, in 1925; in Bloomington, a third-generation Fritz played the youth, Faust's son, who strides off into the future); and now the English National's. And have heard the piece several times more, for the BBC has ever been its champion, presenting concert performances—conducted by Adrian Boult, John Pritchard, and Michael Gielen—and relaying foreign performances. Deutsche Grammophon recorded a Munich radio production with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role. Successive encounters bring not the second thoughts that sometimes temper first-hearing enthusiasm for an ambitious, unusual work but reinforcement of belief in its importance, beauty, and profundity. I recall that Harold Schonberg after the

Bloomington performance urged the City Opera or the Met to acquire the production without delay. A company with the resources for "Doctor Faust" which prefers first to exhume "Adriana Lecouvreur," "Francesca da Rimini," "Esclarmonde" forfeits much claim to be taken seriously.

Perhaps managements fear that the opera is too "intellectual" for the public. "It moves on a plane of spiritual experience far beyond that of even the greatest of musical works for the stage," Edward Dent wrote in his Busoni monograph. The listener, Edward Sackville-West wrote, is "enthralled by an intellectual power, a spiritual magnificence, and an austere yet luminous beauty that are found together only in Bach and the great polyphonic masters of the sixteenth century." Yet on the simplest theatrical levels the opera also works splendidly. The London performances were packed. David Pountney, the director, insured a popular success with a spectacular, controversial, somewhat flashy production. Faust was an atom scientist dreaming of power. (The program book included a brief biography of Edward Teller.) Mephistopheles was a Jungian shadow. (The program book quoted Jung's "A man can be as high-minded as Faust and as devilish as Mephistopheles if he is able to split his personality into two halves, and only then is he capable of feeling 'six thousand feet beyond good and evil.'") In the Parma scene, he wore a spangled bra and skirt. Helen, Busoni's "unattainable ideal of beauty," shimmied on as a floozy. There were other cheap or irrelevant touches. But it was a fundamentally serious performance, and it was executed with the utmost accomplishment. Thomas Allen was a noble,



C. Barsotti

"Hey, I love liberty as much as the next guy, but I'm still going to be out of town on the Fourth."

moving Faust. Graham Clark was a glittering, persuasive Mephistopheles. Eilene Hannan was a glowing Duchess of Parma (but her high notes were frayed at one of the two performances I heard).

Busoni died before he had completed the first Helen episode and the important final scene; his pupil Philipp Jarnach supplied what was missing. Now Antony Beaumont (whose "Busoni the Composer," a thorough and excellent study, is published by the Indiana University Press), working from sketches unavailable at the time to Jarnach, has been able to reconstruct these scenes in a form closer to Busoni's intentions. (The details are set out in an article by Mr. Beaumont in the April *Musical Times*.) Mr. Beaumont conducted the first of the performances I heard. I found it an overwhelming evening in the theatre, and responded even more ardently to another performance, heard over the air as a BBC relay, which was conducted by Mark Elder. The mind's eye could now discount all but the high, apt strokes of the staging. The ear was bewitched by the shapes and colors of the music, realized by Mr. Elder, his cast, and his players with passionate conviction. The score was not uncut but was more nearly complete than in other postwar performances. Dent's English translation, revised by Mr. Beaumont, was used.

THREE other recent productions have brought reassurance that grand opera can still be a living art. Janáček's "The Makropulos Affair" is based on a play, Karel Čapek's—a cold, cruel play refuting Shaw's suggestion in "Back to Methuselah" that mankind if given sufficient longevity would learn from its mistakes—but is more than a play set to music. There is a supernatural element that Busoni might approve: the time is Čapek's present, 1922, and the action passes in a lawyer's office, backstage at the opera, and in a Prague hotel, but Elina Makropulos has lived for more than three centuries, thanks to an elixir administered to her at the court of the Emperor Rudolph II. Death approaches, and can be stayed only by a new infusion of the elixir, its formula mislaid among the documents of a lawsuit that has dragged on for generations. Čapek warned Janáček that his play—he called it a comedy—was unpoetic and garrulous. Janáček cut it skillfully and filled it with the strong, strange poetry of his music, transform-

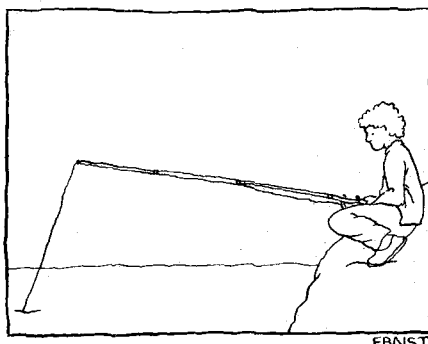
ing cynicism and irony into compassion for the aged, terrified, still beautiful, still brilliant heroine. His previous opera, "The Cunning Little Vixen," had celebrated the renewal and recreation of Nature; in the final scene the aging Forester, amid the springing new life of the forest, is at peace. The music is serene, consoling. "The Makropulos Affair" is a tragedy; in the final scene Emilia Marty (as the heroine now calls herself—latest in the long series of names, their initials always E.M., which she has used through the centuries) renounces immortality in a bout of drunken desperation. The music is harsh, searing.

Much of the time, the orchestra carries the musical burden while the characters converse in prosaic utterance; then key phrases break into moments of impassioned song. A little heraldic motif—a distant strain from the past, an echo from Rudolph's day—hints at the mystery surrounding the modern woman. One can analyze Janáček's use of telling motifs and piquant harmonies, describe his precise, sharp or sensuous timbres, examine his abrupt, wayward rhythms, but it is hard to explain why the music strikes so deep and sounds so true. Janáček himself said, in his last year, "I penetrate because there is truth in my work, truth to its very limit. Truth does not exclude beauty."

The Opera Company of Boston production of "The Makropulos Affair" last month, directed and conducted by Sarah Caldwell, was penetrating, beautiful, and true. The principal role was played by Anja Šilja, a great soprano at her prime. Čapek's stage direction for the heroine's entrance is "Emilia Marty sweeps grandly into the office—a tall, strangely beautiful woman. What so many lesser actresses try to be, she is: cold but dazzling, unique, impelling, mysterious, and always at ease." Some interpreters of the role, like some of Tosca, take too strenuously flamboyant an approach to it and overplay the

prima donna. And Miss Šilja herself in the past has been on occasion an artist flamboyant but vocally ill-disciplined. As Emilia Marty she was gleaming and controlled—the voice strong, sure, and steady, the presence now lustrous, now opaline with the shades of weariness, disillusion, and fear. It was a keen, subtle, intricate performance of great range, from numbed understatement to fiery outbursts—never exaggerated, and touched at times with mordant humor. There is a moving interlude with violin solo in Act III during which, as Michael Ewans puts it in his book on Janáček's tragic operas, "an adolescent girl, buried for three hundred years by science, is reborn." Marty has been carried offstage; when she returns, "Elina Makropulos stands before us, like a shade or phantom, but unmistakably herself; for in succumbing to age she has regained her youth." Miss Šilja's assumption of, at once, a vulnerable, virginal quality and a harsh, tormented awareness of cruelty done to her, and then by her, across the centuries was an extraordinary feat. The final monologue is a flood of melody at last, voice and orchestra conjoined (Janáček rhythmically reshaped Čapek's prose), and the audience is pulled into the action: Janáček directed that greenish light should flood both stage and auditorium; the choric interjections of the others onstage are taken up by an offstage chorus singing, as it were, for the spectators. The drama comes to an overwhelming climax.

There are seven other principals: sharply defined characters, a cross-section of humanity, each of them intensified and ignited—played upon as if by a burning-glass—by their encounters with Marty. In Boston, the roles were vividly taken. The young couple were Cynthia Clarey (Christa, a budding singer, dazzled by Marty's art) and Jon David Gruett (Janek Prus, who kills himself when he learns that his father is the successful rival for Marty's love). Prus, a precursor of Dr. Schön in Berg's "Lulu," was powerfully played and sung by Chester Ludgin. William Cochran (the accomplished Mephistopheles of the Deutsche Grammophon recording of "Doctor Faust") was an admirable Gregor, Marty's great-great-great-great-grandson, in love with her as his ancestor had been. (How many "great"s is unclear; Marty in her drunkenness stammers out six, but "Do I know how many thousands of my brats are scampering round the



world?") John Lankston was touching as Hawk-Sendorf, the senile aristocrat who in his youth loved one Eugenia Montez and rediscovers her in Emilia Marty (Benó Blachut, the leading Czech tenor of the forties and fifties, sings the role in a London recording of the opera, which has Elisabeth Söderström as its heroine.) Richard Fredricks was the insistent, formidable lawyer Kolenatý. Noel Velasco was the charmingly fussy law clerk Vitek. Janáček gave life and individuality—through characteristic utterance—to even the smallest parts, and the adept, lively, but not overemphatic cameo performances of Mary Westbrook-Geha (a theatre cleaner), James Billings (a stagehand), and Pamela Gailey (a chambermaid) should not go unmentioned.

All in all, this "Makropulos" showed the Boston company at full strength, presenting an opera that matters, and in a way to bring to life what matters about it most. (I missed the Boston production of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Taverner" earlier this year; a friend who knows the work well reported that, while far from accurate, it revealed the spiritual content of the opera more fully than any other performances have done.) Miss Caldwell's inspired dramatic and musical direction combined insight with instinct. The first productions of "The Makropulos Affair," in Brno (1926) and Prague (1928), were designed—by Josef Čapek, the playwright's brother—in elegant Jugendstil. So was Boston's—handsomely, almost too eye-catchingly so—with scenery by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, and costumes by Fiandaca. The piece was sung in English.

THE Welsh National Opera—whose "Makropulos," part of a complete Janáček cycle, I reviewed eight years ago—is a year-round company with a strong team of resident singers, a fine orchestra, and a repertory that extends from a touring "Così" scaled for the smallest theatres to "The Ring" (which it brings to Covent Garden this September), "Tristan," and "Parsifal" (both of which it has recorded, on London and Angel respectively). "The Trojans," a joint venture with Scottish Opera and Opera North, is in preparation. The home base is the New Theatre in Cardiff, which seats twelve hundred people; grand opera there has a directness and impact unattainable in America's large houses. The company

has always welcomed the stimulus provided by guest directors. James Levine conducted "Aida" for it in 1970, the year before he first came to the Met. Joachim Herz, Harry Kupfer, Ruth Berghaus, Lucian Pintilie, and Andrei Serban have staged operas there. And on a two-day visit to Cardiff last month I saw an "Otello" directed by Peter Stein and a "Wozzeck" directed by Liviu Ciulei.

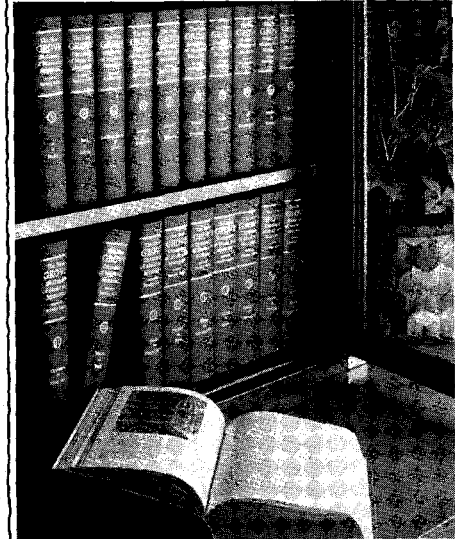
The engagement of Stein, the famous director of the Berlin Schaubühne, was a coup for the company. At his first incursion into opera—a "Rheingold" for the Paris Opera ten years ago, start of a cycle that was never completed—Stein burned his fingers. While planning "Otello," he studied the Welsh company for two years, on and off, and then he rehearsed with it for months. Some of my British colleagues, I think, slightly overpraised the show. In *Opera*, for example, Max Loppert wrote: "Stein's reputation as an absolute master of stagecraft was borne out in every production detail down to the smallest." But community copulation in the piazza, in celebration of Othello's victory, seemed to me a vulgar modernism, and Othello and Desdemona's rolling on the ground at the end of the act (instead of Verdi's slow, loving exit to the castle, prescribed to the very beat) a misreading of the music. On the night I attended, Othello in Act II backed toward a sheaf of lilies obviously waiting there to be used as a prop in "Ora e per sempre" and in Act III clawed at a red curtain in ways that were more stagy than spontaneous. The fourth-act curtain opened too early, to the detriment of Verdi's music. But in general it was a wonderfully energetic, exciting, and intense presentation of the drama, in simple, striking scenery, by Lucio Fanti, that had a Piero-like exactness of placing and perspective. There were many memorable images. The chorus was dynamic, its role in the drama sharply defined. In a program article, Stein said that one thing that drew him to "Otello" was the chorus, Verdi and Boito's addition to the Shakespeare play: "The chorus themselves create the space for the protagonists to act in." Stein worked in full knowledge of, without slavishly following, the Verdi-Boito production book, compiled by Giulio Ricordi. The solo singing—Jeffrey Lawton as Othello, Helen Field as Desdemona, Donald Maxwell as Iago—was able but not "world class" (though one often hears

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Charles Rosen, N.Y. Review of Books

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worse at the Met). It was alive, intelligent, engrossing. Richard Armstrong, the musical director of the Welsh National since 1973, conducted magnificently. This was something different from seeing and hearing, let's say, Mr. Domingo, Dame Kiri, and Mr. Milnes doing their thing amid opulent, decorative scenery. (If those artists could work for months with Stein and Armstrong, in a small theatre, something even finer might result.) "Why can't we have such things at Covent Garden?" was the war-cry afterwards," Mr. Loppert reported. And answered, "Such things" require the basis of a company, a real company; the widely-gathered ingredients of international opera seldom allow for such carefully adjusted combinations." This Welsh "Otello" is likely to be remembered as Felsenstein's for the Berlin Comic Opera is. The only curious decision was to sing it in a foreign language.

ARMSTRONG's conducting—the detail, force, and eloquence of the orchestral playing—was the great merit of "Wozzeck" (which was performed in English). Ciulei played fast and loose with Berg's careful dramatic construction. "It was the function of the composer to solve the problems of an ideal stage director," Berg once wrote, and so from Büchner's "twenty-six loosely constructed, sometimes fragmentary scenes" he selected fifteen and shaped them into acts that would allow "the laws of musical structure" to operate. Ciulei blurred the definition, turned the interludes into pantomimes, brought characters on and off at will (Marie appeared during the Doctor's examination of Wozzeck), ignored Berg's dramatic images, and added others of his own. As a version of Büchner's play, spoken, this staging might have been effective. As a version of Berg's opera it seemed tin-eared. Stein's "Otello" focussed all attention on the work and the actors. In Ciulei's "Wozzeck," the director held the limelight.

—ANDREW PORTER

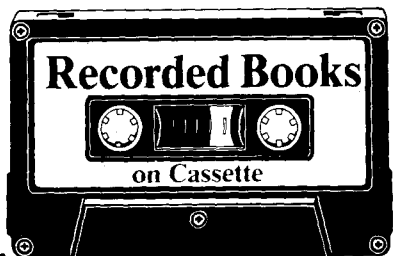
NEW YORK—The recent spurt in crude oil prices signals only a temporary gain for the battered oil industry.

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"Frankly, it's baffling in objective terms," said Scott Johnson of Chase Econometrics, referring to the market's rise.

—El Paso (Texas) Herald-Post.

Agreed.



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DANCING

In Town and Out

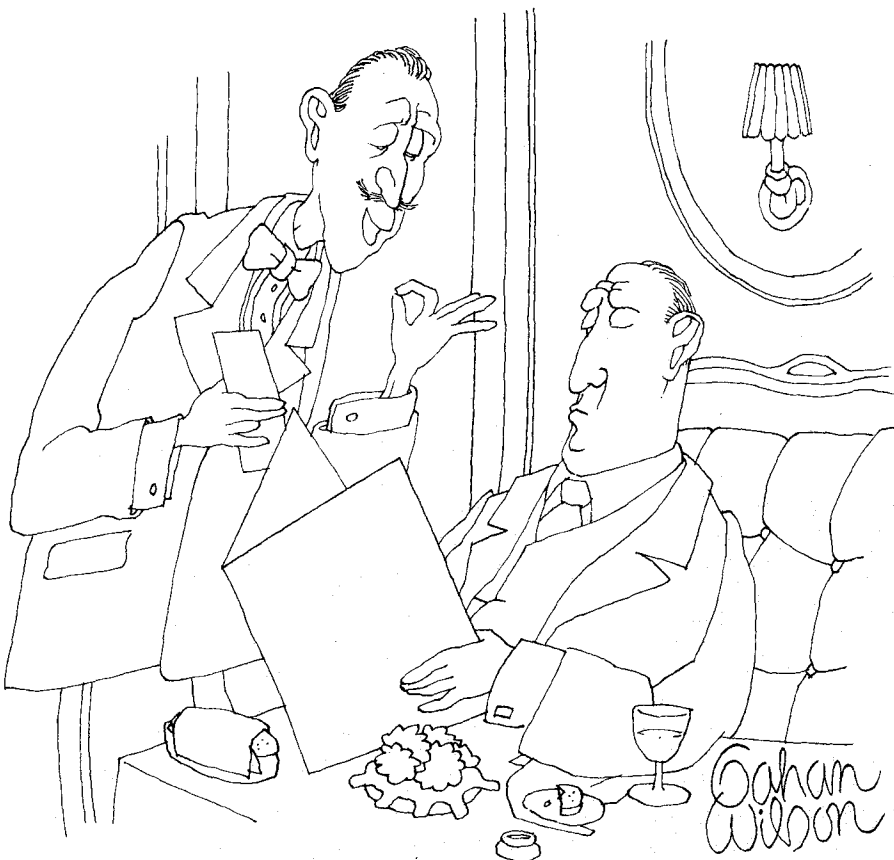


MAY 30TH, New York City Ballet. Balanchine's choreography for Paul Taylor, which formed the penultimate part of the Webern ballet "Episodes," is presented for the first time since 1961, when Taylor himself last danced it. A six-minute solo of enormous difficulty, it has been reconstructed by Taylor from his own notes. Peter Frame, of New York City Ballet, is the performer, and his physical resemblance to the Taylor of the early sixties creates a flash of recognition as he walks out from the wings. Tall, with brawny musculature and fair coloring, Frame looks like the same kind of uncomplicated, bland, good-natured guy that Taylor so deceptively seemed to be, and he has a soft, easy way of moving; you can see why Taylor chose him for the part. But he isn't the demon of articulation that Taylor was. The point of the solo—it closes a gap in the logical development of the ballet—is clearly made, but the *points* whereby it exercised its dreadful and absolute anarchic power are unexpressed.

The Taylor solo, composed to the Variations, Opus 30, was Balanchine's most radical statement of the knotty extremes to which Webern's music reduced the human body. It followed the Concerto, Opus 24, in which Allegra Kent had with her own incomparable aplomb set logic on its ear. And the section that followed Taylor was a complete break in continuity—an abrupt return to order by way of Webern's arrangement of the Ricercata from Bach's "Musical Offering." Taylor just this season staged for his own company a setting of the "Musical Offering," and he used the Webern Ricercata. There may have been more than passing references to Balanchine in his choreography. Like "Episodes," Taylor's "A Musical Offering" is a pure-dance discourse on modern dance and its evolution or derivation from earlier dance forms. Taylor's forms appear to originate in primitive dance, and they come out roughly Germanic or Denishawn-anthropological in inspiration. Balanchine begins and ends with images of the classic court dance; his subject is less the generic modern

dance than modernism itself. Though "Episodes" was made to stand by itself, it can scarcely be forgotten that the original production was a joint presentation by Balanchine and Martha Graham, whose mentor, Louis Horst, taught a then influential course in the court dances of the Renaissance. Only after Graham had performed her Webern ballet (on a Renaissance court theme: Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart were the main figures) did Balanchine offer his, clearly intending its five sections as a kind of progressive atomization à la Webern of traditional classic dance, beginning with the Symphony, Opus 21, in which we see an Alice in Wonderland treatment of the Elizabethan court, and culminating in the Variations, Opus 30, and their exposition of dance energy as a thing by and for itself, with no regard for sense or sentiment. High-concentrate phrases begin and end invisibly, explode like crystals, sprawl and scatter, shrivel and retract. Peter Frame parses this material tidily, finding verbs and sentence structure in every outburst of actionless action. (With Taylor, there

seemed to be no points of stability but his two blazing blue eyes.) He is reassuringly solid, and the solo passes off cleanly, twice as long, in effect, as it ever was before. As a Balanchine construction, it relates to the "Variations" of Stravinsky performed exclusively by Suzanne Farrell; it is choreography for a special dancer, indivisible from that dancer's performance. And the Taylor choreography is more special yet in that it is full of Taylorisms, which he consciously or unconsciously contributed. It might have been better to have had a Taylor dancer in the part—more in the historic pattern, too. (Taylor was at the time one of Graham's dancers.) But this is to presuppose an accuracy of which current Taylor dancers aren't capable even when they dance Taylor's old roles in their own repertory. One could make the case that Balanchine's choreography for Kent was just as personal to Kent, and that without her the Concerto loses much of its force. The facts are that Balanchine elected to preserve the Concerto without Kent but not the Variations without Taylor. This isn't to say that the revival of the Variations is an outright failure; only that, while such a revival can complete the explanation of Balanchine's ideas in "Episodes," it can't embody them—can't



"Perhaps Monsieur would care for something more expensive?"

make "Episodes" happen again as a totality. With Frame in Taylor's part, Samson is back shaking the temple, but it doesn't fall down.

JUNE 1ST, the Kirov Ballet. If you never saw Taylor or Kent in "Episodes," you may not miss them, and if you have never seen Altinay Asylmuratova you may not suspect the things that can still be done with ballerina style at the Kirov. The company possesses formidable technicians in Chenchikova, Kunakova, and Terekhova. It is not that they lack beauty or delicacy. It is that once you have seen Asylmuratova the technique exemplified by these other women looks like mere efficiency servicing an expressive ideal that is hopelessly out of date. Today's Kirov is led by dancers who perform a pointlessly amplified, coarsened version of the style of a generation ago—the style of Kolpakova and Makarova and Sizova. Asylmuratova dances on the huge scale currently in vogue but without distorting the old values, and she brings to them her own quality of poetic illumination. She would have been a wonder among wonders then; now she is just about all the company has got. Some impressive young soloists, male as well as female, who were seen on the recent American tour did not diminish her singularity. She's what Kirov style these days wants to be all about, and I emphasize the word "Kirov." The company's technical strengths and weaknesses reflect its years spent in isolation from any but the most trivial Western influences. The technique on which it has raised Asylmuratova is not what I or many other Western observers would have wished for her, and the methods of promotion and presentation from which she suffers cannot be defended by claims of seniority. At twenty-five, she is still being passed over in favor of older and mightier ladies at the top. Still, she stands out, and I have the impression that Oleg Vinogradov, the current director, does what he can within the caste—and casting—system to give her every opportunity.

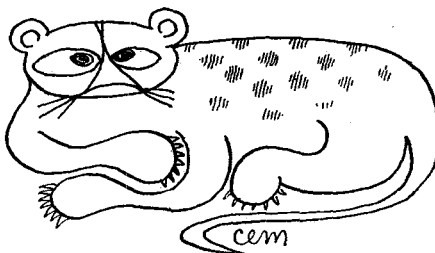
Today, on this hastily scheduled matinée at the War Memorial in Trenton, she performs again the scene from "Esmeralda" I first saw her in, four years ago in Paris, and the magic floods back. Memory does not play tricks in dance—not on this level of experience. I note that her presence has ripened. Aside from that, she is the same phenomenon of lucidity she was

then, with the same ability to evoke known excellences in her art and startle with unknown ones. She wins an ovation and is whisked away. The program, a combination of miniatures and repertory extracts, follows the pattern of Paris: in general, the older the choreography, the better, and the better the dancers look. The modern stuff, which includes two excerpts from Vinogradov's newest ballet, "The Knight in the Tiger's Skin," is ghastly, but it is balanced by fragments of reconstructed Petipa, Ivanov, St. Léon, and Fokine. All the principal dancers on the tour manage to get on in one capacity or another. Zaklinsky, Asylmuratova's husband, is confined to partnering Terekhova in the Act II adagio from "Swan Lake." The spotlight falls on two other young men, Lunev and Vicharev, who weren't in Paris, and who represent the rising male generation—for this tour, anyway.

New York City Ballet. I get back to the city in time for the evening performance. It's another world. "Divertimento No. 15," the Mozart ballet, gets one of those serenely bright, tenderly true performances it has benefited from all this season; the stars are Ashley, Calegari, Hauser, Kistler, and Saland, partnered by Lüders, Castelli, and Frame. "Divertimento" used to be an elusive masterpiece—too difficult, it seemed, for mortals to perform. Not anymore. How strange that Balanchine's dancers are more conscious of his principles and more willing to put them into practice now that he is gone. Perhaps it is only family psychology: defy the father while he is alive; when he is dead, keep his laws. In contrast to the fragile "Divertimento" comes the indestructible "La Valse." There cannot be a bad performance of this ballet. That may be one of the reasons "La Valse" has always ranked, in my mind, as less than great. It is dancer-proof, surefire, and somewhat suspect if by "surefire" we mean that it trades on cheap effects. But so is "Giselle" surefire, and "La Valse" may be one of those ballets that (like "Giselle") both typify and transcend the fashions of

their period. The mood of irony that used to cling to "La Valse" doesn't seem so insistent these days, and it's unimaginable to me now how I could ever have viewed it, as I seem to have done in the sixties, as a piece of camp. Saint-Georges, the librettist of "Giselle," was approached by the ballet's author, Gautier, with instructions to arrange a "pretty death" for the heroine. This so that they could go ahead with Act II and the graveside dances that are the *raison d'être* of the ballet. Posterity has taken the frivolously morbid "Giselle" more seriously than its makers did, and something like the same fate may be in store for "La Valse." Although who knows? Balanchine could have been completely serious.

JUNE 4TH and 5th, the Kirov Ballet in "Chopiniana," "La Bayadère," and "Paquita." You have to be pretty agile to see Asylmuratova on the American tour. She did one unscheduled "Swan Lake," in Los Angeles. In Philadelphia, she was replaced, unannounced, in the first performance of "La Bayadère" by the egregious Mezentseva; people went home thinking they'd seen Asylmuratova. Here at Wolf Trap, the program lists the same two names for Nikiya in the Shades scene of "La Bayadère." It is Asylmuratova who actually appears, and who appears again in the repeat performance, the next night. But that first appearance is such a surprise that she is well into the adagio before I can believe that it is she. If she startled me before, she shocks me now with this image of an obdurate, implacable Nikiya. She is not spiritual like Makarova, grand like van Hamel, or refined like Fonteyn; and she isn't hard or icy. She's simply a killer beast, warm-blooded and deadly. Berezhnov, her excellent partner, seems to cower when he kneels before her in homage. She never sees him, but as she lifts a long arm on high the hand relaxes, and we know she can forgive. The idea of a wrathful Nikiya is, of course, to be understood in the context of the complete ballet, which I hope to see on the Kirov's next visit. But who has ever performed the ballet like this? What Shade, no matter how provoked, would have risked the staccato sweeps of the arms, the fierce attack on *élané*, the hard-edged dead stops in fifth plié that characterize this Nikiya? And what other Kirov ballerina, having drawn so clear a picture, would erase most of it in the next performance?



Here she was again, implacable as before, launching her fine high split-grand jeté in second position, and landing in tight fifth with the same unnerving pounce. But the rest of it—the overemphatic firm stops and staccato attack—was gone; she had softened her delivery without changing her characterization.

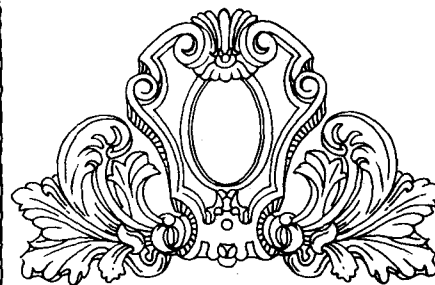
With her large, rangy frame and small sleek head, Asylmuratova strides like a Bengal tiger through the role of Nikiya. It's as much a triumph for her as "Le Corsaire" was for Nureyev twenty years ago; she even has the ease and rapacity of motion that Nureyev had. One could wish that she also had Nureyev's or Makarova's version of the "Bayadère" choreography. But she is the most musical of the Kirov's ballerinas, and she uses her musicality to create effects that aren't in the steps—for instance, the big, bouncing lifts that the Kirov performs without leg beats to mark the accent. She makes the crest of each lift higher and wider, and you hear the up-up-up in the music as if the beats were there. Kirov-style musicality, which I generally find uncongenial, I find refreshing in her. And she's exceptional in yet another way—the way she takes her bows. In contrast to company custom, Asylmuratova's curtain calls aren't even grand; she comes straight out of character and looks girlishly eager and happy. At the peak of the applause, she will take fifth position on point, fling up her arms, and lift a wide, smiling face to the gallery. Since it is a face of shattering beauty, she could probably limit her appearances to this one pose and still be a star. But Altinay Asylmuratova is a dancer, one whose range has yet to be presented in full to the American public. We may hope for the experience soon.

So as not to seem too starstruck, I will add the names of dancers who also impressed me. Chistyakova, Sitnikova, and Ayupova, who danced the Three Shades, seem to be the best of the under-thirty generation. Terekhova, superbly strong and clean in a "Paquita" variation, continues to be the fairest of the senior ballerinas. Young Lunev was the most pleasing of the male dancers; he did wonderfully soft split jumps and *sissonnes* in the *pas de trois* of "Paquita," that lumpiest of Petipa grab bags. The "Bayadère," which looked so shabby in Paris, has regained its form. (It was "Chopiniana" that seemed drab this time.) The corps's descent to the stage is not straight down a ramp but around a

corner and then down. Each dancer faces the public as she lifts her arms, and is immediately supplanted in that pose by another dancer. The silhouette then switches to profile and dips into arabesque. This entrance, probably improvised for the tour, had the grand effect of highlighting not the ongoing port-de-bras/arabesque sequence but the fact that there were numbers upon numbers of Shades to perform it. You saw the first port de bras, then instantly another one right behind it, and another one, and so on. Infinity appeared in a flash.

JUNE 6TH, Pennsylvania Ballet. A new production of Balanchine's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" should look better on the stage of Philadelphia's Academy of Music than this. The standard Hays-Karinska décor, which has long needed replacing in New York, is reproduced, none too kindly. (Another change in attitudes toward Balanchine involves his visual taste, universally criticized while he was alive. Now when a company acquires a Balanchine ballet it almost invariably takes the costumes and scenery, too.) Staged by Richard Tanner, the production goes pretty far toward cementing the conversion of the witty lovers' quarrels into low comedy and the elegant Puck into a stock buffoon. But Melissa Podcasy is a charming, twinkly Titania, and Jeffrey Gribler has the toughness and resilience that are built into Oberon's choreography. He and Marin Boieru both play the roles of Oberon and Puck, and I am told by a company spokesman that I have come on the wrong night. But Boieru, directed away from the boisterousness that marks his portrayal (and in which he himself does not believe), could be a fine, feline Puck. And on another night I might not have seen Tamara Hadley and William DeGregory in the second-act *pas de deux*. The cantilena line of the *adagio*, which is as perishable as anything in "Divertimento No. 15," comes through intact.

JUNE 7TH, Martha Graham Dance Company. The first member of the cult of Ruth St. Denis was evidently St. Denis herself. In "The Incense," one of her earliest solos, the self-mystification is of a near-stifling order. Revived this season by the Graham company along with two other Denishawn solos, it gives us a picture of the nebulous foundation on which Graham was forced to base her



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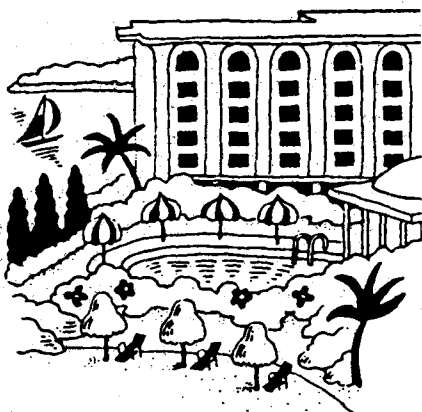
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art. "Serenata Morisca" is a woman's solo, devised by Ted Shawn, that Graham herself danced many times. It is robust, professional, nothing more. "Tanagra," an early attempt at choreography by Graham, is some business with a veil, very much in the Denishawn mode. But, like the name "Denishawn," it is a perfect synthesis, combining the mystique of St. Denis with the professionalism of Shawn. Graham's theatre sense is beginning to operate. Then, in "Lamentation," the functional veil becomes a functional tube of stretch jersey, and we have one of the key Art Deco theatre works of the thirties. The last of the solos is "Frontier," with Noguchi's fence. It is 1935, and the Graham persona is fully pronounced.

The company had earlier in the season revived "Heretic." Five minutes long, it is a study in theme-and-variations form for a female soloist and group. The history books call "Heretic" (1929) a breakthrough, and it may well have been. In it one can recognize a cell of the living organism that we know as "Primitive Mysteries" (1931). But only one cell. The real question is how, from such morose and monolithic constructions as "Heretic" and "Lamentation," Graham could have broken through to the configurations of "Primitive Mysteries." The revival of "Heretic" was staged by Yuriko. It is to be regretted that with her services on hand, and with the company back on the hospitable stage of the City Center, an opportunity was missed to bring back Graham's most significant early piece.

JUNE 8TH, New York City Ballet. "Piccolo Balletto" is Jerome Robbins working in a Balanchine vein. With its Stravinsky music (the "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto), its theatre-auditorium set and its costumes in Easter-egg colors (Santo Loquasto, designer), and its playful, inventive choreography, the little ballet is reminiscent of "Danses Concertantes." But there are other reasons to like it besides that. It is good to have Robbins back in a sunny mood after two gloomy in-memoriam pieces in a row. "Quiet City," which was given earlier this season in tribute to the dancer Joseph Duell, was Robbins at his most sentimental. Its hero was Robert La Fosse, formerly of American Ballet Theatre, and La Fosse dances the lead in "Piccolo Balletto" opposite Darci Kistler. The two go well together. Robbins blesses this star marriage with the

kind of image-building roles that he fashioned for Farrell and Peter Martins in "In G Major." The audience buys it, and so do I.

The matinée begins with "Mozartiana," danced by its original cast: Farrell, Ib Andersen, and Victor Castelli. Robert Irving conducts, and things happen. Farrell, who now dances a small selection of relatively untaxing roles (she had done "La Valse" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" earlier in the week), performs her choreography in "Mozartiana" on a reduced scale but with no loss of detail: a luxurious performance. The two men are fine, the four other women are fine, the four little girls are ecstatic, and the ballet ends in a festive calm.

This evening, Balanchine's choreography for "Swan Lake" is given with a new set and new costumes by the French artist Alain Vaës. I had liked Vaës's quasi-surrealistic backdrop for Jean-Pierre Bonnefoux's "Shadows" a season or two ago, but not his ashen hilltop for Martins' "Songs of the Auvergne." "Swan Lake" is another striking bit of quasi surrealism—a great Gothic vault dripping with icicles and, in the distance, a deep-blue fjord (not a frozen lake) rimmed with mountains of ice and pouring mist. To the playing of the overture, the dummy swans enter on their track—a white queen and, behind her, a flock as black as jet. And the transformed swans who arrive on the stage are in full black tulle tutus with winglike panniers; only the queen is still in white. All this might seem too fanciful if Balanchine's thirty-five-minute "Swan Lake" were just the second act of the ballet. Instead, it is a composite of Acts II and IV, and as such it's like no other "Swan Lake" that can be seen. Balanchine prescribed the black dresses—he even ordered the tulle. And five years ago, for all the ballets of the Tchaikovsky festival, he installed an "ice palace" setting of white plastic tubes. Ice-blue, swan-black, the glamorous new "Swan Lake" is to Balanchine's taste.

—ARLENE CROCE

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Bonners Ferry (Idaho) Herald]

Received a midnight report of an apparent fire on the Katka ridge from Officer Jack Parker. At 12:13 a.m. Parker reported that upon further investigation he'd determined that the apparent fire was in fact the rising moon.

LETTER FROM EUROPE

VIENNA, JUNE 20

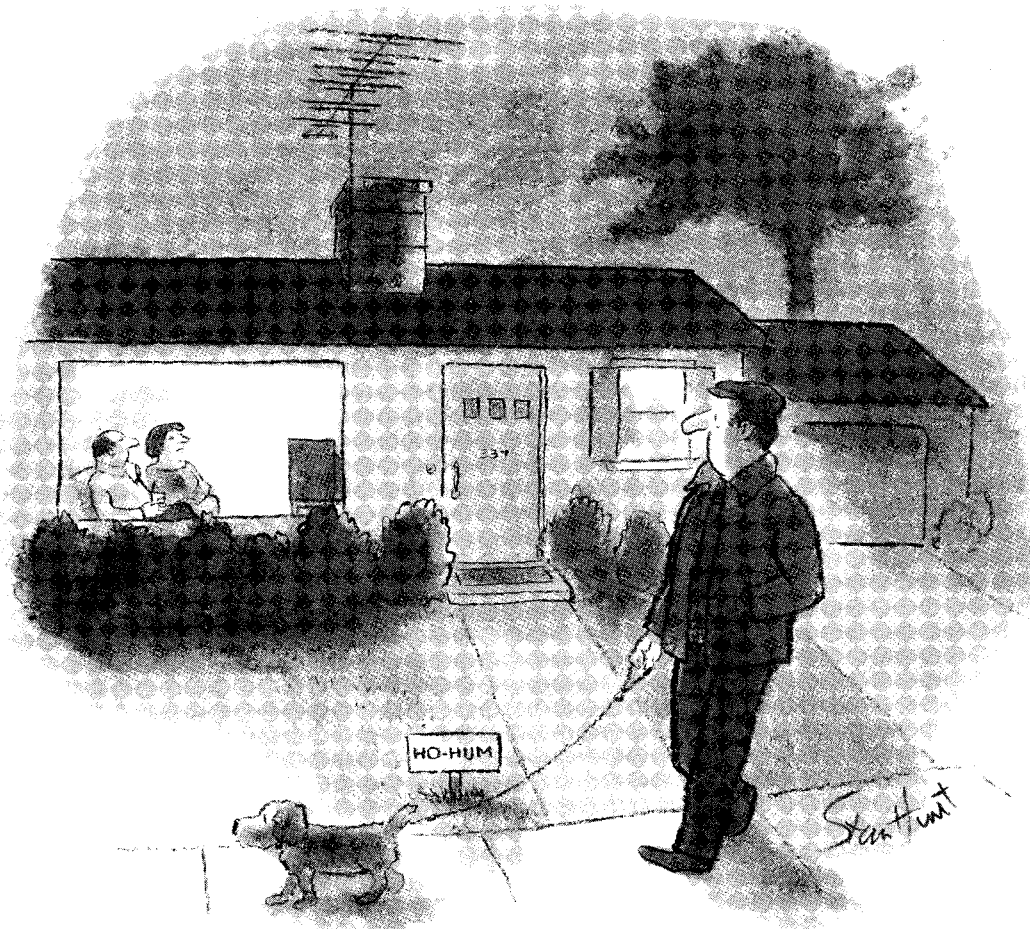
AUSTRIA's affair with Kurt Waldheim is a little like the affair between the French diplomat and the Chinese tenor who have just been sent to prison in Paris for spying. The tenor, Shi Peipu, was a secret agent who liked to dress up in his courtesan's robes from the Peking Opera. He put them on one day for a party at the French Embassy, seduced the diplomat, whose name was Bernard Boursicot, and began a romance that went on for twenty years—providing China with a lot of interesting information from the Embassy's diplomatic pouch. The odd thing about Shi Peipu is not that he spied but that for twenty years he kept his lover convinced he was a woman (only "very modest"), and that M. Boursicot went to prison refusing, really, to change his mind. The odd thing about Kurt Waldheim is not his war file or the Nazi clubs he joined as a student but the fact that for forty years he dressed up in patriot's clothes, invented a past for decoration, and seduced Austria, and now Austria would rather defend those inventions than discuss its own interest in maintaining them.

A diplomat here with a clearer head than M. Boursicot's said the other day that postwar Austria is like an opera sung by the understudies, and there is some truth to the observation. There have not been many people of stature in Austria since the war. There have been people like Kurt Waldheim, pretending to stature, and there has been a public anxious to believe in them. Vienna is probably the only European capital where it is considered normal, among the intelligentsia, to be a monarchist. It is not that the Viennese miss the Hapsburgs—though there are certainly people here who do miss the Hapsburgs. The Viennese miss the city they had when the Hapsburgs were around. They miss what they call the thickness of culture. They may not know it, but they miss the Czechs and the Hungarians and the Jews who lived here. They miss the

"joyous apocalypse" of art and design and thought which produced the work that is making the museum rounds—the Wien Künstlerhaus, the Centre Pompidou, the Museum of Modern Art—in various versions of the *fin de siècle* Vienna show at the last Venice Biennale. Vienna itself has been returned to the natives, and it is a provincial place, a kind of imperial ghost town. It is beautiful and full of charm, but the nostalgia here is so desperate, and so deep, that it seems to have exhausted the Viennese. They long for prominence. Kurt Waldheim lied about a past that included three years of devoted service to a Nazi general who was hanged for war crimes when the war was over, but the Austrians elected him President this month, and the reason they did may have less to do with Nazi stirrings or anti-Semitism, or even stubbornness, than with the indisputable fact that Waldheim is prominent—by which they mean that people who are not Austrians recognize his name. Waldheim was Secretary-General of the United Nations from 1972 until 1982, and Austrians—nearly fifty-four per cent of them, anyway—do not much care that he was a terrible Secretary-General for

every one of those years, that he was greedy and cowardly and vain and laughably ambitious, or that he wanted to stay and was defeated, or that he tried to leave New York with the residence furniture and did, in fact, manage to leave with the silver. At home, he has let it be known that he ran the world from his United Nations suite, and by and large the people at home believe him. How he ran the world is not important. What is important is that the world was run by an Austrian.

The irony, of course, is that the rhetoric has been so xenophobic. Waldheim's posters said things like "We Austrians Will Vote For Whom We Want!" (Originally, the posters said "Jetzt Erst Recht!" and had a yellow stripe, but they were taken down when somebody pointed out that Hitler had used the same stripe and the same slogan on *his* posters.) Waldheim's managers talked about a conspiracy of Americans and Israelis and the World Jewish Congress, despite the fact that research into Waldheim's past had already been going on for months in Austria, and by Austrians, by the time the World Jewish Congress got involved. Voting for Waldheim, people said, was "voting for Austria." All the same, the poster



everybody liked, the poster Waldheim always signed for the children, was not the one with the Alps in the background or the one with Frau Waldheim in a dirndl—it was the poster of Kurt Waldheim and the Manhattan skyline, the one signifying his celebrity. Austrians feel about Kurt Waldheim the way they feel about Gerhard Berger, who races in the Grand Prix in Monaco and talks to Princess Caroline and Princess Stephanie. He is an Austrian who made good away from home.

This much is known about Kurt Waldheim's career. He was always adaptable in his own interests. It was said to be a family virtue (the family name, Watzlawik, became a properly German "Waldheim" when German names got to be more desirable than Slavic ones), although Waldheim's father, Walter, was notably unadaptable. He was an admirer of Engelbert Dollfuss, the Catholic fascist who ran the country for two years in the nineteen-thirties, abolished Austrian democracy, and was assassinated by Nazis. When the Nazis took over, Walter Waldheim lost his job. There is a report on young Kurt Waldheim from the Nazi leader in his home town, Tulln, about fifteen miles from Vienna, which says that before the Anschluss Waldheim was a diligent Catholic who opposed National Socialism in a "disgusting" way—he had stood on street corners handing out leaflets that said "Vote Austria, Not Nazi"—but that after the Anschluss he was a diligent soldier of the Reich and "served us well." In fact, two weeks after the Anschluss Waldheim joined the Nazi Student Union. One week after Kristallnacht, he joined a cavalry unit of the Storm Troopers—in German, the Sturmabteilung, or S.A. The Storm Troopers had made a name for themselves in Vienna on Kristallnacht, burning synagogues, but Waldheim seems to have joined because their riding club was a place where a young Austrian starting out on a law career would make the best contacts. He lived his whole life in the same spirit. When it was time to marry, he chose a girl, Elisabeth Ritschel, who held the right new National Socialist views, and had joined the Nazi Party as soon as she was eighteen. When it was time to write his law-school thesis, he chose for a subject a German nationalist named Konstantin Frantz, whose concept of the Reich, Waldheim said, had finally been realized in the "current

great conflict . . . with the non-European world." Two years into the war, he got himself attached to the staff of the German High Command for the Balkans, under General Alexander Löhr, and that was a job with so many contacts that Waldheim ended up with a King Zvonimir medal from the Croatian puppet state. He also ended up as Case No. R/N/684 in the United Nations War Crimes Commission file, charged with "murder" and with "putting hostages to death." Officially, he was a translator, an interpreter, and a "special missions staff officer." His job involved verifying and transmitting special orders, and, eventually, recommending on those orders and making suggestions of his own. He was in Greece for the High Command when forty eight thousand Jews from Salonika and Corfu were rounded up and sent to Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen. He was there, after the Italian surrender, when a hundred thousand Italian soldiers who were left in the country were seized and deported to German camps. He was in Yugoslavia for the High Command when massacres of thousands of partisans and their families took place. As far as the record goes, Waldheim never murdered anyone himself or personally "put to death" any hostage. "I only did my duty," he says now. He initialled the orders that crossed his desk and the reports that those orders had been carried out, and sometimes he wrote the reports himself and kept the staff logbook. When the war was over, he walked into the Foreign Office in occupied Vienna and asked for a job. He carried three letters in his pocket—one from Tulln's leading Socialist, one from Tulln's leading Catholic, and one from the mayor. All the letters said what a good patriot Kurt Waldheim was.

NO one knows when Waldheim actually began to reinvent his war—when he started saying that he

was medically discharged from the Wehrmacht in December of 1941, after a grenade splintered in his ankle (the wound is real) on the Russian front, and spent the rest of the war with his law books in Vienna. Every Austrian with a connection to the Nazi Party had to fill out a "de-Nazification" questionnaire by the end of January, 1946. Waldheim, answering his, listed his membership in a National Socialist "riding club" (but not the S.A. Reiterei) and not much else. He was never formally "de-Nazified." His file went to the Justice Ministry and then the Foreign Ministry, and in the confusion it was never closed.

There were half a million Austrian Nazis—more Nazis, proportionally, than in Germany—and a million Austrians in the German Army, and many of them had records worse than Kurt Waldheim's. What makes Kurt Waldheim exceptional is not his record but the trouble he took to erase it. There was no shame here in having been a soldier. In 1943, in Moscow, the Allies had signed a declaration to the effect that Austria was not a Nazi state but Nazism's first victim, and after the war this was how Austria chose to see itself. So many Austrians had joined the Nazi Party for cover or protection that it was easy for people who had joined in weakness or terror, or even out of enthusiasm or ideology, to begin to believe the same of themselves. Of course, the real victims of Nazism were not around to contradict them. A hundred and ten thousand Austrians (sixty thousand of them Jews) died in the course of the war in concentration camps. As for the Jews here—there were a hundred and eighty-nine thousand Jews in Vienna in 1938; when the war ended, there were six hundred.

THE first accusations of any importance against Kurt Waldheim were made in 1947, in Yugoslavia, by a Wehrmacht captain named Karl-Heinz Egberts-Hilker, who was on trial for his life and was later hanged as a war criminal. Egberts-Hilker tried to implicate Waldheim as the responsible officer in a series of reprisal murders in Macedonia in October of 1944 (three villages were burned, a hundred and fourteen villagers were killed), and those murders were the basis of the dossier the Yugoslavs passed on to the United Nations War Crimes Commission that year, with testimony from a German Army clerk



and a recommendation that Waldheim be placed on an international "search list," arrested, and extradited to Yugoslavia for trial. The recommendation was disregarded—either intentionally or for lack of evidence or because there were more than thirty-six thousand war-crimes dossiers on file at the United Nations then, and no way they could all be processed. When the commission disbanded, in 1948, every member state got an index of those thirty-six thousand dossiers, but Austria was not a member in 1948. Austria joined the United Nations in 1955, after the occupation ended, and by then Kurt Waldheim was well along in his career in the Foreign Service. He served

under four Foreign Ministers before he got the job himself, in 1968. The first was Karl Gruber, who had led the Austrian resistance. Gruber had brought his friends from the resistance into the Ministry with him, and one of them, his secretary, was a young man named Fritz Molden, who had been the liaison between the Austrian underground and the Allies—and who spoke in Waldheim's defense during the campaign this spring. Molden still remembers the day in November of 1945 that Waldheim walked into his office in the Foreign Ministry, looking, Waldheim said, for personnel. The two men started talking, and Molden says that it seemed to him that Waldheim, with his law degree and his "clean" war, would make a good diplomat. That day, he recommended the young lawyer with the bad ankle to Karl Gruber. Gruber hired him—conditionally. There were rumors about Waldheim in Vienna, and Gruber had Molden check those rumors with the political police and then with the Interior Minister, an old Socialist named Oskar Helmer, and finally with the Allied Counter Intelligence Corps and the Office of Strategic Services. In ten days, he had clearance from them all.

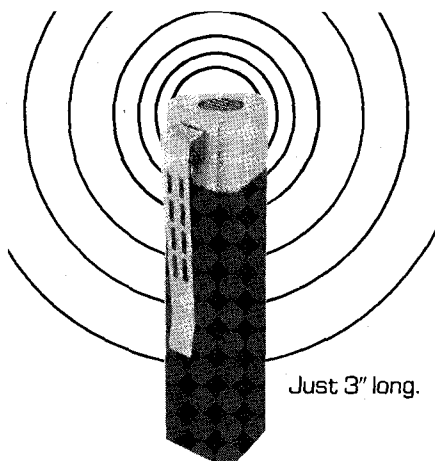
Waldheim was twenty-seven and useful, and, whatever the rumors were, most people figured that he was



"It was nice meeting you, sir. We must have lunch one day."

at worst an accomplice, the way so many Austrians had been accomplices. "He was no hero," Molden says now. It is easy to understand why Austria did not pursue him. The politicians of the Great Coalition, as the postwar government was called, were Socialists, Communists, and Catholics from the Volkspartei—the People's Party—and they had either been in the resistance together or in Dachau together. But the people who did the voting were mostly former Wehrmacht soldiers and their families, and by the end of 1949 five hundred thousand ex-Nazis (nearly a tenth of Austria) were eligible to vote, too. The official story was that every old Nazi was a potential democrat, the way every soldier of the Third Reich was an Austrian patriot liberated by Hitler's defeat. Just about every young man in Austria who was not demonstrably a war hero or a war criminal had doctored his record in some way and arranged his protection, or was arranging it. Some people think that Waldheim may have arranged *his* by informing. He was, by all accounts, as pliant at the Foreign Ministry as he was at the United Nations—doing favors, currying favor, careful never to take a moral stand or, indeed, any stand that could isolate him or make him unpopular. Certainly the Yugoslavs never pursued their charges against him. None of the Al-

lies seem to have looked him up officially until he was elected Secretary-General, in 1971, and then they either ignored the reports they got or used them for the Secretary-General's friendship. There are stories that he was an agent of influence, early on, for Yugoslavia. There are also stories that he was an agent for Russia and its allies, because the Russians backed him at the United Nations right off, vetoing the Finnish delegate Max Jakobson and campaigning against other candidates who were more impressive than Waldheim. He was the Foreign Minister here when Russia invaded Czechoslovakia in August of 1968, and it obviously suited the Russians that he ordered the Embassy in Prague closed to everyone except Austrian citizens. (Waldheim's ambassador in Prague, who happens to have been Rudolf Kirchschläger, the President he is succeeding now, ignored him and kept the Embassy open anyway.) But if Waldheim was an agent of influence for the Yugoslavs and the Russians, the chances are that he was also an agent for the Americans and the British and the French and just about everybody else with access to his file, including, in time, the Austrians. The curriculum vitae he gave to Fritz Molden late in 1945 lists his military service in the Balkans. Supposedly, no one outside the Foreign Ministry ever



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saw it until it turned up a couple of months ago—to great fanfare at Waldheim headquarters—as proof that he had always been an honest (if not an honorable) man. The fact is, though, that people in the Ministry saw it, or could have seen it, and not only did they give him a job—they never corrected his public story. There is no mention of the war at all in the vita that Austria sent to the United Nations in 1971 to support his candidacy.

It seems now that Tito may have known about Waldheim, and chose to use him. (Tito's old vice-president, Mitja Ribicic, thinks so.) The dossier that left Belgrade for the United Nations War Crimes Commission in February of 1947 said that Waldheim was a fugitive, but not that he was a fugitive in Vienna, or that he was working, as he was by then, as a special assistant to the Austrian Foreign Minister—although the Yugoslavs knew exactly where he was and what he was doing. They told their ambassador in London in a cover letter that left Belgrade at the same time. The point is that since the war there have been people in high places who knew or could have known that Kurt Waldheim was an intelligence officer for a war criminal, charged with transmitting requests and permissions involving reprisals and deportations and civilian murders, and that every one of them ignored or suppressed the information he had, figuring either that it was harmless or hurtful or useful or even profitable to himself. Waldheim was obviously not a spy, a Shi Peipu in a three-piece suit, any more than he was, technically speaking, a murderer. It was simply that his secret made him obliging. Israel Singer, the secretary-general of the World Jewish Congress, says that Kurt Waldheim is like the girl who takes a quarter here, a quarter there, and builds a clientele that way—with two-bit favors that add up to a lot of time in bed.

ALL of Austria knows there is a World Jewish Congress. Ever since February, when the congress hired a historian from the University of South Carolina named Robert Herzstein to trace Kurt Waldheim's war by going to the National Archives and looking for every piece of paper that Waldheim signed or initialled as a "special missions staff officer" for General Löhner, the World Jewish Congress has had the peculiar sta-

tus of a great enemy power. Quite a few other people have been tracing Waldheim's war—most notably a young reporter named Hubertus Czernin, who works for the Vienna newsweekly *Profil* and who started to investigate Waldheim, and the charges against him, late last winter. But the congress is, so to speak, the enemy of choice. It is not that Austrians have any idea of what the World Jewish Congress is or whom it represents or who supports it. (It is a kind of umbrella organization, with headquarters in New York, which looks after the interests of Jewish communities in seventy countries. A lot of its support came from the Zionist Nahum Goldmann, who helped to found it in 1936, and, recently, from Edgar Bronfman, the Seagram's heir.) The problem, as one Vienna psychoanalyst put it, is that World Jewish Congress "sounds Jewish."

Waldheim himself is not known as an anti-Semite. He seems to have initialled away the lives of Serbian partisans as easily as he initialled the transit orders for Greek Jews on their way to Auschwitz. The only prejudice that might have seriously interfered with his career was a dislike of short people: *Wiener* magazine says that when he was Foreign Minister he tried to introduce a height requirement for the Foreign Service, so that only tall people could join the diplomat corps. But Austria has what could be called an anti-Semitic "vocabulary of explanation," and Waldheim—apart from one speech about Jewish suffering, very late in his campaign—did nothing really to discourage that vocabulary. Occasionally, he used it himself. He let it be known that the World Jewish Congress controlled the foreign press. He lingered over Jewish names. He stood by, smiling benignly, at provincial rallies while the local *Bürgermeister* went on and on about the foreign conspiracy against Austria's most famous citizen. He stood by, here in Vienna, while "patriots" in *Trachten* beat up people demonstrating against him and the police looked on. Waldheim is not a clever man. He is single-minded and implacably insensitive, and nothing—certainly not the prejudices of his admirers—seems to embarrass him. He was not embarrassed to have been caught lying about where he was and what he was doing from 1942 to 1945 any more than he was embarrassed to have been caught using the United Nations diplomatic pouch to send soft American toilet pa-

per to his family here. He learned one gesture for his campaign: whenever he was at a loss for something to say or something to do, he would open his arms in a kind of big, empty welcome. The gesture was automatic, like the movement of a windup toy. He learned his lines the same way—automatically. (He always did. Once, when he was on a United Nations famine-inspection tour in Africa, he greeted a mother with a dying baby in her arms by telling her what a lovely child she had.) It was clear, once the rumors about him started, that a man with a murky past could easily become President of Austria if he was a victim of Jewish conspiracies, just as a country with a murky past could easily become a democratic republic if it was a victim of Nazism. It was clear to the people in the Volkspartei, who had already put him up for President in 1971 and lost, and it was clear to the people at Young and Rubicam, who were planning his campaign this time around, and who took a leave of absence to continue with Waldheim after the scandal broke and the agency cancelled its contract. "We were looking for impact—you know, a strong color and a strong slogan," one of the advertising men said when he was asked about the poster borrowed from the National Socialists. "We'll ask a client if the product is in line with the strategy, but it's not our business to ask if the product is really washing whiter."

There are only about seven thousand Jews in Austria, so any anti-Semitism here is anti-Semitism in its purest form—anti-Semitism without Jews. Harald Leupold-Löwenthal, the head of the Vienna Freud Society, calls it the Austrian disease—the negation of reality in fantasy. His friend Peter Michael Lingens, the editor of *Profil*, says that once you are guilty of killing millions of Jews you don't really need more Jews around to know you hate them. Every couple of years, somebody here takes a poll about anti-Semitism and the results never vary—seventy per cent of the Austrian people dislike Jews, and about a third of those people strongly dislike Jews, and a third of *them* consider Jews "foul" and are physically revolted in a Jew's presence. Bruno Kreisky, who was Chancellor for thirteen years and is a Jew himself, says the polls are nonsense—first, because Austrians elected him, and, second, because you can't base anti-Semitism, as some polls evidently do, on whether people enjoy telling Jewish jokes. Hitler, of course,

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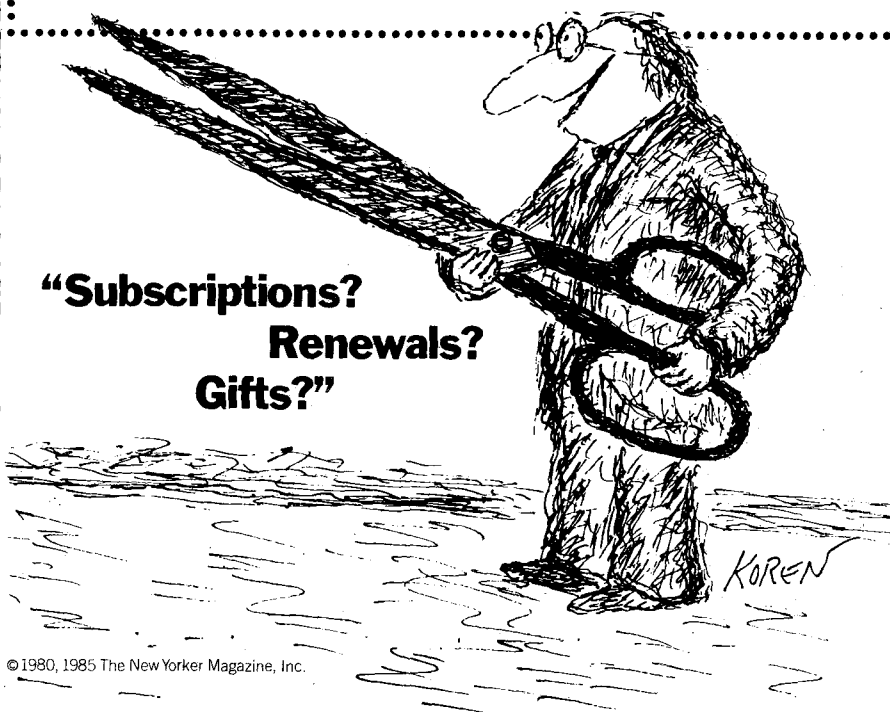
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was Austrian, and claimed to have learned his anti-Semitism in Vienna. He said that his ideal leader was someone who could combine the radical racial doctrine of George von Schönerer, whom he heard about here as a young man, with the scapegoat politics of Karl Lueger, who got to be mayor, in 1897, by convincing Vienna's workers that there would be plenty of money for everyone if only the Jews were gone. Lueger held torchlight rallies and burned the Rothschilds in effigy while Schönerer and his friends carved Jewish heads on their canes and talked in parliament about Jewish devils, and between them they managed to create a theatre of race and a myth of race which had their paradigmatic moment on Kristallnacht, when forty-two of Vienna's forty-three synagogues were destroyed.

Most Austrians alive today have never known a Jew or had a Jewish neighbor, though Kurt Waldheim certainly had Jewish neighbors when he moved to New York and took up residence in the Secretary-General's mansion, on Sutton Place. New York was obviously not the place for Waldheim to announce that he had spent the better part of the Second World War working for a war criminal. His biography "washed whiter" in New York. The story in New York (it was in a book of his called "The Challenge of Peace") went: "The knowledge that I was serving in the German army was hard to bear. Deliverance from my bitter situation finally came when our unit moved into active combat on the Eastern front in 1941. I was wounded in the leg and medically discharged."

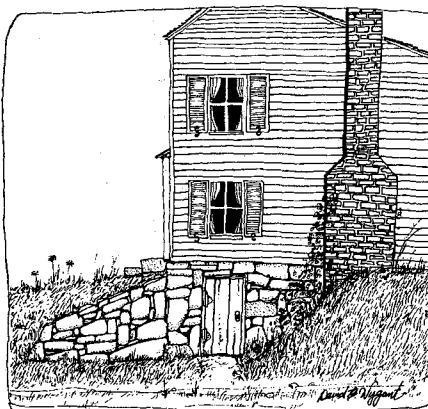
In 1980, when Waldheim was thinking about a third term as Secretary-General, the United Nations War Crimes Commission files were mysteriously closed. No one, as it happens, was looking for Waldheim's dossier at the United Nations. The French had already looked him up in the Allied War Archives in Berlin, and so had the West Germans and presumably the East Germans, and they all, for reasons of their own, said nothing. But by 1980 the Americans had an Office of Special Investigations to look for war criminals, and had asked for access to the commission files. The American Attorney General, Benjamin Civiletti, wrote to the Secretary-General, thanking him in advance for his cooperation—and it was after that that all access to the files was cancelled. When the New York

Congressman Stephen Solarz wrote to Waldheim a few months later—Solarz had been reading a little about Waldheim's past in *The New Republic*—Waldheim was so offended that he replied, "I have not hitherto considered it necessary to react to slanders such as the one you quote."

IT was Bruno Kreisky who suggested Waldheim to the United Nations in 1971. Waldheim was looking for something distinguished to do. He had already been an ambassador and a foreign minister, and once he lost the Presidential election that year there was not much point for him in staying home. It was never a question of making Waldheim Chancellor. The Chancellor runs Austria (though not the world), whereas the President has very little to do besides, as Waldheim put it this time around, "moral renewal." Austrians were aware that Waldheim was cut out for something much more ceremonial than life at the chancellery, something on the order of embassy receptions and official visitors. For Chancellor, they preferred Kreisky—a brilliant and irascible Socialist who was so assimilated that he could call Menachem Begin a terrorist and Muammar Qaddafi a patriot and never admit to the contradiction. Being "assimilated" has a special meaning in Austria. Once, it was a legal status. Assimilated Jews—under the Hapsburgs, the official word was *toleriert*, or "tolerated"—had rights and privileges that other Jews did not. They were what Hannah Arendt called a "state-people." The Austrians called them "court Jews," and this was often what they called themselves. Becoming assimilated was like changing nationalities, and there were not many assimilated Jews in Vienna before the war who identified with the shtetl Jews who had made their way here from Poland and Russia. They were very Austrian in their

negation of reality in fantasy. It was not that anti-Semitism surprised them—anti-Semitism has always been part of Austrian life and politics. It was being identified with other Jews that they found difficult to accept. They agreed with Gustav Mahler, who wrote in his journal that Jews were smelly people with black robes and long hair. When someone referred to Mahler (who was by then Catholic) as "the Jew Mahler," he replied, "I do not belong to the same people." Kreisky might easily say that *he* does not belong to the same people as the Polish Jews who came to Vienna from the camps in 1945 and opened cobbler shops and tailor shops in the Ring, or the old Hungarian Jews who arrived in 1956, or the Soviet Jews who live near Mexikoplatz, across the Danube Canal, and run a rough black market with contraband from the East European river freighters that make the Danube route. On the other hand, it was partly due to Kreisky's diplomacy that two hundred and sixty thousand Soviet Jews got exit visas during the thirteen years that he was Chancellor, and entirely due to his authority that Austria opened its borders to every one of them as a place to live while they were deciding where to go. Most of the Jews here now are Eastern Jews. There are only a few thousand Austrian Jews—Jews who came home after the war or the children of those Jews. Kreisky himself spent the war in exile in Sweden and has a Swedish wife, and sometimes he calls himself a Jew and sometimes he says that to call Bruno Kreisky a Jew you would have to use the same crazy racial categories that the Nazis invented at Nuremberg. He dislikes Zionists and Zionism. This has made him something of a pariah to Jews abroad, but in his day it made him the one European leader who could negotiate for the West in the Arab world.

The intellectuals here like Kreisky. They say that he is authoritarian and proud and that he nearly ruined his party, but they consider him one of them, because he reads what they write and shows up at their Graz conferences and always drops them a note when they publish something good, saying, "Loved the book, Yours, Kreisky." Even his enemies admit that he is the most interesting Austrian politician in forty years. It may be that in his own way Kreisky is assimilated to anti-Semitism. Erika Weinzierl, a historian at the University of Vienna, says that whenever Kreisky attacks the



Israelis or the "Jewish lobby" (meaning American Jews who do not agree with either his Middle Eastern policies or his socialist politics) there are Austrians who think, If the Jew Kreisky can talk like this, then we can, too. She says that Kreisky has not done very much more than Waldheim to correct that vocabulary of explanation which has to do with Jews and Jewish conspiracies and Jewish power.

When Kreisky was elected for the first time, he brought a lot of old Nazis into Austrian politics. This is no secret. Kreisky says that in 1970 there were still more than a quarter of a million Austrians alive who had belonged to the Nazi Party, and that there was no way he could have run a government with those Austrians disqualified from political life. He says he took the old official story about turning Nazis into democrats and made it his working hypothesis. The truth is he would never have won in Austria in 1970 without making that hypothesis. He recruited politicians with as much to account for as Waldheim, and whenever anyone brought up *their* records the Chancellor would say, "I back them, so this has to be the end of the discussion." A lot of people who voted for Waldheim this month were really voting against Kreisky and the Socialists. They said it was unfair to talk so piously about Waldheim now, when there had been four ex-Nazis and one S.S. officer in Kreisky's first government. It was particularly unfair, they said, when only three years ago Kreisky backed a notorious old S.S. Sturmführer named Friedrich Peter as a president of the Austrian parliament. Peter had a small party of his own, called the Freedom Party, which was supposed to protect the "German-ness" of Austrian life from decadent Slavic influences, and which was clearly appealing to old Nazis like him. The Freedom Party is in a coalition with the Socialists now, but Kreisky had talked about a coalition as early as 1975, when a round of parliamentary elections was coming up and the Socialists were worried about their majority. Simon Wiesenthal—the man who tracked down Adolf Eichmann from a documentation center in Vienna—started investigating Peter then. He discovered that Peter had spent two years on "extermination duty," in the Soviet Union, with an S.S. unit that murdered at least ten thousand people—eight thousand of them Jews. Wiesenthal had already

kept one S.S. officer out of a Kreisky government. He never forgave Kreisky for making peace with Nazis, and Kreisky never forgave him. This time, Kreisky accused Wiesenthal of slandering him, of slandering socialism, of slandering Austria abroad. He threatened to take Wiesenthal to court. He called him a mafioso, and then he said that Wiesenthal must have had an "understanding" with the Nazis to have survived the war at all and especially to have lived through



some of it "openly" and "un-persecuted." Wiesenthal, who spent the war in concentration camps, thereupon filed suit against Kreisky, claiming that Kreisky, in effect, was calling him a Gestapo agent, and Kreisky replied by naming a parliamentary commission to investigate Wiesenthal's center. They were "the only famous Jews left in Austria," as one reporter put it, and before they backed off from their various suits and investigations they nearly destroyed each other.

Wiesenthal is a conservative man. He is close to the People's Party, and has been for years. No one here was surprised that he refused to challenge Waldheim this spring—he said that Waldheim was an opportunist, but that nobody yet had proved he was a war criminal—or that he attacked the World Jewish Congress, instead, for interfering in Austrian politics and "undoing the work of years of reconciliation." Wiesenthal is old, and maybe he is getting sentimental about Austria, or maybe age has made him susceptible to what Dr. Leupold-Löwenthal calls "the other Austrian disease"—"the situation is hopeless but not serious" disease. As it is, a lot of younger Austrians agree with Wiesenthal. They know the Socialists are just as compromised as the People's Party in their arrangements. Fred Sinowatz, the Socialist Chancellor, quit after the elections this month. He was maladroit and not too bright, and the coalition he made with Friedrich Peter's party was a disaster. Three of Peter's friends joined Sinowatz's government, including a Defense Minister who went to the Graz airport one day last year to greet an S.S. major named Walter Reder, who had just been sent home by the Italians after forty years in a Gaeta prison.

Last year, the Socialists talked about approaching Kurt Waldheim and asking him to run as *their* candidate. When the People's Party got to him

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first, the Socialists attacked him. When he came within sixteen thousand votes of the Presidency in the first round of the election, they stopped attacking him. They decided that every attack on Waldheim had meant a vote for Waldheim—and announced that in the interests of Austrian unity and an honorable campaign they would not mention the Second World War or Waldheim's part in it until the voting was over. Peter Michael Lingens, whose magazine exposed Waldheim, likes to tell a story about his mother and the election this year. Frau Lingens was in the resistance. Her husband enrolled her in the National Socialist Working Women for protection, but she was caught and arrested anyway, in 1942, and sent to Auschwitz, and since the war—at least, until now—she has been a devoted Socialist. She voted for Waldheim, she told her son, because of the hypocrisy of the whole campaign.

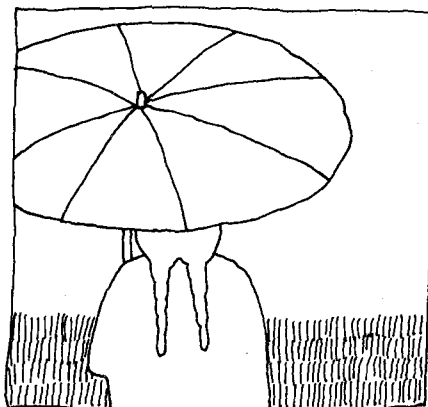
Some Austrians want to see the Socialists out of power so badly that they do not much care that they had to start by making Kurt Waldheim President. A President here may have very little to do, but he does choose the Chancellor, and there are parliamentary elections in another year and no clear indication of what the majority will be, or even if there is going to be a majority. The Socialists have already run Austria for sixteen years, and there have been so many scams and scandals over those years that until the Viennese began to amuse themselves by betting on the countries that would still let Waldheim in if he was President (Bulgaria led the list, followed by Czechoslovakia, Libya, and Syria) the favorite parlor game in Vienna was betting on how much money had disappeared that week from the federal treasury. The economy in Austria is a state economy. A lot of the industry belongs to the government, and there are planned deficits to keep that industry going, so that Austria can, say, sell a telephone system to the city of Cairo and then loan the Egyptians the money to buy it. There is room in the system for what Germans and Austrians call *Filz*. (*Filz* means “felt,” and people use it when a deal is so matted with favors and bribes and padded costs and hidden charges that you can't separate the threads.) There are bureaucrats from the Vienna Rathaus in jail now because of a hospital-construction scandal that has lasted five years and put more than a hundred million schillings—seven million dol-

lars—into their various pockets. The officers from a trading company of the country's biggest steel conglomerate have been fired for “borrowing” a quarter of a billion schillings to invest in oil futures—and losing them. It is not that the Socialists have a monopoly on graft. (The most interesting scandal this year involved an insurance company that the People's Party controls through one of its trade *Bünde*: everyone supposedly took home millions of schillings, including a Cistercian abbot from Styria who was interested in living better.) It is simply that state ownership and state partnerships and state banking and state financing and all the formulas of a state economy have created habits of mind and opportunity that are now “institutionally irresistible,” as one banker put it. They are not so different from the corporatist formulas the Fascists invented in the nineteen-twenties and thirties (which is really how Austria got them), but by now they are almost entirely associated with Socialism and with sixteen years of Socialist government. Kurt Steyrer, the Socialist who ran against Waldheim, is a doctor, and a decent man but not a strong one. In 1983, when he was Minister of Health and the Environment, the Socialists wanted to build a power station at Hainburg, east of Vienna, that would have flooded thousands of acres of rare wetland forest. Ecologists and students stopped the project by demonstrating, but Dr. Steyrer never said a word against it. His reputation suffered so much that even the Austrian ecologists came out for Waldheim after the first round of voting this spring. Waldheim himself began to talk solemnly in what is known as his headwaiter's voice about clean air and clean water for Austria's grandchildren. Kreisky pointed out that there is not much Austria can do about its grandchildren so long as the countries

around Austria have thirty-two nuclear reactors of their own and thousands of nuclear warheads aimed across it. But the truth, as one young Austrian said, is that “none of these old guys helped us much—not Waldheim, not Kreisky, not Steyrer.” It is not lost on young Austrians that Kreisky himself built a nuclear reactor (there was a referendum against it, and it was never used), or that Waldheim never said a word about nuclear risk until Chernobyl exploded, and the ecologists got five and a half per cent of the vote in the first round of an election Waldheim was supposed to win easily.

The fact is that no one really knows why Austria voted the way it did this month. No one knows whether Austria voted for Waldheim or against foreigners and Jews or for the People's Party or against Socialists. No one even knows whether the politicians in the People's Party like Waldheim. Waldheim was their Trojan horse, and he carried them a little closer to power, and it was a free ride. None of them had to climb down and say what they were going to do once they got there. All they had to say was “We Austrians Will Vote For Whom We Want!”

THE first most Austrians heard about a problem involving Kurt Waldheim was last September. People came home from vacation, and by the end of the month anyone with a friend in the Socialist Party knew that something was up—something terrible about the war that was going to come out and finish Waldheim in a couple of days. It is curious now how many people did think that the news about Waldheim—not his past so much as his having lied so calculatingly about that past—would finish him. The Socialists figured it was a matter of time before he dropped out of the election. The World Jewish Congress gave him three or four days. The reporters at *Profil* concluded that the Socialists were in business for another sixteen years. The Socialists claim that they did not get interested in Waldheim until January, when the Minister of Defense—the same minister who had welcomed the S.S. major home—allowed some Air Force officers to hang a plaque in honor of Alexander Löhr on the wall of the National Defense Academy, in Vienna, and in the discussion that followed someone mentioned that Kurt Waldheim had been Löhr's adjutant. The truth is



Heidi

that the Socialists were interested in Waldheim for as long as they knew that he was running against them. A local historian by the name of Georg Tidl had been working on Waldheim's file for a year before anyone at *Profil* heard about Waldheim's being a lieutenant in Löhrr's Balkan command—the Heeresgruppe E, it was called. Nobody knows whom Tidl was working on Waldheim for—he is supposedly a little odd, and sometimes he says the *New York Times* and sometimes the South Africans and sometimes the “cossacks”—but the Socialists must have known about his work, because even the People's Party knew about it. Hubertus Czernin, at *Profil*, says that Tidl went to the secretary of the People's Party in April of 1985 and told him that Waldheim had some sort of Nazi past, and that the secretary refused to listen. After that, the information was more or less available. Some people think that the Socialists bought it, and eventually leaked it to the World Jewish Congress. Other people say no, that it was not Tidl but a man named Leon Zelman—he runs the Jewish Welcome Service here—who got the information and told the Socialists and the congress what was going on. Zelman is a Socialist and a Jew, a shtetl Jew from Galicia. He spent three and a half years in concentration camps—Auschwitz, Mauthausen, and finally a camp called Ebensee, near Mauthausen—and then he settled in Vienna, and the little Jewish community here has been his life and his passion. Early last year, Zelman arranged an invitation for the World Jewish Congress to hold its annual meeting in Vienna. It was the first time the congress had met in Vienna since before the war. And it happened to be the moment the Italians chose to let Walter Reder out of jail. The government that welcomed the World Jewish Congress one day welcomed the S.S. major the next, and then, to everyone's distress, Chancellor Sinowatz appeared at the congress to make amends and gave a speech about how much the Sinowatzes had suffered the day the Jewish family next door was taken away by the Gestapo. All the Sinowatz children cried and cried, the Chancellor said, and had to have a lot of candy to get over the experience.

Many of the Jews here are conservative, like Wiesenthal. They look after themselves, and they do not want any more trouble in their lives. They were embarrassed when people from

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the World Jewish Congress started to talk about leaving Vienna because of Walter Reder. They did not think it was sensible for foreign Jews to talk publicly about whether to stay in a country that sends its Defense Minister to welcome war criminals home. They did not want the attention. Like other Austrians, they did not want to confront the anti-Semitism here. They preferred to put anti-Semitism in a drawer and close the drawer and hope it would disappear, like an old letter that has been around too long to answer. They liked the euphemistic surfaces of Austrian life. They liked reality that curved like a baroque bow into something pleasing. What they did not like was Israel Singer—who is an abrasive character—coming to Vienna and making judgments in their name. Many of them thought it would be nice if Kurt Waldheim was President. They approved of Waldheim for the reason other Austrians approved of him—because he was prominent. Zelman's friends say that when Zelman saw this his heart was broken. Now he tells people that the city he loved so much, the city that gave him peace and let him live in safety, was an illusion. "I was selling an illusion," he said, two days before Waldheim won.

Waldheim made a trip to Jerusalem when he was at the United Nations, and Zelman sometimes talks about that trip, because Waldheim referred to Jerusalem as the Israeli capital, and then, when his aides told him that as far as the United Nations was concerned Tel Aviv was the capital, he refused to wear a yarmulke at the Yad Vashem Memorial. Zelman says that one of these days Waldheim will show up at the synagogue in Vienna to make his peace but that this time "I am sure that he will put a yarmulke on, and I am not so sure that the congregation will refuse to let him in."

HUBERTUS CZERNIN started investigating Waldheim after the Defense Minister and the Minister of Buildings had an argument about whether to take down General Löhr's plaque from the Defense Academy wall. Czernin called the German military archives, in Freiburg, and the Germans referred him to a veterans' club in Linz, where an amateur historian was doing research on Waldheim's Army unit in Russia. The historian, in turn, sent Czernin to George Tidl and to the State Archives, here in Vienna, behind the

Ballhausplatz. Czernin had nothing against Waldheim then. In January, when the argument about the plaque started, someone from the Socialist Party had called him and asked if he had heard the rumors about Waldheim. He said he didn't take them seriously at all. He made a crack about Waldheim's having been Löhr's right-hand man, and mentioned it to a reporter at *Profil* who was writing an article on the plaque. The reporter did take the rumors seriously, and said so, and the investigation began.

Czernin wanted to be fair to Waldheim. Actually, he was so fair that he called on Waldheim and asked whether Waldheim objected to his looking through some of the files at the State Archives; he thought that maybe he could help clear up the rumors that were going around. Waldheim, he says, was gracious, or maybe just oblivious. He sent his secretary with Czernin. The secretary was a young diplomat by the name of Ferdinand Trauttmansdorff, who had come home from the embassy in Bucharest for what he probably thought was going to be a predictable and pleasant campaign that would put him in touch with a lot of important people and look terrific on his résumé.

Czernin is Austrian by birth, Czech by origin. He is thirty years old—a friendly young man with black hair falling in his eyes and a pair of round wire-rimmed glasses on his nose—and he wears polo shirts and bluejeans to the office and carts around two plastic shopping bags full of books about Nazis and Nazism, which he has been accumulating since the Waldheim story broke. To many people here, Czernin represents what has always been best about Austria—the ethnicity, the civility, the intelligence, the very "Austrian" understanding of how complicated reality is. He is a fine reporter in a city where most of the

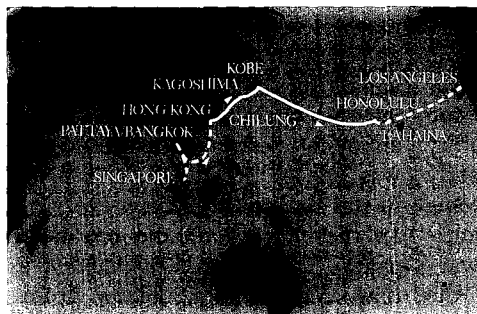
press is terrible. The fact that it is terrible gives people something to complain about and another wistful comparison to make with the golden days when the press was good. The papers and magazines in Austria belong to businessmen or to banks or chambers of commerce with official links to the various parties, and they are expected to serve their owners' interests. It may be true—the Viennese say it is—that the country is so corrupt that you have to queue up at the newspapers with your scandal, but it is also true that most newspapers will turn you away. The papers identify with power. They are respectful and obliging, and nearly all of them chose to protect Kurt Waldheim. A piece of information to the effect that, say, Kurt Waldheim once approved orders for a "cleansing operation" that led to the deportation of sixty thousand Yugoslavs to concentration camps would appear in the papers here as "Jews Accuse Waldheim of War Crimes." The biggest daily, a tabloid called *Kronen Zeitung*, with a circulation of a million, belongs to a neighbor of Waldheim's on the Attersee. *Die Presse*, which used to be the great Vienna paper in the days when it was the *Neue Freie Presse* and had people like Theodor Herzl contributing, belongs to the Chamber of Commerce and reads like a People's Party public-relations bulletin on newsprint. *Profil* itself belongs to a daily paper called *Kurier*, which, in turn, belongs to a syndicate of businessmen and an agricultural bank that are People's Party fiefdoms. Lingens and his partner sold the magazine to *Kurier* in 1975, when it was four years old and they were having a hard time keeping it going, but they demanded an independent charter, and guarantees, and to their surprise got them. They tried to model *Profil* after a good German weekly. They made it look like *Der Spiegel*, but they say they wanted it to sound like *Die Zeit*. It had been so long since Austrians had read any news about Austria besides good news that they did not know what to make of a magazine that talked about "investigative reporting" and had people running around the country asking questions and printing the answers. They are used to it now, but the fact is that any Austrians who did not read *Profil* over the past six months could easily believe that Kurt Waldheim spent the war with his law books, because that is what the papers they did read told them.



Most young Austrians learn very little at home about the Second World War. In school, if they get to the war at all, they usually learn that the Second World War was the time that foreigners came here and stole the Austrian farmers' chickens. Hubertus Czernin says that his *Gymnasium* class never even heard that there was a war. The class went right from the Treaty of Versailles to the State Treaty of 1955, which established the Austrian Republic. Czernin was one of the lucky ones, he says, because he had parents who talked about the war. Czernin's father knew a general in the plot against Hitler and was sent to prison in Vienna, and his maternal grandfather was half Jewish and in politics, and he spent the war in the concentration camp at Mauthausen. Czernin and Lingens have the resistance in common—which means they have the war in common—and it may be because of this that the magazine took it as a duty to establish a record of Kurt Waldheim's career. Not many Austrians are willing to make a distinction between the men who fought for Hitler and the men who refused. In 1947, the priest of a parish church near Linz asked his bishop for permission to print a story in the church newsletter about a devout Catholic farmer named Franz Jägersteter, who had refused to swear an oath to the Third Reich when he was drafted, and was executed. The bishop said no. He said so many other Austrians had lost their lives fighting that it would not be right to take one farmer who had lost his life for *not* fighting and call him a hero.

At first, a lot of the people at *Profil* and on Waldheim's staff believed that Waldheim represented those "other Austrians." When he talked about the war at all, he talked about the hundreds of thousands of Austrians who were in the Wehrmacht. He never missed a chance to mention that the only serious attempt at a coup against Hitler was the Wehrmacht coup in July of 1944, but he never addressed the war itself, or his lying about the war, or the cost to himself or to any Austrian soldier of having fought for Hitler. The problem—at least for the staff that planned his strategy and wrote his speeches—was that he could never really bring himself to identify with those hundreds of thousands of Austrians who were not heroes, who were drafted and given a uniform with a swastika and sent away to fight. Some of his staff wanted him to talk

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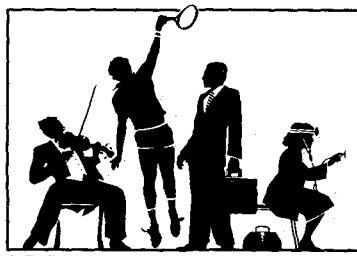


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about the difficulty of heroism, to take the part of ordinary Austrians who had lacked the will or the courage or the understanding to resist, and to say something about a life spent working for a world in which decent, ordinary people like that would never have to confront such a terrible choice again—and fail themselves. It was, to say the least, a moment for statesmanship, but Waldheim, despite his years as an ambassador and a foreign minister and even a secretary-general, had never learned statesmanship. He was too vain to understand the uses of humility and regret and failure and a properly stated *mea culpa*. The best his people got was the speech he made about anti-Semitism, late in May, at the Schwarzenberg Palace. (The irony of the *mise en scène* may have been lost on Waldheim; the Schwarzenbergs were an Austro-Czech family who had challenged Hitler by registering as members of the Czech minority instead of citizens of the German Reich.)

It may be that Waldheim was so used to the ceremonial euphemisms of United Nations high life that he had come to believe that life was protocol and truth was the last word spoken by the highest-ranking person. When Czernin called on him a second time, Waldheim denied everything his file from the archives said. Czernin says that Waldheim would look at the photocopy of his *Wehrstammbuch*, his Army record, with his signature on membership cards from the S.A. riding club and the National Socialist Student Union, and even at his own photograph, and say, "No, not me, not true," as if there were nothing there—no papers, no picture, no embarrassed reporter, no young diplomats with their mouths open. It was a photograph from the archives that interested Czernin most. It was a head shot, the kind of picture that goes on passports and identity cards, but it reminded Czernin of something, and then he realized he had seen a face like that in a picture somebody had sent to *Profil* that fall—a picture of a group of young Austrians waiting on the Heldenplatz on May 1, 1938, to welcome Hitler to Vienna. Czernin was so bewildered by then—bewildered by the two pictures and by the *Wehrstammbuch* he had seen and by Waldheim's always saying, "No, not me," and smiling so politely—that he went straight from the meeting to a café in the Hotel Erzherzog Rainer and sat up until one in the morning drinking and talking with Peter Marboe, who was

Waldheim's chief of staff, and Gerold Christian, Waldheim's press secretary, trying to make some sense of the conversation he and Waldheim had had. "I told them, 'Wow! Waldheim must have had terrific contacts to be able to stay in Vienna and study law for two whole years in the middle of a world war,' and they went back to Waldheim, and then Waldheim said, 'Well, maybe I was only sick for two months, and maybe then I went to the Balkans.' But the thing is, he would never tell the whole story and this was very annoying, because it turned out that he was one of the best-informed officers in the Balkans. He knew everything." In the end, *Profil* and one Salzburg paper, *Salzburger Nachrichten*, asked that Waldheim withdraw from the campaign. An "alternative" paper called *Falter* gave all the reasons why he *should* withdraw from it. The rest of the press preferred to write about how the World Jewish Congress was paying Greek partisans—a hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the latest figure—to say that Kurt Waldheim had beat them up.

ELI ROSENBAUM, the general counsel for the World Jewish Congress, flew to Vienna on February 4th—two weeks before Czernin visited the State Archives and met with Waldheim. Rosenbaum says that the congress had only just heard about Löhr and Waldheim—that one of his researchers had read the article on Löhr in *Profil*, and showed it to Israel Singer, who took it to Edgar Bronfman, who said, "Go ahead." Not many people believe that, but it is the congress's story, the way the Socialists' story is that one of *their* staff happened to read about Waldheim and

Löhr in *Profil*, and showed the article around, and that after that the Socialists got busy. The World Jewish Congress blames the Socialists for their "deafening silence" after the first round of voting. Singer claims, with justice, that the Socialists were immensely cynical in their campaign—which went from attacks on Waldheim to silence about Waldheim to elder-statesman rectitude from Kreisky to the resignation of Chancellor Sino-witz once Waldheim was elected and the Socialists had nothing to lose, and a lot to gain, by showing some appropriate indignation. On the other hand, the Socialists blame the World Jewish Congress for a certain potshot style that does not do well here. Some Socialists agree with Wiesenthal that the World Jewish Congress is raising the level of anti-Semitism in Austria. But the argument between Wiesenthal and the World Jewish Congress has as much to do with Jewish politics, which are at least as involuted as Austrian politics, as it has to do with Kurt Waldheim. Simon Wiesenthal does not really like the congress's moving, as it were, into his territory (even the Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles has been at odds with him over his reluctance to condemn Waldheim), and the World Jewish Congress does not really like the attention Wiesenthal gets as a famous Nazi hunter. Israel Singer says that Jews do not cause anti-Semitism—anti-Semites do. He is right, of course. When Michael Graff, the general secretary of the People's Party, actually accused the World Jewish Congress of provoking "feelings that we all don't want to have," a journalist here named Barbara Coudenhove-Kalergi replied that it was not a matter of whether you *wanted* to have those feelings—it was having them that counted. She said that the most painful thing in Austria right now is watching anti-Semites warn other anti-Semites against anti-Semitism.

MONSIGNOR LEOPOLD UNGAR, who runs the Catholic Charities here, thinks that the Allies made a terrible miscalculation after the Second World War. They believed that the Austrians were going to recover, morally and historically, and that it was the Germans who were going to have to start all over again—the hunters and gatherers, so to speak, of modern Europe. In fact, it is the Austrians who are without a history. People who have seen the new Vienna shows (the Künstlerhaus version was



called "Traum und Wirklichkeit," which means "Dream and Reality") often remark on the passion with which the artists and intellectuals of prewar Vienna abandoned history. Harold Bloom, the Yale critic, could have been talking about Vienna instead of Wordsworth when he described what an "anxiety of influence" was. That kind of anxiety hangs over Vienna even now. If there is no real Austrian literature of the war—no "Tin Drum" of the Anschluss—it may be because the important Austrian writers of the past forty years, writers like Thomas Bernhard and Peter Handke, went right back past the war to the questions about art and language which the early modernists posed and never resolved. Austria's evasions are the same evasions that Karl Kraus wrote about in every issue of *Die Fackel*—they have a special language, whether it is the language of anti-Semitism or the language of the victim, and writers here believe that any true recovery for their country has to start again with language, as Austrians use it. They are more interested in Wittgenstein than in their military historians. Still, when Waldheim began to talk about doing his duty as a soldier, Peter Handke offered his services to Steyrer, twelve hundred intellectuals published a letter of protest, and another group of writers and artists took ads in the daily papers to say that, while they didn't really like the Socialists, Kurt Steyrer would do less damage than Kurt Waldheim as an Austrian President. The only "artist for Waldheim" seems to have been a Hungarian sculptor who spends his summer vacations in Gablitz, in the Vienna woods, and thinks that Waldheim is the "greatest living European." Last month, the sculptor sent a huge bronze bust of Waldheim to a People's Party rally in the Gablitz *Festhalle*. It was a striking likeness of the new President. It could be the first gift in a long career of getting gifts that Waldheim will want to donate to a worthy cause instead of taking home and keeping for himself.

—JANE KRAMER

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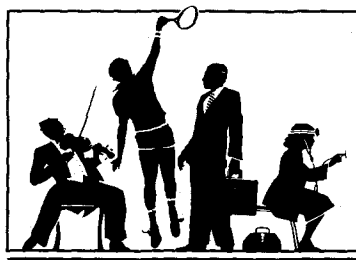
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AROUND CITY HALL

A FRIEND INDEED

THE columnist George Will, reviewing "Mayor," Edward Koch's 1984 best-selling memoir, compared it to the scene of a bad accident that people drive past slowly, carnage having its fascination. Will had particularly in mind the episodes in which New York's mayor described how his actions had caused people in public life who had crossed him or whom he had allegedly caught out in some error or inadequacy, or whom he simply did not care for, to sweat, to turn gray, to look "totally drained" or "absolutely crushed," and, in several cases, to break into tears. Concerning those who relished the accounts of such mayoral one-upmanship, Governor Mario Cuomo, who was roughly treated in the book, said, "No one will stop to say there might have been some little people in there who were brutalized." Some of the events at the Mayor's end of City Hall in the last weeks, including fierce attacks on those who called attention to admitted errors on the part of an associate Koch does care for, have been of the sort that made observers coming upon them feel the urge to avert their eyes.

As of early May, the great municipal scandals here seemed to be in the doldrums. A dozen or so city agencies were under investigation by prosecutors at various levels of government, so the lull was presumably temporary. Still, no Koch-administration official or close political ally of the Mayor had been indicted for several weeks. The hard news about the corruption cases revolved around disputes over possible changes of venue, squabbles among prosecutors over jurisdiction and trial dates—particularly whether state or federal cases should be brought to court first—and other generally non-mind-grabbing developments. During the pause in the judicial process that this year is educating New Yorkers—often to the point of severe depression—about how some people have been getting ahead and others getting rich in their city's government, there was suddenly added an unscheduled course on the curious case of Victor Botnick.

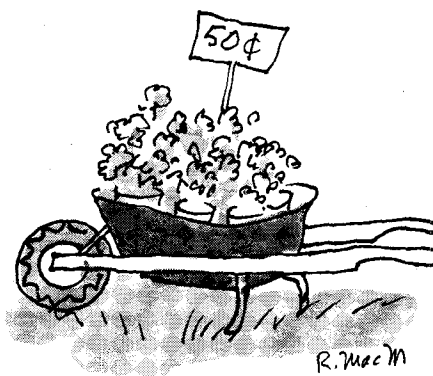
Until late this spring, anyone who dropped Botnick's name at nearly any gathering in the city would have drawn blank stares, despite the fact that since January Botnick had been chairman of the city's Health and Hos-

pitals Corporation, which is the largest public-hospital complex in the nation. During much of the Koch era at City Hall, which began in 1978, he has played a major role at H.H.C., which runs sixteen municipal hospitals and has forty-five thousand employees (and three thousand doctors) and an annual budget of close to two billion dollars. It was set up, in 1970, on the theory that the corporate arrangement would insulate public health care here from political influence, but of its fifteen board members, who choose the corporation president, ten are appointed by the mayor. City Hall oversight has been provided by the chairman of the corporation, who, during most of the Koch years, has been one of the city's deputy mayors—most recently Stanley Brezenoff. However, these deputy mayors were charged also with keeping track of what was going on in a wide array of other major city agencies, and a large share of the oversight responsibilities was taken over by Botnick. As assistant to the Mayor for health services, he had for several years been actively engaged in hiring and firing at the corporation and in the negotiation of its contracts, including those with unions and with firms retained as outside consultants. His salary has been seventy-eight thousand eight hundred dollars a year. Possibly, he would have exercised less power had the average tenure of the people—there have been six in all—who have served as the corporation's president, and, officially, chief executive, since 1978 not been remarkably short. The fifth, John McLaughlin, was indicted on April 1st, accused of having taken a bribe of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock (for which he paid seventeen thousand five hundred dollars) in Nu-Med, a consulting firm in Encino, California, that specializes in hospital administration, in return

for promising Nu-Med a million-dollar no-bid H.H.C. contract. Among those who testified before the grand jury that indicted McLaughlin—and who helped the prosecution in its effort to gather evidence against him—was Botnick, whose dominant role at the H.H.C. the Mayor had formalized on January 10th by naming him the corporation's chairman. A slight, dark-haired man, Botnick has a drooping mustache that intensifies the impression that he is, as the Mayor put it at a news conference this month, "difficult" and "a hair-shirt type of personality," which, the Mayor said, "I understand because people sometimes say the same thing about me." Eight and a half years after he began to take on his considerable responsibilities at the H.H.C., Botnick, who first worked for the Mayor as a teen-age volunteer in one of Koch's congressional campaigns, is thirty-two years old.

On May 7th, a *Times* story by Josh Barbanell reported that Botnick, who had previously operated almost entirely outside the City Hall spotlight, had taken eleven trips to California in 1983, sometimes in the company of McLaughlin, most of them to discuss contracts with the Nu-Med company, and had made a total of a hundred and six out-of-town flights, sometimes travelling first class, contrary to city expense-account policy. The natural question was why, since Nu-Med officials were eager to do business with the city—in all, they were awarded nearly four million dollars' worth of contracts—they would not have come to New York to plead their case with city representatives, rather than the other way around. A project that did require Botnick's presence in California, in August, 1983, was a Koch fund-raising party in Los Angeles, for which Botnick sought and received a five-thousand-dollar contribution from Nu-Med to defray expenses. It wasn't until April, 1984, after a story about the transaction appeared in the *Daily News*, that the Mayor returned the money, saying that Botnick had made "an error in judgment."

The younger man's association with the Mayor has made it possible for him to do quite a bit of travelling. On several of Koch's trips abroad in recent years, he has been accompanied by Botnick, the only official in a city agency to have gone on such junkets. These are especially valuable perks, inasmuch as the Mayor is often able to arrange matters so that most expenses for him and for his party are paid



either by the government of the country he is visiting or by the city. (This month, after he had resigned his chairmanship, Botnick noted with gratitude that, by taking him along, the Mayor had enabled him to meet President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, and Pope John Paul II, who blessed a rosary for him.) Commenting to reporters on May 6th about Botnick's travels to California and elsewhere around the country, the Mayor said that Botnick had been doing the city a big favor in making the trips and that he had travelled first class only when coach seats were not available. Anyhow, said the Mayor, the whole flap was a case of media overkill on a "no-story" situation.

On May 15th, Botnick's name was in the papers again. The *Times* reported that although disclosure laws required Botnick to list not only his income but that of his wife, Lee, he had not done so since 1979. During this time, she had worked for a city agency and, in recent years, had been an administrator with the New York University Medical Center, which has a thirty-one-million-dollar contract with the H.H.C. Botnick said this omission had been an "inadvertent error." On June 5th, a large *Post* headline identifying Botnick, the former non-newsmaker, as "2-Gun Botnick" revealed that he had gun permits, recently renewed, for a .38-calibre Colt Detective Special and a .25 Beretta semiautomatic. His explanation was that he had bought them after he had received telephone calls, three years earlier, from men with Arab names who resented Koch's strong stand in favor of Israel and associated Botnick with the Mayor's position.

Botnick was also in the headlines last month as a result of something other than overzealous press scrutiny of what he and the Mayor saw as small-print aspects of his life. During an H.H.C. board meeting on May 29th, he got into a brawl with Dr. Barry Liebowitz, the head of the Doctors Council, an organization that serves as the bargaining agent for physicians and dentists at city hospitals. Liebowitz had objected because Botnick had removed the chair that since 1982 had been reserved for the union head at board meetings. Botnick explained that he had done so because Liebowitz had released to the press a letter of protest about H.H.C. actions before he himself had had a chance to respond to it. After the fight, he filed



"I now pronounce you a husband-and-wife team."

harassment charges against Liebowitz, and the doctor filed assault charges against him.

IN a telephone interview with Botnick for a May 31st story about the principals in the shoving match, Kevin McCoy, a young *Daily News* reporter, asked where the H.H.C. chairman had gone to college. Botnick said, according to McCoy, that he had a bachelor's degree from a college in the metropolitan area, which he declined to name. When he checked with the Mayor's office, McCoy was told that it was Mercy College, in Dobbs Ferry, New York. The word from Mercy, however, was that although Botnick had attended classes there between 1972 and 1975, he had no degree—a revelation that became the lead to McCoy's story. By coincidence, the *Post*, relying on old interviews with Botnick in various local papers, reported on that same day that he had a degree from Fordham, where in fact he had taken only two courses.

At a City Hall press conference on June 3rd, the Mayor said that Botnick—who was not present—had been misquoted by McCoy. When the *News*

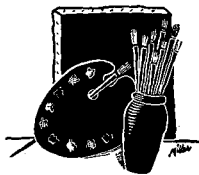
asked Botnick's office if he happened to have taped the telephone interview, which would settle the matter, the answer was that he had not. The important thing, said the Mayor, was that he himself had always known that the H.H.C. chairman had never graduated from college. Asked if the city had any formal résumé or biography of Botnick, the Mayor replied that since Botnick had served on his congressional staff—first as a volunteer, then as a formal employee—it would have been ridiculous to require a résumé when he joined the city government. All that mattered, Koch said, was that the significant facts had been known to "the appointing authority—me." Thus New Yorkers learned another thing about their city government for the first time: it appeared that someone who had a friend in the right place could be awarded a seventy-eight-thousand-dollar-a-year appointment, with power over a two-billion-dollar annual budget, without having to fill out any pesky forms. (Most of the major appointments by the city's chief executive are not dependent on the advice and consent of any legislative body, as those of President Reagan and Gover-

nor Cuomo are subject to confirmation by, respectively, the United States Senate and the New York State Senate. Peter Vallone, the majority leader of the City Council, has introduced a bill that would give the City Council confirmation power over all commissioners "appointed by the mayor to agencies, departments, or offices.") The Mayor then mentioned Botnick's "hair-shirt type of personality," perhaps not understanding that a hair shirt is traditionally a garment that a conscience-stricken sinner wears to do penance. Because of Botnick's manner, Koch said, many of the reporters in the room—who in fact had had little contact with Botnick before the beginning of May—"would love to do him in." All that mattered, the Mayor told them, was that Botnick was "a superb administrator." The whole thing was "a tempest in a teapot."

On June 5th, however, William Rauch, who is not only the Mayor's press secretary but the co-author of "Mayor," and of Koch's latest book, "Politics" (which the Mayor has called a humorous how-to guide on how to get ahead in politics and government), came into the City Hall pressroom and announced that Botnick and the Mayor would be available that afternoon to answer questions about "trips, fights, guns"—and also, as it turned out, degrees and tapes. By this time, Botnick had discovered that he had taped the *News* interview after all—"inadvertently," as the Mayor's press office explained. The tape transcript proved that McCoy's version of the interview was correct. When a questioner at that day's press conference pointed out that the accusation of having quoted someone inaccurately on an important point was a heavy charge against a reporter, and asked if McCoy wasn't owed an apology, the Mayor said "Sure"—and moved on to the next question. Copies of a Botnick statement were handed out in which he regretted his error in claiming a college degree. Koch, slumped in his chair, with Botnick, head down, by his side, expressed regret that his friend had been insufficiently "forthcoming." In a later telephone conversation with a reporter, Botnick said he hoped that people wouldn't think of him as "a pathological liar." However, even at the June 5th confessional, sitting beside the Mayor, he lied in indicating that he had not claimed a bachelor's

degree when he filled out a city Department of Investigation questionnaire. The Mayor, who knew otherwise, had him meet with reporters later in the afternoon to straighten that out, and there then had to be a third news conference to straighten out misstatements Botnick made at the second meeting with the press.

In recent days, the Mayor has frequently suggested that the press drove his friend out because of a small indiscretion involving a single inaccurate claim of having a college degree. Things were more complicated than that. H.H.C. colleagues remembered Botnick's being introduced at meetings as having been accepted at medical school. By June 6th, Botnick was saying that he had made numerous false claims about his credentials, some on official documents, some not. Botnick's June 5th written statement for reporters said that he had graduated from "Yeshiva High School," which in local educational circles is shorthand for the prestigious Yeshiva University High School, in Washington Heights. After the *Times* gave this as his alma mater, the school called to say that although Botnick had been a student there, he had not graduated. (He did graduate, and with honors, from the Rabbi Jacob Joseph School, then on the lower East Side.) Nor did all his misstatements have to do with educational credentials. When, in the course of writing about Botnick's fight with the doctor, a reporter made a telephone call to ask his height, he gave it as five eleven, although it was evident on



June 5th that he was four or five inches shorter than the six-foot-one Mayor. The *Post* eventually published a rundown of his distortions of the truth, including a story that he had told the *Times* reporter Maurice Carroll in 1977, and that had been later reprinted in several other papers, of how he had met the Mayor for the first time. It had been at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, he said, and he had introduced himself to Koch as one of his congressional constituents. Koch, he claimed, had responded with "How'm I doin'?" In fact, Botnick's father, who had known Koch slightly, had introduced the two on a Manhattan street. Botnick said this month that he couldn't imagine how the Wailing Wall story had got started—to Carroll's indignation. Apparently, the Mayor, an avid reader of almost

anything that appears in print about his administration, hadn't noticed certain of Botnick's published statements which he must have known to be untrue—or he took an indulgent view of them. Botnick had also lied about his travelling arrangements: city vouchers showed that he had sometimes flown first class on city business whether or not coach accommodations were available. (The Mayor may have been especially taken aback by the fact that it was the *Post*, whose management has always treated him with particular respect, which published the damning list.) Members of community boards and union leaders with whom Botnick met on H.H.C. business now recalled occasions when, for example, he had sworn that he had not given them the go-ahead on some critical matter when in fact he had. *El Diario*, the local Hispanic daily, ran a cartoon showing the Mayor boasting that Botnick had a college degree while, beside him, Botnick waved a sheepskin showing that he'd been granted a degree as a *mentiroso*—liar.

On the day after the series of confessional press conferences, Koch announced that, as punishment for being insufficiently forthcoming, Botnick was being sentenced to serve two hundred and forty hours of orderly duty in a hospital, caring for the terminally ill. "BEDPANS FOR BOTNICK" was the next day's headline across the top of the front page of the *Post*. The Mayor was reminded that City Hall figures who had been revealed to have conflict-of-interest problems but who were not personally close to him had been out of office within hours. A former twenty-six-thousand-dollar-a-year city employee pointed out that when it was discovered that he had lied about having a high-school diploma he had been fired. That weekend, the Mayor told George Arzt, of the *Post*, that the Botnick episode was "probably the most painful period I've ever been through in my life." Botnick, he said, had "suffered enormously." On June 10th, a highly disrespectful *Post* cartoon showed the Mayor and Botnick in a hospital room, both holding their heads. Koch was saying, "Oh the pain... the pain..." Botnick was saying, "Oh the enormous suffering..." Nearby in a hospital bed, a patient was apparently in actual pain, to which the two men appeared oblivious.

There are many indiscretions that an appointed public official can commit and be allowed to continue in office, but causing the man he works for to become a laughingstock is not one of



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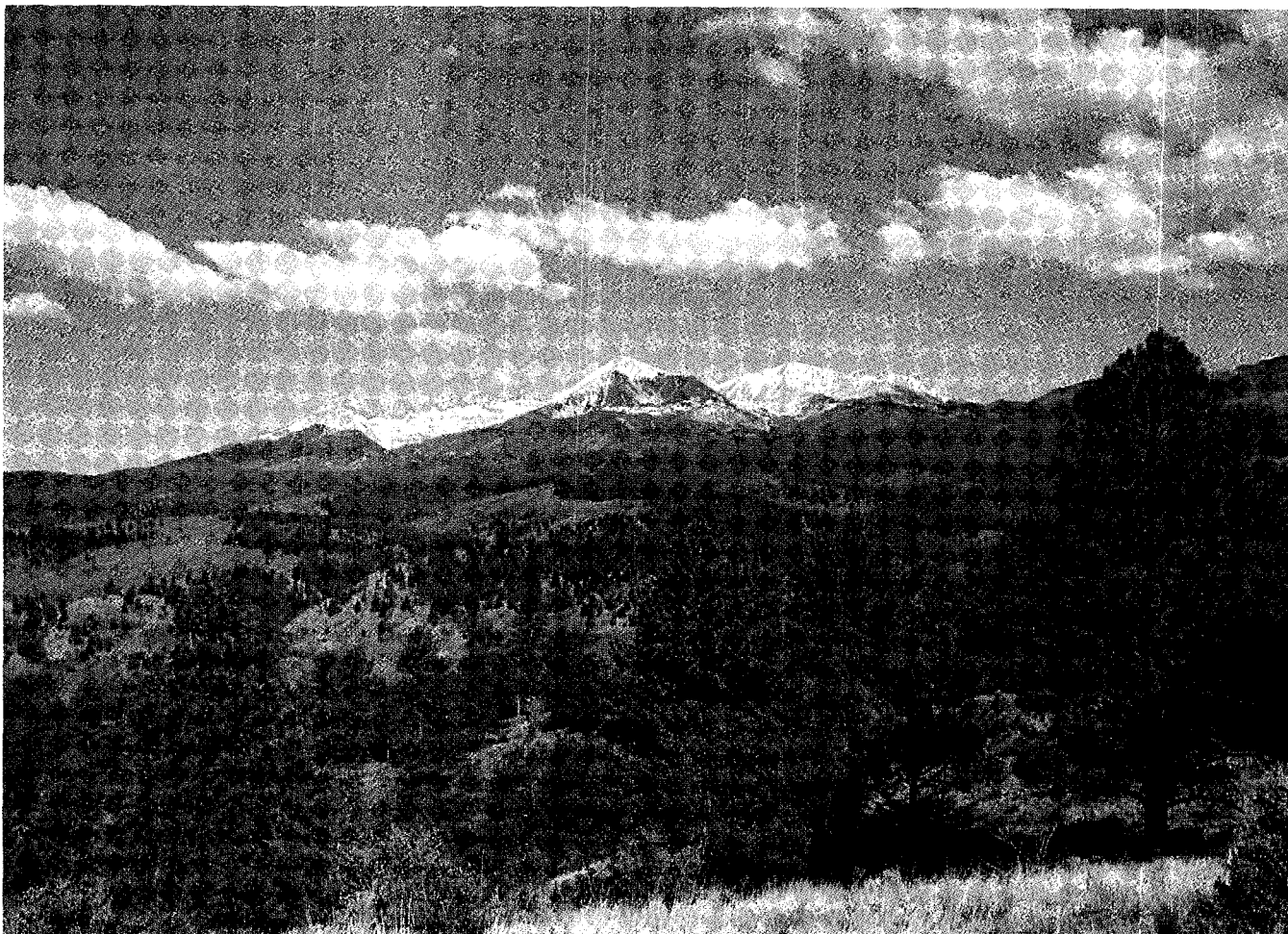
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them. Although Koch is widely known as a humorist, his jokes are almost never on himself or his administration or, for that matter, the city he is in charge of. On the night of June 9th, appearing at the Second International Conference on Jewish Humor, at the New School, he hit a severe note with the gathering, saying, "I find it very uncomic for people to tell jokes about this city." The *News* cartoon the next day showed Koch on a New York street on which newsstand headlines said "TODAY'S CORRUPTION INDICTMENT" and "BOTNICK LATEST," and a warning street sign read "DON'T SNIGGER." An editorial in the *News* the same day noted that the Mayor might be in a bad mood because of such jokes as the one (committed by the paper's City Hall reporter, Murray Weiss) that went: "Why did Victor Botnick cross the road? He didn't. He just said he did." On the afternoon of June 11th, Koch called a news conference and announced that Botnick had submitted his resignation, to take effect July 11th. The "bedpans for Botnick" program had been cancelled. The arrangements for his departure had been made in what Botnick later described as "a very emotional" telephone conversation between the two. "BOTNICK QUILTS HOSPITAL POST; MAYOR CITES AIDE'S 'AGONY'" was the front-page headline in the *Times*. In other headlines and in news stories, Botnick was identified as "Koch's closest aide," "Koch's protégé," and "the son he never had." Both men strongly disputed the reference to a filial relationship. Botnick said his father was dead but he didn't need a surrogate. The Mayor observed that if he needed a surrogate son—"as I don't"—his brother and sister had four sons between them. The Mayor also said, however, that the loss of Botnick was the hardest blow to him since the corruption investigations began. He called the criticism of Botnick "unmerciful . . . strident, so unfair."

In a *News* interview some years ago, Koch described himself as having "trained" and "created" Botnick, and certainly many of the departing H.H.C. chairman's opinions are identical with the Mayor's. After the resignation, Koch said that the indiscretion would have passed unnoticed were it not for the climate created by the corruption investigations, which, he continues to insist, have been blown way out of proportion by the press. Botnick clearly went along with the latter view. Asked about the influence

of the scandals on his own predicament, he said, "There's no scandal . . . What scandal? Has anyone been convicted yet? What scandal? Who has been convicted?"—although in fact half a dozen figures associated with the corruption investigations, including the deputy director of the city's Parking Violations Bureau, have pleaded guilty, which legally constitutes a conviction. Botnick's only regret, he said, was that he was "not going to have a chance to work with Ed Koch in the White House. . . . He would have made a great President." Obviously, anyone holding this opinion has been a reassuring presence for the Mayor. Fortunately, many similarly admiring commissioners remain at City Hall—although there have been a number of recent changes in the lineup. Twenty-eight commissioners and other top-level members of the administration have left since Koch was reelected in November—some of them under fire and some of them having apparently concluded that serving with the Koch administration might be not the golden credential they had once thought it was but one that could require a lot of explaining. A *News* cartoon on June 13th showed Koch hammering slats across the front door of City Hall, whose pillars were crumbling. The city's hospitals were shown collapsing in the distance as Botnick departed, saying, "I didn't really resign, it was just a fib." Across the front of City Hall was a large sign over Koch's signature that said "Will the Last Person to Leave the Administration Please Leave Your Artillery on the Desk and Turn Out the Lights."

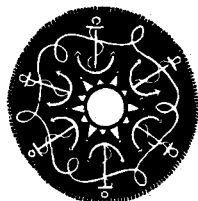
After Botnick's resignation was announced, the Mayor launched a series of attacks on the local press, claiming that it had treated Botnick worse than it had treated "common criminals," such as Donald Manes, the former borough president and Democratic boss of Queens, who fatally stabbed himself with a kitchen knife on March 13th in the midst of the corruption investigations: the city scandals have had their own scenes of carnage that New Yorkers have moved slowly past. (In contrast to his response in the Botnick matter, the Mayor had denounced Manes, also a longtime friend, as soon as it was evident that charges against him would embarrass the Koch administration.) In a discussion of their treatment of Botnick, the Mayor said

that some reporters were "out of control." He compared them to "sharks in an ocean where there's blood in the water." Trashing the press has always been popular with politicians and other public figures, and right now it seems to be more stylish than ever. Claiming that the press is "responsible to nobody—*nobody*," Koch proposed that a tribunal be established before which people, such as politicians, who felt they had been treated unfairly in the press could take their cases. He

wasn't clear what the punishment meted out to offending reporters should be. The question of whether it might be service as hospital orderlies did not arise, nor was there mention of a possible tribunal that would hear

complaints from reporters inaccurately charged with misquoting a friend of a politician. The Mayor pointed out that he releases his tax returns each year and proposed that City Hall reporters should be required to release theirs. "You make policy," he told them accusingly. Editors, he said, should release their returns, too. Since it is known that in some organizations publishers may decide what should be printed, presumably they would be included in any Koch disclosure law, though it was not clear whether *Times* editor Abe Rosenthal or *Post* publisher Rupert Murdoch, for example, would consider this one of the Mayor's more brilliant ideas. Koch proposed that, as a kind of one-man enforcer of moral law, he would publish the reporters' and editors' tax returns in the columns he—with the help of a member of his staff—writes each week for such local papers as *El Diario*, the *Jewish Press*, the *Staten Island Advance*, and the *Tribune*, which is controlled by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Apparently, the press is good for something.

PREOCCUPIED as he has been with the depredations of the press, the Mayor has given no sign of understanding what the Botnick episode has done to the public view of how he has been running the city. Until the corruption stories began to break last winter, most members of the general public—even many of those who didn't care for his style—accepted his claims that in the Koch era the clubhouse bosses got nothing from him and that he made his appointments solely on merit. The recent revelations, sometimes in court documents,



about the immense power that Manes and Stanley Friedman, the Bronx Democratic boss, as well as Meade Esposito, the former boss of Brooklyn, have exercised over appointments and over the operation of some city agencies under Koch have spoiled that story for good. Now the details of Botnick's rise seem to demonstrate that some Koch appointments have less to do with independent proof of merit than with palship. In a June 8th editorial entitled "The Botnick Principle," the *Times*, whose editorials in the past have rarely included a cross word about the Mayor, asked why a man with Botnick's lack of visible credentials had been put in charge of the nation's largest municipal-hospital system. "Apparently," said the *Times*, "because the Mayor prefers the Peter Principle to the principle of finding the best person for the job." Stories that emerged during the days before Botnick's resignation raised questions not only about whether he had risen to the level of his incompetence—as called for by the Peter Principle, satirically defined in a book of that name—but about his use of the powers that derived from his close friendship with the Mayor, demonstrations of which on occasion had verged on the squalid. Civic leaders who, seeking some small favor, had talked to an official other than Botnick at City Hall were told that on that account they would receive no coöperation with a major project that they believed would greatly benefit the city. Brooklyn City Councilman Noach Dear, who arranged a meeting between the Mayor and Jewish leaders, was told by Botnick that it was cancelled because it hadn't been cleared with him, and he added that he might run against Dear for City Council. Such stories inevitably raised questions about the man who had "trained" Botnick and who was the sole source of his power, which the Mayor seemed desperate to keep him from losing. After Botnick's resignation, the theme of local editorials was not regret ("a bad bet," the *Times* called the decision to put him in charge of the H.H.C.) but the hope that—eight and a half years after Koch arrived at City Hall—the Mayor would finally begin to resolve some of the problems of the Health and Hospitals Corporation.

If there had been any doubt at City Hall on June 11th that Botnick had to resign, the headlines in the morning newspapers surely dispelled it. Jay



Turoff, Koch's former Taxi and Limousine Commissioner, had been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of fraud, conspiracy, and tax evasion, and of using his official position to enrich himself and business associates. The recess in the municipal-corruption story was over, and the last thing the Mayor needed was more headlines about allegedly improper behavior by another high-level member of his administration. Even more ominously, it was reported that, according to prosecutors, McLaughlin had offered to plead guilty to fraud charges in a plea-bargaining arrangement that would insure that he would provide information about other examples of municipal corruption. No corruption charges had been levelled against Botnick. However, since he had helped prosecutors gain the indictment against McLaughlin, it seemed possible that McLaughlin would not be backward about telling anything he knew that might cause his former California travelling companion inconvenience, legal or otherwise. For the Mayor's office, though, the most disturbing news story concerned the release of a report by the hospital unit of the State Department of Health, which showed that six of the city's municipal hospitals were on a state danger list. In one of them, unlicensed doctors had acted as surgeons, and dentists had provided anesthesia. In three of them, the medical inadequacies were "systemic." Yet the Mayor had repeatedly described Botnick as "a superb administrator" of the H.H.C. The report was released by Andrew Stein, the president of the City Council, an office that includes the role of city ombudsman. Stein, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and Koch are the only three officials elected on a citywide basis, and Stein's and Goldin's ambitions to someday be mayor have long been part of the local political picture. In recent months, there have been a number of Goldin audits that were highly critical of mayoral agencies. Stein, a generally dependable Koch ally in the past, has given the impression since the corruption scandals broke that he was lying low—waiting, it seemed, to see just how bad the news would be. Now he had released the state report showing, he said, that the H.H.C. hospitals were "riddled with medical and administrative failure," and he laid the "lion's share" of the blame on the Mayor's friend Botnick for "allowing the medical failures and administrative

chaos to persist." It was Stein's first strong signal that he now saw attacking the Mayor's handling of city government as politically the way to go. Late last December, a couple of days before being sworn in for a third term, the Mayor was asked whether he expected that, because of Stein's and Goldin's ambitions to succeed him, they would give him a rocky time in the next four years. That kind of thing might start in the third or fourth year, he said, but up to then it would all be "hunky and dory."

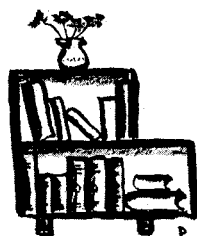
As the Mayor looks back on it, City Hall on the first day of this year must resemble El Dorado—a symbol of seemingly boundless political riches gleaming in the sun. On that day on City Hall's front steps, he was sworn in for his third term after his overwhelming victory at the polls in November. "Serenity," he said, "is knowing that you've done a good job and that the people said so with seventy-eight per cent of the vote, for which I thank them, and my commissioners thank them, as well"—and then he went on and thanked *them* for all the good things they had done for the city. Possibly to establish Koch as a man with a solid place in history, at the reception for fifteen hundred people that followed the ceremony the caterers offered a menu that included DeWitt Clinton Raisin-Currant Bread, which their research had shown them was probably served at one of the inaugurations of Clinton, who served three terms as mayor between 1803 and 1815 and who went on to become governor of the state. No one, of course, then saw it as portentous that the Koch reception was held in the old Tweed Courthouse, which still stands, just north of City Hall, well over a hundred years after the shocking details of the rampant graft and thievery from the public purse during its construction made Tweed's name a synonym for municipal boodling. Before the ceremony, noting that the day was sunny and the skies cloudless, Koch, all smiles, said, "The weather is reflective of the state of the city," and added, "God works in mysterious ways."

—ANDY LOGAN

Together they aim to form a line running some 4,000 miles across 16 states from Long Beach, California, to New York harbour—"from coast to shining coast" as the song *America the Beautiful* has it.—*London Sunday Times*.

Which is sort of like "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the coasts."

BOOKS

The Sinister Sex

THE heirs of Ernest Hemingway—his widow and three sons are all listed on the copyright page—and the staff of Charles Scribner's Sons have produced yet another text out of the morass of unfinished manuscripts which bedeviled the writer's last fifteen years. "The Garden of Eden" (\$18.95) was begun, according to the Carlos Baker biography, "in the early months of 1946," and was "an experimental compound of past and present, filled with astonishing ineptitudes and based in part upon memories of his marriages to Hadley and Pauline, with some excursions behind the scenes of his current life with Mary." Within a year, "more than a hundred pages of *The Garden of Eden* were . . . in typescript, with nine hundred pages still in longhand." Baker, not generally given to harsh criticism of his subject's oeuvre, blames this "long and emptily hedonistic novel of young lovers" for contaminating with its fatuity and narcissism the published novel "Across the River and Into the Trees" (1950). In the early fifties, a cut-down version of "The Garden of Eden" reappeared as the first part of Hemingway's projected sea trilogy, under the title "The Sea When Young." In 1958, while working on the Paris sketches that would become "A Moveable Feast," the author revised the recalcitrant novel down to forty-eight chapters and roughly two hundred thousand words; Baker still complains, "It had none of the taut nervousness of Ernest's best fiction, and was so repetitious that it seemed interminable." The lamentable opus is last glimpsed as Castro is wresting Cuba from Batista, in late 1958:

"The situation . . . was a constant worry. [Hemingway, off in Idaho] tried to forget it by rewriting parts of the Paris sketchbook and revising three chapters of *The Garden of Eden*."

The propriety of publishing, as a commercial endeavor, what a dead writer declined to see into print is, of course, dubious. The previous forays into the Hemingway trove have unfortunately tended to heighten our appreciation not of his talent but of his psychopathology; even the charming and airy "Moveable Feast," the first and most finished of the posthumous publications (1964), had its ugly flashes of malice and ingenuous self-serving. "Islands in the Stream" (1970) was a thoroughly ugly book, brutal and messy and starring a painter-sailor whose humanity was almost entirely dissolved in barroom jabber and Hollywood heroics. The letters (1981), too, which Hemingway had wisely tried to safeguard from the scavengers, provided insights more alarming than appealing into his

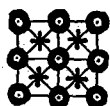
bellicose, infantile, sexist, and ultimately paranoid nature. Among the published letters is one addressed to an early scavenger, Charles A. Fenton, saying, "Writing that I do not wish to publish, you have no right to publish. I would no more do a thing like that to you than I would cheat a man at cards or rifle his desk or wastebasket or read his personal letters." Such old-fashioned gentlemanly thunder rings hollow in a hustling era of professional desk-riflers. The second-wave Hemingway biographies proliferate, whispering to us that Oak Park was not the forest primeval and that three weeks of distributing candy bars do not a warrior make; soon the old poser will have been stripped to his Freudian bones, much like Santiago's great dead marlin in "The Old Man and the Sea."

However: Hemingway, after a semi-eclipse in the sixties, when his fascination with violence and war seemed desperately unworthy, now stands as a classic as surely as Hawthorne, and twenty-five years after his death his



"Sir, I'm leaving my high-paying job in the manufacturing industry for a low-paying job in a service industry, because that's what's happening."

bearish claims to privacy are perhaps superseded by the claims his literary personality makes upon our interest. There is every reason—its hackneyed title, Baker's scorn, the forty years of murky fiddling that have passed since its conception—to distrust "The Garden of Eden;" yet the book, as finally presented, is something of a miracle, a fresh slant on the old magic, and falls just short of the satisfaction that a fully intended and achieved work gives us. The miracle, it should be added, does not seem to be Hemingway's alone but is shared with workers unnamed in the prefatory note, which blandly admits to "some cuts in the manuscript and some routine copy-editing corrections." Some cuts. Some Chink, as Harry Morgan says to himself of the mysterious Chinese gentleman in "To Have and Have Not." When last heard of, "The Garden of Eden," according to Carlos Baker, consisted of over two hundred thousand words of lacklustre dialogue and eerie trivia. It is no secret—indeed, it has been widely reported—that last summer a certain Tom Jenks, a thirty-five-year-old editor newly hired by Scribners, was presented with over three thousand pages of "Garden of Eden" manuscripts (all three versions that Hemingway had struggled with, enough to fill two shopping bags) and was invited to find a publishable book in all that verbiage. He succeeded. In the trim published text of sixty-five thousand words, a daily repetition of actions remains (wake, write, drink, lunch, siesta, drink, eat, make love, sleep), but the dialogue never covers exactly the same ground and the plot advances by steady, subliminal increments, as situations in real life do. The basic tensions of the slender, three-cornered action are skillfully sustained. The psychological deterioration of the heroine, Catherine Bourne, the professional preoccupations of the hero, the young writer David Bourne, and the growing involvement of the other woman, Marita, are kept in the fore, interwoven with but never smothered by Hemingway's betranced descriptions of the weather, the meals, the landscape, the chronic recreations. A chastening, almost mechanically rhythmic order has been imposed, and though an edition with a scholarly conscience would have provided some clues to the mammoth amounts of manuscript that were discarded, this remnant does give the reader a text wherein he, unlike the author in his



travails long ago, never feels lost. Endearingly, many of Hemingway's eccentricities have been defended from copy editors: the commas omitted by ear rather than by sense ("driving the machine up the short hill feeling the lack of training in his thighs"); the commas tossed into a run of six adjectives (a "good light, dry, cheerful unknown white wine"); the stubbornly awkward word order ("the girl put the one she was reading down"); the English as spoken ("Feel it how smooth"); the idiosyncratic spellings ("god damned," "pyjama tops," "self conscious"); and a sentence containing no fewer than eleven "and"s.

"The Garden of Eden" adds to the canon not merely another volume but a new reading of Hemingway's sensibility. Except in some of the short stories and that strange novel "To Have and Have Not," he avoided describing the life that most men and women mostly lead, domestic life. "The Garden of Eden" confronts sexual intimacy, marriage, and human androgyny with a wary but searching tenderness that amounts, for a man so wrapped up in masculine values and public gestures, to courage. What stymied him, while he was still in his mid-forties, from completing and publishing the novel must be idly conjectured. One possibility is that the material embarrassed as well as possessed him, and another is that he knew he was in over his head. His head was not quite right; his behavior in the Second World War had been strange, and in his work methods he was developing (and had just barely rescued "For Whom the Bell Tolls" from) the Papaesque logorrhea, the fatal dependency upon free-form spillage and some eventual editor, of which "The Dangerous Summer" was to be the disastrous climax—*Life's* request in 1959 for ten thousand words producing a dizzying twelve times that amount. Perhaps, in "The Garden of Eden," he pulled back from the snake pit of male-female interplay and sought to reconstitute the old impervious, macho Hemingway persona, whom women attend as houris attend the blessed immortals in the Islamic paradise. This is the plot solution the Scribners editors have used—perhaps the only one available to them in the uncontrolled manuscript—and it is a feeble one, compared with the dark soft power of the opening sections.

In his other novels, Hemingway seems to me hobbled by his need to have a hero in the obsolete sense, a

central male figure who always acts right and looks good, even when, as in the cases of Harry Morgan and Jake Barnes, the cruel world has externally mutilated him. David Bourne, as initially presented, is an oddity, an inwardly vulnerable Hemingway hero, mated with a woman who, very upsettingly in this narrow stoic universe, *wants*: "I'm how you want but I'm how I want too and it isn't as though it wasn't for us both." Catherine is David's three weeks' bride of twenty-one; like Eve, she has long hair and is generally naked. They are honeymooning at Le Grau-du-Roi, a Mediterranean town on a canal that runs to the sea; they bicycle and swim and eat and drink, everything they consume and do described with that liturgical gravity which Hemingway invented. "It had been wonderful and they had been truly happy and he had not known that you could love anyone so much that you cared about nothing else and other things seemed nonexistent. . . . Now when they had made love they would eat and drink and make love again. It was a very simple world and he had never been truly happy in any other." She begins her wanting by wanting a haircut; she has her luxurious long dark hair cut short as a boy's. David is taken aback yet has no choice but to acquiesce. Also, she wants to get a very dark tan. "Why do you want to be so dark?" he asks. Her excited answer is "I don't know. Why do you want anything? Right now it's the thing that I want most. That we don't have I mean. Doesn't it make you excited to have me getting so dark?" "Uh-huh," he answers. "I love it." She wants the two of them to travel through Europe for months and months on her money; she does not much want, it develops, David to read his clippings or to work dutifully on his stories. To dramatize her tan she gets her short hair dyed as pale as ivory, and to dramatize their marriage she seduces David into also dying his hair and parading about Cannes with her. Penetrating more deeply into his feminine side, she does unspeakable "devil things" in bed that actualize the sex change she wants, whereby she becomes a boy called Peter and he a girl called Catherine. "You're my wonderful Catherine," Catherine tells David. "You're my beautiful lovely Catherine. You were so good to change. Oh thank you, Catherine, so much. Please understand. Please know and understand. I'm going to make love to you forever."

It is possibly a pity that Hemingway's own inhibitions, if not those of the changing postwar times, prevented him from telling us exactly what is going on here. Whatever they are, the "devil things" lead David to call his wife "Devil," and poison their Eden even before Catherine decides, in her rampage of wanting to introduce another, bisexual woman, Marita, into their honeymoon household. When it comes to having men turned into women, or being overrun with them, Hemingway is a moralist of the old school; quaint words like "sin" and "right" and "wrong" and "remorse" and "perversion" come into earnest play. Evil is, evidently, feminine in gender: David reflects of his father, "He treated evil like an old entrusted friend . . . and evil, when she poked him, never knew she'd scored." Having feminized David in bed, Catherine now seeks to unman him as a writer. "Why should I shut up? Just because you wrote this morning? Do you think I married you because you're a writer? You and your clippings." It gets worse: she scornfully tells Marita, "He writes in these ridiculous child's notebooks and he doesn't throw anything away. He just crosses things out and writes along the sides of the pages. The whole business is a fraud really. He makes mistakes in spelling and grammar too."

"Poor David. What women do to you," commiserates Marita, who as Catherine's feminine perversity blooms into madness turns increasingly sympathetic and heterosexual. Having begun as a hardened, though attractively blushing, lesbian, she rather incredibly becomes a perfect man's woman, who adores David's writing and his love-making and wants only what he wants—that is, escape from women into the salubrious companionship of other men: "I want you to have men friends and friends from the war and to shoot with and to play cards at the club."

Though "The Garden of Eden," like the other Hemingway remnants, has its psychopathological aspect, the pathology is caught up into a successful artistic design. Hemingway's heartfelt sense of women as the root of evil enforces and energizes the allegory. Catherine's transformation from sexually docile Eve into caustic and destructive bitch makes her the most interesting of his heroines; unlike the martyred Catherine Barkley of "A Farewell to Arms," she does things instead of having them done to her, the perpetrator and not the victim of

"a dirty trick." Her advancing derangement, with its abrupt backslidings into affection and docility, produces some of Hemingway's sharpest pages of dialogue; like Bellow's feral females, she becomes vivid and glittering in antagonism. And Hemingway's pristine prose furnishes a natural innocence to fall from. What is his style if not Edenic, an early-morning style wherein things still have the dew of their naming on them?

The waiter brought them glasses of manzanilla from the lowland near Cádiz called the Marismas with thin slices of *jamón serrano*, a smoky, hard cured ham from pigs that fed on acorns, and bright red spicy *salchichón*, another even spicier dark sausage from a town called Vich and anchovies and garlic olives.

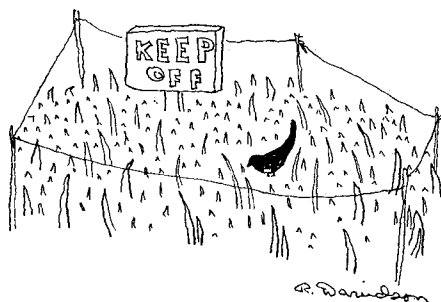
In the Buen Retiro in the morning it was as fresh as though it was a forest. It was green and the trunks of the trees were dark and the distances were all new.

. . . when he had finished for the day he shut up the room and went out and found the two girls playing chess at a table in the garden. They both looked fresh and young and as attractive as the wind-washed morning sky.

This same style of simple large elements, with its curious surging undercurrent—"the sinister part only showed as the light feathering of a smooth swell on a calm day marking the reef beneath"—also serves to evoke the tidal mystery of matedness, the strangeness of sharing our sleep:

In the night he woke and heard the wind high and wild and turned and pulled the sheet over his shoulder and shut his eyes again. He felt her breathing and shut his eyes again. He felt her breathing softly and regularly and then he went back to sleep.

Hemingway's own innocence, even into his fourth marriage, enabled him to reach back from his workroom in Cuba, through all the battles and bottles and injuries and interviews, into his youth on another continent and make mythic material out of his discovery that sex could be complicated. He is able, he who so thoroughly hid behind assertiveness and expertise, to express sexual ambivalence, to touch upon the feminine within himself, the



seducibility from which only his writing (for a time) was safe, and to conjure up, if only to exorcise, the independent will within women, of which he doubtless had more experience than his typical heroes let him express. The mannered, scarcely articulate exchanges of Maria (like Catherine, a name echoed in "The Garden of Eden") and Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and Dorothy Hollis's masturbatory monologue in "To Have and Have Not" come to mind as Hemingway's nearest previous approaches, in a novel, to sexual realism. Lesbianism, or at least a male view of a woman deserting him for lesbianism, was the subject of the short story "The Sea Change," which takes place in one of the sparsely occupied cafés, with its typical angelic bartender, that dot the tasteful hedonist paradise of Hemingway's Europe. The story's nameless heroine, like Catherine Bourne, is well tanned, with pale and short-cut hair; like the Bournes, she and "Phil" are "a handsome young couple" being destroyed by a devilish tug of desire, of *wanting*, within the woman, whose exterior is impeccable: "He was looking at her, at the way her mouth went and the curve of her cheek bones, at her eyes and at the way her hair grew on her forehead and at the edge of her ear and at her neck." The story is intense and strange and one wonders if the woman really existed in Hemingway's life. Asked about it, he explained, according to Baker, "that the prototypes of his people were a couple he had once overheard in the Bar Basque in St.-Jean-de-Luz."

But the woman has returned in "The Garden of Eden," with her tan and her so fascinating hair. The short story dates from 1931, and in the summer of 1929, in Spain, to celebrate her thirty-fourth birthday, Hemingway's second wife, Pauline, Baker tells us in a footnote, "had her hair dyed blond as a gesture of sexual independence and a surprise for EH . . . Much is made of this gesture in EH's later unpublished novel, *The Garden of Eden*." It was in the summer of 1926 that Hemingway lived, more or less, with two women: his first wife, Hadley, and the hotly pursuing Pauline, who had befriended Hadley. In "A Moveable Feast" he tells it thus:

Before these rich had come we [he and Hadley and their son, Bumby] had already been infiltrated by another rich using the oldest trick there is. It is that an unmar-

ried young woman becomes the temporary best friend of another young woman who is married, goes to live with the husband and wife and then unknowingly, innocently and unrelentingly sets out to marry the husband. When the husband is a writer and doing difficult work so that he is occupied much of the time and is not a good companion or partner to his wife for a big part of the day, the arrangement has advantages until you know how it works out. The husband has two attractive girls around when he has finished work. One is new and strange and if he has bad luck he gets to love them both.

In Carlos Baker's description of the weeks the ménage à trois spent living in two rented rooms at the Hôtel de la Pinède in Juan-les-Pins, the routine is much like that in "The Garden of Eden":

Each morning they spent on the beach, swimming and taking the sun. After lunch in the garden and a long siesta, they took long bicycle rides along the Golfe de Juan, returning at evening yardarm time for cocktails . . . At the hotel there were three of everything: breakfast trays, bicycles, bathing suits drying on the line . . .

Pauline was smaller and darker than Hadley, as Marita is relative to Catherine; and Hemingway lays on Catherine a malevolent version of the famous incident in which Hadley, with the best of wifely intentions, lost a suitcase of his early manuscripts. In the memoir version of the triangle composed toward the end of Hemingway's life, the wife is blameless and the mistress "innocently" tricky and unrelenting; in "The Garden of Eden," the wife is bad and the mistress good—i.e., an acolyte to the writer and his writing. All thirteen years of Hemingway's marriage to Pauline (and most of his briefer marriage to Martha Gelhorn) were behind him when he sat down in 1946 to write a version of that traumatic period, twenty years earlier, when, as "The Sun Also Rises" set the seal on his celebrity, he was seduced away from his first wife. Hemingway, only twenty-seven at the time, felt with his desertion a remorse and grief nothing personal would give him again, and he remembered it as a fall, the end of an idyll he and Hadley had created in Austria and Spain and Paris. Pauline, then, provides the evil that undermines his "Eden;" her ghost is both Eve and serpent, and she contributes elements to both Catherine (her bleached hair and her Catholicism, which is lightly mentioned at the outset) and Marita (her petiteness and her money; Marita's nickname is Heiress, though Catherine, too, is tainted with independent wealth). The slow dis-

enchantment of a longish marriage, plus Hemingway's constant battle, which extended through the boozy Key West years, to combine the labor of writing with what he once called his "fiesta concept of life," is compressed into a fictional honeymoon—as well as much else both imagined and recalled. In one regard, Hemingway's actual situation in 1926 is conspicuously falsified: Catherine is a mere twenty-one and Marita no older, whereas Hadley and Pauline were both in their thirties—older than he by eight and four years, respectively. A liking for older women is not part of David Bourne's weakness as he lets himself be led into the "devil things"—into the possibility that male and female are less than absolute conditions.

An uncharacteristic ambivalence is also expressed about hunting. Drawing upon the African safaris whose carnage is so matter-of-factly extolled in "The Green Hills of Africa" (1935), Hemingway shows David Bourne writing about an elephant hunt he experienced as a child with his father. The fictional episodes, which come to occupy a place at the outset of each hagridden day and chapter, develop a momentum and interest of their own. The boy and his dog Kibo spot the old elephant, with his fabulously big tusks, by moonlight, and this starts his father, a hunter, and his African sidekick Juma on the trail. As the days of tracking go by, the tired child comes to love the doomed elephant and to dislike his father and Juma: "They would kill me and they would kill Kibo too if we had ivory." The description of the shooting of the elephant is horrendous and moving and also a fall, in its way, from innocence. "Fuck elephant hunting," the boy tells his father, and thinks, "He will never trust me again. That's good. I don't want him to because I'll



never ever tell him or anybody anything again never anything again. Never ever never." The splicing and counterpoint of the African story-within-a-story are managed quite brilliantly, and one doesn't know how much to credit Mr. Jenks; at any rate, some of the pages in "The Garden of Eden," as the elephant lumbers toward death and Catherine dips in and out of madness and David speaks his good-byes in his heart, are among Hemingway's best, and the whole rounded fragment leaves us with a better feeling about the author's humanity and essential sanity—complicated, as sanity must be—than anything else published since his death.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE PATIENT HAS THE FLOOR, by Alistair Cooke (Knopf; \$16.95). A collection of speeches that the author has made over the last twenty years. If you bridle at the prospect of reading a book of speeches, consider these as essays, for that is what they are. Most of them were directed at audiences made up of professionals of one kind or another—doctors, lawyers, architects, soldiers, scholars—and they represent, as Mr. Cooke sees it, fulfillments of his "duty as a journalist": to furnish "the social link between the expert and the layman, between the public and the private man," and (although he doesn't say it in so many words) to tell specialists in the professions home truths that they wouldn't put up with from one of their own. These fourteen pieces are provocative, sometimes quite funny and always couched in the subtle blend of erudition, elegance of language, and unexpected astringency which marks Mr. Cooke's style. Outstanding among them are an address given to the cadets at West Point in 1980, in which he spelled out the essential meaning of the word "freedom;" a scathing criticism of the so-called New Federalism, titled "A Noble Plan to Dissolve the Union;" and a delightful essay on what Americans have said about the English, and vice versa over two centuries.

SHCHARANSKY: HERO OF OUR TIME by Martin Gilbert (Viking; \$24.95). The story of Anatoly Shcharansky's struggle to make good his right, and the right of his Jewish fellow

citizens, to emigrate from the Soviet Union to Israel is known in outline to all of us. Mr. Gilbert has sought to fill in the particulars—to give us a history of the Jewish emigration movement in the U.S.S.R. and an appreciation of the intelligent, resourceful, and inspiring man that Shcharansky is. Basing much of his narrative on Shcharansky's letters from prison and prison camps to his wife, Avital, and to his family, Mr. Gilbert recounts the ever-increasing persecution Shcharansky suffered as he rose to leadership in the emigration movement; the events leading to his indictment as a spy; the trumped-up trial (before it began, the official Soviet paper *Izvestia* called him a criminal who could "expect to be punished"); and his nine years of harsh treatment, often in isolation cells, in Soviet prisons. The book brings home to us how the Soviet Union focussed its energies, resources, and imagination on the harassment of one individual: when Anatoly Shcharansky walked along the street in Moscow, two K.G.B. men preceded him, two followed him, and four walked on either side of him. Photographs.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE GIRL, by Hsieh Ping-ying, translated from the Chinese by Tsui Chi, with an introduction by Elisabeth Croll (Pandora/Methuen; \$8.95 paper). Demobilized in 1927, when the Kuomintang overwhelmed its Communist foes, the author and her friends wept when they surrendered their stiff leather belts; along with bobbed hair and unbound feet, the belts had made them the equals of the men alongside whom they had trained and fought. This bitter memoir was published in England in 1943 as "The Autobiography of a Girl Soldier," but Hsieh Ping-ying's soldiering days account for only one of its five parts (the third). In Part 2, "My Schooldays," she threatens suicide to make her mother (known locally as "the Mussolini of Hsieh-To-San") send her to a girls' boarding school, where she lets her "golden lilies"—her bound feet—become "as big and flat as two palm-leaf fans." Part 4, about her refusal to marry a local boy to whom she was affianced at the age of three, is titled "My Prison Life at Home." Elisabeth Croll, in her introduction, writes that various afflictions, from ill health to

political harassment, dogged Hsieh Ping-ying throughout the nineteen-thirties and forties, and that she moved to Taiwan in 1949.

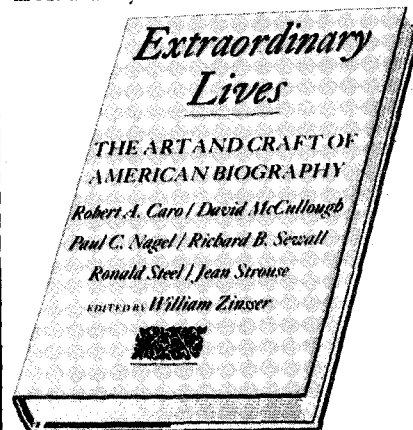
LOUIS XIV'S VERSAILLES, by Guy Walton (Chicago; \$24.95). A French Foggy Bottom, if the Duc de Saint-Simon, writing in 1715, can be believed. By 1682, Louis XIV considered Versailles his capital, although his Hall of Mirrors was not even half finished. This study of Versailles's evolving form and function—from retreat (to oversimplify) to showcase—is, by contrast, built on solid ground: on documents and drawings from each phase of the gardens' and palace's expansion from 1661 to 1715. The bogs and quicksand are confined to Guy Walton's prose. "It was the intention of the crown," he writes of Louis's last public appearance, in 1715, "that the visit [by the Persian Ambassador] should be an experience in which the brilliance of the palace was expected to work its effect gradually, but there was also an attempt to increase the brilliance along the route to the point of overwhelming the visitor as he proceeded." Still, Mr. Walton, an associate professor of fine arts at New York University, does a fair job of charting Versailles's fluctuating costs and effects: as with magic, sometimes a matter of mirrors. By 1690, Louis had had to melt down all his solid-silver furniture to fund his military mistakes. Today's visitor sees, instead of the silver, a lot of embroidery, since silk was relatively cheap. Ample illustrations; adequate scholarly impedimenta.

TO THE KWAI—AND BACK: WAR DRAWINGS, 1939-1945, by Ronald Searle (Atlantic Monthly Press; \$29.95). Ronald Searle enlisted in the British Army in 1939, when he was nineteen and still a student at the Cambridge School of Art. He was sent out to the Far East in time to be captured, with his unit, by the Japanese after the surrender of Singapore, and he spent the next three and a half years as a prisoner of war, first in Changi, on Singapore Island, then with a work crew that was building a railway in the Siamese jungle, and, finally, back at Changi. During his imprisonment, he made drawings, in sketchbooks or on any paper available, of his fellow-prisoners and of his captors. The sketches are eloquent. They show the hand of a precocious and

"Compulsively readable."

—Publishers Weekly

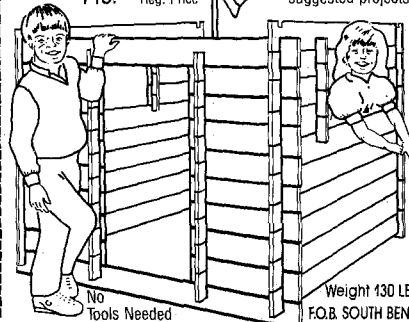
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trenchant draftsman, whose intention was to get at the truth both of suffering and courage and of a fathomless cruelty.

NOTE: "The Men Will Fear You, and the Women Will Adore You," a collection of drawings by William Hamilton, has been published by St. Martin's (\$5.95 paper). Some of the drawings originally appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DOUBLE DUTCH TREAT: CITY PRIMEVAL, THE MOONSHINE WAR, AND GOLD COAST, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House; \$18.95). Mr. Leonard's nickname is Dutch; otherwise, the title seems meaningless. The three novels reissued here were originally published in 1980, 1969, and 1980, respectively. The settings vary, but the books have much in common. They are first-class entertainment—as good as, or better than, his more recent (and wildly acclaimed) work. Each offers much the same sort of villain: a relaxed, smiling, psychopathic Southern country boy who thinks faster than most people do, and would just as soon shoot a man, or gut him, or throw him out a window as look at him. There are heroes—heroic heroes—but they take second place in interest. "City Primeval" features a fellow from Oklahoma: "My oh my, Clement thought. I'll play a tune on your head, Mr. Jig, you get smart with me." The place is Detroit. "The Moonshine War" is set in the Kentucky hillbilly country in 1931, and trouble there is personified by one Dual Meaders, a skinny little snake somewhat reminiscent of Faulkner's Popeye. "Gold Coast" offers a cracker cowboy who works for the Mafia in Miami as an enforcer, enjoys his work, and is always on the lookout for serious money. It is impossible to put aside any one of these novels until its monster gets what he so enormously deserves. But these are not "page-turners." Mr. Leonard is a superb craftsman in every department, and his every page commands attention.

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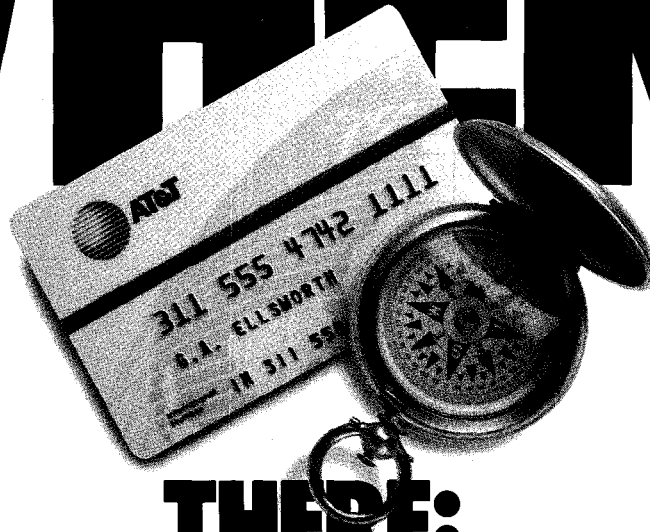
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